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VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

Third Series.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

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TITLES—LONG CONTINUANCE IN THE MALE LINE OF
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—RAPID EXTINCTION OF ENGLISH HONOURS—EXILED
FAMILIES.

INTRODUCTION.

“Nihil est aptius ad delectationem lectoris, quam temporum varietates, fortunæque vicissitudines.”—CICERO, 3. *de Orat.*

THE favour with which the two former Series of my “VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES” have been received, and the consequent desire I feel to render the Work as perfect as my resources and researches will allow, induce me to add a third and concluding Series, and thus complete my original plan, by introducing, besides some further narratives of the rise and downfall of families from the causes already stated, the curious vicissitudes attending many of our English TITLES.

There is one other part of my subject I wish in this Volume to illustrate, in a more ample manner than I have heretofore done. On a former occasion I ventured to suggest a remedy for the fatal results which accrue from the separation of title and estate: the notion has been a kind of crotchet with me, and, in support of it, I purpose adducing in the following pages a few striking instances of the decay of families arising from this particular cause. Some such enactment as that which I have recommended

would meet a great evil. It would be a deed of insurance in favour of posterity, a fortification against extravagance. Hereditary dignity would never be reduced to absolute penury, and cases of want and misery, so frequent amongst landless peers and baronets, could never occur. If a provision, however small, were attached to titles of honour, what painful scenes of fallen greatness and national reproach might we not have been spared! How often do we see the descendants of some mighty peer, to whom a nation's gratitude assigned, with acclaim, a title which has become historic, sink to abject destitution! Within my own knowledge I could name several; and it is only a year or two ago that I found in a common pauper, in one of the Dublin workhouses, the heir presumptive of a barony that is associated with the martial exploits of Poitiers and Cressy.

The Vicissitudes of TITLES are as striking as the Vicissitudes of FAMILIES.

“Where is Bohun?” exclaimed, in an eloquent lament, Chief Justice Crewe, “Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet?” Remarkable, indeed, is this extinction of families, but the extinction of TITLES is even more so to the historical reader, who cannot but experience feelings of sorrow at the disappearance of those famous titles, household words with him, the wearers of which—senators, statesmen, or warriors—shed such brilliancy o’er many a chapter of our English annals. In some instances a tendency to vicissitudes attaches to a particular *title*, and passes on through successive possessors of it, al-

though of different lineage and name. Where now are Clare and Clarence, March and Kent, Gloucester and Dorset, Oxford and Rivers, D'Arcy and Lovel, Herbert of Cherbury and Bassett of Drayton, Montagu and Halifax, Wharton and Harcourt? Those old dignities are, however, not forgotten; and the best English houses are proud of being able to connect themselves ever so remotely with them.

There is a charm that wins us in the titles that occur in our early reading, especially in those titles that are linked to feudal achievements. The magnificence of chivalry hangs upon them, and dazzles the young mind with a brightness that never entirely fades upon the memory. After-study may render us more correct and certain, but it is the histories we have pored over and doated on in our youth that really make "familiar in our mouths as household words—Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster." Each one of us seems to have a personal interest and a personal pride in our great bygone titles, and each would feel hurt, as it were, should an unworthy person—a person not up to the mark—re-assume any of them. Like the sword of the Conqueror, or the crown of Queen Elizabeth, they must not be grasped by the weak or the churlish. They are the trade marks of that historic gold which admits of no alloy.

In England the extinction of hereditary dignities has been most rapid; less so in Scotland, and far less so in Ireland.

The Peerage of Scotland is still adorned by the famous

titles of Argyll, Athole, Montrose,* Crawford, Angus, Perth, Strathmore, Falkland, Forbes, Saltoun, Gray, and many others, all held by the male heirs of those on whom the dignities were conferred.

In Ireland attainder and confiscation have either driven into exile, or reduced to an obscure position at home, the heirs of several of its oldest titles; but it is rare in that country for a peerage to fail for want of a male succession.

The Irish Peerage exhibits the ancient titles of Kildare, Ormonde, Clanricarde, Kerry, Inchiquin, Fingall, Howth,

* There are three remarkable facts connected with the history of the family of Montrose :

- I. For seven hundred years, there has never been a collateral succession, since the Grahams first branched off from the family of Dalkeith and Abercorn. On two occasions, the grandson succeeded his grandfather, but there is no instance of the direct line being broken.
- II. The intermarriages, which continued this long line of ancestors, have invariably been with *noble* families. As far as they can be ascertained, for four hundred years the wives have been always daughters of actual peers.
- III. Not one of the successive heads of the House of Montrose has married an heiress, except on one occasion, when a Marquess of Montrose married the younger daughter of the only Duke of Rothes; but as the lady did not share her father's inheritance, she did not, according to the rule in Scotland, bring the arms.

Thus, in consequence of the long continuance of the male line in noble families in Scotland, and the paucity of heiresses, this Montrose family, one of the noblest of the three kingdoms, has no quarterings, while other families of much shorter duration in the male line, have quarterings by the hundred.

Westmeath, Gormanston, Taaffe, Kinsale, Trimleston, Dunsany, Dunboyne, and many others, all still possessed by the *male* heirs of the original grantees ; while in England a vast number of the existing dignities with historic titles, such as Northumberland, Marlborough, Newcastle, Bath, Buckingham, Exeter, Suffolk, Dudley, Salisbury, Westmoreland, Warwick, Leicester, Burlington, Beauchamp, Le Despenser, De Ros, Berners, Grey de Ruthyn, Beaumont, Camoys, Hastings, &c., are held either by heirs general, through females, or by families slightly, and in some cases not at all, connected with the early possessors. Nevertheless an ancient peerage is like a regiment : upon its colours and name glow the honours and deeds of men long departed ; but still it is the same corps, inheriting the olden glory, and bound to maintain and perpetuate an entail of fame.

It is, indeed, quite surprising the ever-occurring extinction of English titles of honour.

After William of Normandy had won at Hastings the broad lands of England, he partitioned them among the chief commanders of his army, and conferred about twenty Earldoms : not one of these now exist, nor one of the honours conferred by William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., or John.

All the English Dukedoms, created from the institution of the order down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II., are gone, except only Norfolk and Somerset, and perhaps Cornwall, enjoyed by the Prince of Wales. At one time in the reign of ELIZABETH, Norfolk and Somerset having been attainted, the whole order of Dukes

became extinct, and remained so for about fifty years, until James I. created George Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

Winchester and Worcester (the latter now merged in the Dukedom of Beaufort) are the only existing Marquessates* older than the reign of George III. !

The Earl's coronet was very frequently bestowed under the HENRYS and the EDWARDS : it was the favorite distinction, besides being the oldest ; and yet, of all the Earldoms created by the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors, eleven only remain, and of these, six are merged in higher honors, the only ones giving independent designation being Shrewsbury, Derby, Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Devon.

The present House of Lords cannot claim amongst its members a single male descendant of any one of the Barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta, or of any one of the Peers who are known to have fought at Azincourt ; and the noble House of Wrottesley is the solitary existing family, among the Lords, which can boast a male descent from a Founder of the Order of the Garter. Sir William Dugdale's History of the Baronage of England, published in 1675, contains all the English Peerages created up to that time. The Index of these titles occupies fourteen closely printed columns, a single one of which would easily include the names of all the dignities that remain now out of the whole category.

But though titles have thus passed away, the Peerage

* I do not, of course, include Marquessates—the second titles of Dukedoms—titles which neither have nor ever can have separate existence.

of England even now is, to use the words of "Coningsby,"
 "the finest in Europe :"*

" multosque per annos
 Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum."

The fortunes of exiled families is another feature on which I should have liked, had space permitted, to have dwelt, in the present volume :—the remarkable fortunes of those gallant and energetic men, who, driven from their own land, established themselves in foreign countries, and won distinction abroad.

" Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena *crucoris* ?" Every-where in Europe, in every great war, and in almost every martial enterprise, our countrymen may be traced. Their fame is universal : France, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Germany, Sweden, Russia, and Belgium have all been served,

* Hear, too, what Jean Jacques Rousseau, anything but a flatterer of aristocracy, says of it :—" If you know the English nobility you must be aware that it is the most enlightened, the best taught, the wisest and the bravest in Europe. This being so, it is unnecessary to enquire if it be the most ancient, for, in speaking of what it is, no question arises as to what it has been. The peers of England are certainly not the slaves of the prince, but his friends ; not the tyrants of the people, but its chiefs, its guarantees of liberty, sustainers of their country, and supporters of the throne, they form an invincible equilibrium between the people and the sovereign. Their first duty is to the nation, their second to him who governs it: it is not his will but his right that they consult ; supreme administrators of the laws in the House of Lords, and sometimes law makers, they render justice equally to the people and the crown, and they allow no one to say ' God and my sword,' but only ' God and my right.'" —*Nouvelle Heloise, Letter LXIII.*

and gallantly served too, by English, Scotch, and Irish prowess. The vicissitudes consequent on civil wars and attainders—which have driven good and brave men to thus devote to foreign lands those energies and abilities which under better auspices might have added lustre to the history of their own country—have affected the public weal almost as much as any other form of family suffering.

In two of the greatest victories ever achieved over the English, those of Beaugé and Almanza, the French were commanded, in the former by the famous Scotch General, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, and in the latter, by the equally renowned English commander, James Duke of Berwick. Singularly enough, at Almanza, while the French were thus under an English General, the English army was led by a French officer, the Marquis de Ruvigny.

In more modern times there was scarcely one of the Marshals of Napoleon abler or more considered than Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum ; and in our own day, Patrick MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, has given another illustrious addition to the roll of British names associated with foreign renown. Under every nation's banner but their own the Irish fought with success, and some of them attained the highest rank.

Marshal Brown, who contended so ably against the great Frederick, De Lacy, who organized the Russian army, and the heroic Mahony, who saved Cremona, who gained immortal glory at Almanza, and became eventually Lieutenant-General and Commander of Castile, were Irishmen. "The Thirty Years' War" enlisted many a bold and adventurous Englishman and Scot in the army of

Sweden, and many an enthusiastic soldier from Ireland in that of Austria. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein were the leaders of the antagonistic parties and religions, and the Protestant and Catholic had each his opportunity of service.

The "Lion of the North" ranged under his colours the Hamiltons, and Douglases, and Gordons, and a host of others from Scotland: (who does not recall Captain Dugald Dalgety of Sir Walter Scott's *Legend of Montrose*?) and during the period of religious persecution the protection of Austria and Spain seduced from home many a well-descended Catholic, many a Dormer, a Leslie,* an

* Walter Leslie, a younger son of the ancient family of Leslie of Balquhain, in Aberdeenshire, entered the service of the Emperor of Germany in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and rose to high distinction during the Thirty Years' War. He was devoted to the interests of the House of Austria; and the share which he had in the death of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, has been celebrated by the pen of Schiller. He was amply rewarded for his services by the Emperor of Germany, who created him Count of the Sacred Roman Empire, and bestowed upon him large estates in Bohemia and Styria. He married the Princess Anna Francesca, daughter of Prince Dietrichstein. This alliance is remarkable, insomuch as it shows the position in which a family of the untitled Scottish gentry stood in the scale of European nobility in the seventeenth century. Walter Leslie was the younger son of an Aberdeenshire laird of ancient and noble blood, but what we now-a-days would call a commoner. He was a younger branch of that family, which was subsequently raised to the peerage with the title of Rothes; and his highest dignity was that of being possessor of an estate that was a barony. He was a Scottish lesser Baron. Yet the second son of this untitled country gentleman was considered a fit and proper husband for the daughter of a German princely family.

O'Reilly,* and an O'Donnell; while the attractions of a new world, where a greater freedom of thought existed, led across the Atlantic the Pilgrim Fathers to form a mighty nation on the western main.

My little work is now brought to an end, and will not, I trust, be deemed unworthy of a place in the student's library, as illustrating a peculiar and not uninteresting "endroit" in history. The Vicissitudes of Families have in

It is true, that he had previously been created a Count of the Empire, but that dignity would not alone have opened the door of the Dietrichstein palace to him in the relation of son-in-law if his birth had not been regarded as thoroughly noble. There can be no doubt that his sixteen quarters of pure nobility were curiously scanned before the Princess Anna Francesca was induced to bestow her hand upon this successful soldier of fortune.

* The rise of the O'Reillys in Spain supplies an interesting anecdote:—At the close of the Seven Years' War (1762), forming, as it were, an episode of that great contest, hostilities commenced between Spain and Portugal. In the regiment of Ultonia, which fought on the Spanish side, was an Irish officer, whom, on being left for dead on the field of battle, the followers of the camp were, as usual, about to despoil, when he cried out that he was the Duc d'Arcos. The hope of a reward or ransom saved his life; but on his return to Madrid he was commanded into the presence of the Duke's widow, and interrogated why he had presumed to usurp her husband's name. "Madam," replied he, "if I had known a more illustrious one I would have sought its protection." The presence of mind evinced, both in assuming the name in the hour of danger, and in his apt reply to the haughty duchess, ensured him this lady's special favour, as her influence did his rapid advancement in public life. This officer was the celebrated Count O'Reilly, (youngest son of Thomas O'Reilly, Esq., of Baltrasna, Co. Meath), who commanded the African expedition under Charles III. of Spain, and was Governor of Louisiana, Ambassador to the Court of France, &c.

them a moral of infinite importance to coming generations, and they tell us, in exposing the weaknesses of human provision and forethought, that there is a guiding law, the law of the Spirit of life, beyond and above the control or reach of all worldly ambition. It is in vain in many cases to analyze the causes of the rapid downfall of mighty houses, and the striking contrasts in the most powerful. To use the eloquent expressions of the Earl of Carlisle, in one of his recent speeches—

“Changes so extensive, shocks so violent, defy all calculation, but they should not shake our confidence in Him who gives the sunshine as well as the storm, the fertilizing rain as well as the drought—the manna, the milk, and the honey, as well as the stony rock and the sandy desert—who from evil brings forth good, and in judgment remembers mercy.”

ERRATA.

Page 29, line 18 from foot, for "*Dukedom* of Northumberland," read "*Earldom* of Northumberland."

Page 153, line 17 from foot, for "1726," read "1626."

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

Landless Lords and Baronets.

“The land left by thy father? that rich land
That had continued in Welborn’s name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of.”

MASSINGER.

“It is incumbent on the high and generous spirit of an ancient nation to cherish those sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants.”

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE separation of TITLE and Estate has been, most assuredly, the main cause of the destruction of noble families. For this evil, I venture still to prescribe my favourite remedy—the ENDOWMENT of every hereditary honour with

a certain *landed* property. Even though the law of England may now prevent such an interference with the descent of land, a special enactment of the Legislature would easily meet the case—an Act to declare that an adequate portion of the estate of the grantee of each hereditary dignity conferred by the Crown, should follow the title, and be inseparable from it. Every title might have affixed to it a *territorial* designation, (as, for instance, “Egerton of Tatton,”) and the land, thus named, might be declared inalienable from the dignity for all time to come. It is marvellous how the possession of ever so small a landed interest keeps a family together for century after century. A statement made by Lord Palmerston, who is always so happy and apposite in his illustrations, gives great force to this assertion. In a speech to a Hampshire audience, at the opening of a local railway, his lordship observed, that there was a small estate in the New Forest, which had belonged to the lime-burner PURKIS, who picked up the body of Rufus, and carried the royal corpse in his humble cart to Winchester, and which had come down, through an uninterrupted male line of ancestry, to a worthy yeoman of the same name, now resident on the exact same Farm, near Stoney Cross, on the Ringwood Road, eight miles from Romsey.

“How much more safe the Vassal than the Lord :
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy Traitor in the Tow'r :
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.”

If some such system as this endowment of Titles of Honour had been acted on in days gone by, the Earl of Perth and Melfort would now enjoy a portion, at least, of the historic inheritance of the Drummonds ; the late Earl of Huntingdon, the representative of the famous house of Hastings, would not have been restored to a landless title ; the Earl of Buckinghamshire might still be seated at the old Manor-House of Blickling ; Viscount Mountmorres would yet have his home at Castle Morres, and Viscount Gort at his princely castle of Loughcooter ; Lord Audley would have a share of the broad acres won by his chivalrous ancestors ; Lord Kingsland, the waiter at the Dawson Street Hotel, would not have been a pauper, wholly dependent on the Crown's bounty, and Lord Aylmer, of Balrath, would not be driven to fight the battle of life in the distant colony of Canada. A fragment, at all events, of the great Tristernagh estate would yet give local position to the old Baronetical family of Piers, and a remnant of the extensive Carbery possessions of the Moores would have saved their representative, the present Sir Richard Emanuel Moore, Bart., from the necessity of holding the situation of third Class Turnkey at Spike Island. The ancient Baronetcy of Hay would not have come, despoiled of its fine estate of Park, to be the empty inheritance of a Clerk in a branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland, nor that of Wishart, to be represented by a wanderer in Australia and New Zealand. The story of the poor Baronets, Echlin and Norwich, would not have to be related ; Lord Kirkcudbright need not have stood behind the counter of his glove shop in Edinburgh ; and that noble-hearted gentleman, Mr. Surtees, the historian of Durham,

would have lost the opportunity of taking from the work-house of Chester-le Street old Sir Thomas Conyers, the last baronet of Horden. I will instance a few cases in illustration of my subject:—

I.

THE LORD KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

“This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth.
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Maclellans were of great antiquity in the South of Scotland, and held the office of sheriff of Galloway in ancient times. Duncan Maclellan is mentioned in a charter of Alexander II., 1217, and Gilbert Maclellan in one of King David II. There were, according to Crawford, no fewer than twelve knights of the name, and there were many other Maclellans distinguished in history.

Sir Robert Maclellan, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to James VI. and Charles I., was created a peer by the title of LORD KIRKCUDBRIGHT, 25th May, 1633, to him and his heirs male, bearing his name and arms. The fourth possessor of the title, WILLIAM, Lord Kirkcudbright, died under age, and without issue, in 1669, when the whole estate was carried off by his father's creditors; so that when the succession opened to his cousin-german, John Maclellan, there being nothing left to support the

dignity, neither he, nor his brother and heir James, ever assumed the title, and the Lords Kirkcudbright do not appear as sitting in Parliament from the time of John, the third Lord. But the right of the collateral heir male was so universally known and acknowledged, that at the Union, this Peerage was considered as a subsisting one, and as such preserved on the Roll.

On several occasions, the votes of the Lords Kirkcudbright were subsequently admitted at the election of Scotch representative peers, and in 1741, William Maclellan, Lord Kirkcudbright, recorded his, at the general election. Despite, however, of his lordly character, the poor Peer followed the humble occupation of a glover, and for many years used to stand in the lobby of the Assembly Rooms in the Old Town, selling gloves to the gay frequenters of the Ball; for, according to the fashion of the time, a new pair was required for every fresh dance.

The only occasion on which he absented himself from his post, was at the Ball following the election of a representative peer; then, and then only, did he doff his apron, and assuming the garb of a gentleman, associate with the company, the most of whom he had usually served with gloves during the rest of the year.

The glover-Lord's son, mindful of the pristine glories of his race, entered on a more ambitious career than his father, attained the rank of Colonel in the army, and, not satisfied with anything short of legal recognition, submitted his Peerage claim to the House of Lords, by whose decision he was declared seventh Lord Kirkcudbright on 3rd of May, 1773.

II.

SIR PETER HEYMAN, BARONET.

“The race of yore,

How are they blotted from the things that be!”—SCOTT.

THE philanthropy and benevolence of the HEYMANS ought to have saved them from ruin. Four hundred years ago, a Heyman founded the Tenterden free school. A century later, a Heyman gave a perpetual Exhibition at Canterbury and Cambridge; and another of the family made a donation, for charitable purposes, of a considerable estate in Kent. These Heymans were, in truth, good and worthy gentlemen, of ancient lineage, and high county standing. In Plantagenet times, they purchased the manors of Harenge and Otterpole, and in the reign of Henry VIII. a fair and well-portioned heiress, Elizabeth Tilde, brought the fine estate of Somerfield in marriage to Peter Heyman, Esq., who became gentleman of the bed-chamber to Edward VI., and whose descendant, Sir Henry Heyman, of Somerfield, was one of King Charles the First's Baronets. At this period, the Heymans had attained the highest county position, and enjoyed universal esteem; but a change soon came over the scene. The third baronet, Sir Bartholomew Heyman, had his sight impaired, when a boy, by an accident with gunpowder, which rendered him unfit for the army, for which he was destined; and the family having suffered in their fortune to a fearful extent during the civil wars, he became so reduced, that, in his advanced years, he was only too glad to accept the appointment of a Poor Knight of Windsor, and thus be saved from destitution. At his death, in 1742, his

empty title passed to his only child, Sir Peter Heyman, who was in the Navy, and who died at the age of seventy, in 1790, having survived all his children. A few years before, so impoverished was his condition, that he had to appeal to the public for relief, and issued this advertisement:—

“Under the patronage of several noble personages of the first distinction : For the benefit of an English Baronet : at Pasqualli’s Great Rooms, Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, on Thursday, the 22nd of May instant, at noon, will be a Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, by the most Capital Performers: with refreshments.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. .

“Sir Peter Heyman, of Windsor, baronet, for whose benefit the Concert is to be, is descended from a very ancient family that came to England with the Norman Conqueror in 1066, several of which were in parliament, and held places of honour and trust under the Crown. His lady is descended from a Baronet, and a family equally ancient and respectable. As his family inheritance was dissipated by his grandfather, he only succeeded to the dignity (a creation so early as 1641), which he hath enjoyed near forty years; and it being unaccompanied with any property, is the cause he now suffers real distress, which is rendered more poignant and severe by his age and infirmities. And this Concert, which is countenanced by several of the first distinction, is intended as the means of rescuing him and his lady from their present distress. He earnestly entreats your kind notice and protection on this very useful occasion, which he will ever most gratefully remember. You will be attended to-morrow by a friend

of Sir Peter Heyman, with a list of the subscribers, and more tickets, should you be disposed to give it support.—20th May, 1783.”

III.

SIR FREDERICK ECHLIN, BART.

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.”

THE Echlins have been settled in Ireland since the reign of James I. The Right Rev. Dr. Henry Echlin, migrating from Stafford, in England, became Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, from 1613 to 1635, when he met with a violent death at Balruddery, *en route* to Dublin. His grandson, Sir Henry Echlin, Knight, was second Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and obtained a Baronetcy 17th October, 1621. Baron Echlin's eldest son, Robert, represented the borough of Newry, 1695, in the Irish parliament, and married Penelope, daughter of Sir Maurice Eustace, Knight, and sister of the Lord Chancellor Eustace. His grandson, Sir Henry Echlin, the third baronet, having died suddenly, 1799, the title devolved upon Sir James, the fourth baronet, grandson of the Rev. Dr. Henry Echlin, Vicar of St. Catherine's, Dublin. This gentleman married Jane, daughter of Chambré Echlin, Esq., by whom he had Sir Frederick Echlin, the fifth and present baronet.

So far the “Peerage and Baronetage” (*Edition of 1849*) presents a record of this ancient family; but, beneath this surface, there lies a story of melancholy interest, not told in that Memorial of the nobility. It is to be found in the records of an equity suit, and the

letter of a good Samaritan, the worthy Rector of Carbury, in the county of Kildare. To pursue the details of loans and mortgages, and their adjuncts, equity suits and bills of costs, though all-absorbing in interest to the parties concerned, would be an ungrateful task, and anything but an agreeable intellectual treat to my readers. The curious in those matters may gratify their taste by consulting "The Pleadings" in the dreary cause of *Thomas v. Echlin*. That famous suit commenced in the Irish Equity Court of Exchequer in the year 1827, and ended in the year 1850. But the antiquarian pioneer must be prepared to encounter clouds of dust in his search, and find the "Pleadings," if he can, among the confused monster heap of records of the Irish Equity Exchequer, lying and walked over, on the floor of an out-building at the Pill Lane side of the Four Courts, Dublin, these twelve years past, since the 13th and 14th of Victoria incorporated the Irish Equity Exchequer with the Irish Chancery. Suffice it that Sir James Echlin got entangled with an attorney, who treated him and his son Sir Frederick to the expensive luxury of an Irish Equity suit for years. The lawyers enjoyed it amazingly; they chuckled and punned, and cracked jokes about it. To them it was food and raiment; to the Echlin family, death and destitution. The old gentleman expired under the torture, and his son, the fifth baronet, inheritor of the family estate, Clonagh, in the county of Kildare, witnessed the suit glide from the defunct Exchequer into the living gulf of Chancery, and he lived to see it end there:—his estate sold, and himself a pauper! Two letters are now lying before me, which

present so vivid a picture of misery in the person of the victim of an Irish Equity suit, and of the fall of an ancient house, that I do not hesitate to give them in preference to any prepared narrative of my own :

“ 21, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin,
May 2nd, 1860.

“ MY DEAR SIR BERNARD,

“ When I was last year staying in the county Kildare, a poor old man was pointed out to me at Edenderry, in that county, as the representative of the Echlins, Baronets. He is himself the present Baronet, and no doubt was expressed on this point. He has been receiving relief from the parochial charities, and has given up earning his maintenance by manual labour, being now too feeble. He has a son, heir to the Baronetcy, for whom an effort has been made to procure a good education; and I am informed that the Queen, hearing of the case, contributed twenty pounds to aid that object. The title I do not now find in the Baronetage, though it was so in 1849. When one considers the high offices which in former times the Echlins filled in Church and State, this is certainly a remarkable reverse of fortune. Faithfully yours,

“ JOHN RIBTON GARSTIN.”

The other letter is from the Rev. Francis Hewson, Vicar of Carbury, county of Kildare.

“ Vicarage, Carbury, June 1st, 1860.

“ SIR,—I have been unable sooner to reply to your letter respecting Sir F. Echlin, as I had to ascertain before doing so, some particulars, which I was not quite sure about.

“The present Sir Frederick Echlin is the son of Sir James Echlin. His mother was a Miss Echlin. He has a brother, Fenton Echlin, who is married, and has five children, three boys. He had a sister, who died without leaving any children surviving. Their grandfather, Sir Henry Echlin, was a half-witted man, who resided near Clonard, in this barony. He was, as I have been informed, on visiting terms with the nobility and gentry of the county. He left three sons. The only one of them who married, was the father of the present Baronet. By an expensive lawsuit, and other causes, Sir James Echlin was latterly—(he and his wife, both of whom I attended as a clergyman, died in this parish afterwards, twenty-five years since)—in such reduced and embarrassed circumstances, that he quite lost caste, and was unable to give his children any education. Sir Frederick can neither read nor write, and his brother is also quite an illiterate and uneducated man. The baronet is, like his grandfather, half-witted, but a very well-conducted and amiable man. He still preserves the traces of aristocracy in his appearance, though he has never mixed in any society but that of the labouring class. He is now upwards of seventy, and utterly destitute, his only means of support being two shillings and sixpence a week, which I allow him out of our collection for the poor, together with occasional donations from Christian persons in this neighbourhood, and contributions which I get for him from my friends. About thirteen years ago, I received forty pounds from the Queen for him, in answer to a memorial that was forwarded to her—ten pounds being from Her Majesty’s privy purse, and thirteen

from the royal bounty fund. He shared a considerable portion of this with his brother and family, who were at the time in the greatest want; and the remainder I took charge of, and doled out to him, at his own request, at the rate of six shillings a-week. I need not say that the sum has been expended long since. I do not know a fitter case than poor Sir F. Echlin's, for either the Concordatum fund, or, what would be still better, admission into some hospital. But all my efforts in his behalf have hitherto been fruitless, as his case is not considered eligible for Wilson's Hospital, and there was no vacancy, when I applied, on the list of persons for the Concordatum fund. If you would kindly help me, or put me in the way of obtaining some provision for the declining years of this amiable poor Baronet, I shall feel very thankful. He attends our church, and dines in our house, regularly every Sunday. His brother Fenton resides in the village of Kilmeague, where he supports himself by labour, and the assistance of Mr. Preston, the clergyman, who has been very kind to him.

“I shall feel very happy to furnish you with any further information in my power to give respecting Sir F. Echlin, if you require it.

“I now remain,

“Your very faithful servant,

“FRANCIS HEWSON.”

I will not mar this simple and touching narrative of the good clergyman with a single observation, save to add that Sir Frederick Echlin still lives, and drags on a weary existence, without any bettering of his condition.

IV.

SIR SAMUEL NORWICH, BART.

“Look here, upon this picture, and on this.”—HAMLET.

THIS family held a high place on the roll of Northamptonshire genealogy. For a long time they were lords of the manor of Brampton, and for generations they formed high and distinguished alliances. It is said of the Norwiches, they “rose and fell by the smiles of woman.” Margaret Holt, the heiress of Brampton Manor, gave her heart and hand to Simon de Norwich, and endowed him with her mansion and lands. His grandson, another Simon de Norwich, was equally fortunate, having acquired large estates in Leicester and Northampton by marriage with Alice, only daughter and heiress of Richard Christian, of Harborough; and Simon Norwich, his son, became enriched by the estates of his cousin, Sir Richard Tunstal, which descended to him as heir.

The importance of the Norwiches of Brampton in the early part of the reign of James I., appears from monumental tablets still remaining in Brampton church. On the south side, over the chancel, a niche in the wall contains the effigies of a knight in armour, and a lady behind him. The knight is represented on bended knees, head erect, with the hands devoutly joined and upraised in the attitude of prayer. These figures are surmounted with the family arms of Norwich, over which is a death's head, winged. On either side are shields. Two black tablets beneath, surmounted by three cherubs, and divided by

another single cherub, contain a mural inscription in memory of Sir Charles Norwich, "some time Lord of this towne of Brampton, in the county of Northampton, sonne and heire of Simon Norwich, Esq., and of Grace, his wife, the eldest daughter of Edward Griffin, of Dingley, in the county of Northampton, Esq., and sometime Attorney General to that most excellent princess Marye; and that her only son, Sir Simon Norwich, Knighte, in testimony of his love and dutie, erected this monument. 1605." Under this inscription, beneath the floor, is the tomb, and in the chancel in front of the rails are two flat stones inlaid with brasses, each representing a knight in armour, and in attitude of prayer, the one with a greyhound under his head, and another under his feet. The other knight has also a dog, not a greyhound, under his feet. A lady, full length, is represented at the side of each knight.

The Norwiches advanced in dignity in the reign of Charles I., Sir John Norwich, of Brampton, having been created a Baronet in 1641. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir Roger Smith, Knight, of Edmonthorp, in Leicestershire, and his second, Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Atkins, of Cheshunt. The Baronet's eldest son and successor, Sir Roger Norwich, became M.P. for Northamptonshire and a Deputy Lieutenant, holding at the same time the office of Verderer of the Forest. But the principles and policy of James II. becoming distasteful to Sir Roger, he surrendered his office, and retired from Court, finding in the seclusion of Brampton Manor and the society of a charming wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Hatton Fermor, Knight, of Easton, and widow of

Sir John Shuckburgh, Bart., of Shuckburgh, Co. of Warwick, and his children, that happiness and enjoyment which the glittering pageant of a falling Court could not bestow. His son and successor, Sir Erasmus Norwich, recovered his social rank, and added to his inheritance by a double marriage, his first wife being the Lady Arabella Savage, younger daughter of Thomas, third Earl of Rivers, and the second, Jane, daughter and heir of William Adams, Esq., and eventually heiress of her uncle, Sir Charles Adams, Bart.

And now comes the turning point in the fortunes of the house of Norwich. They had arrived at considerable eminence, had large estates, a splendid mansion and retinue, and had formed alliances with distinguished families. "The Norwiches rose and fell by the smiles of woman," according to the old tradition of Brampton, and there would seem to have been some foundation in truth for it. Sir William Norwich, Bart., the son and successor of Sir Erasmus, never married. He lived the life of a *prieux chevalier*—hunted, shot, and gamed—sipped honey-dew from the sweetest flowers of society. A voluptuary, he lived only for pleasure. A selfish, egotistical life it was. But what cared he, a sensualist? So that he enjoyed himself, the world's opinion was as nought. And he drank the cup of pleasure to the dregs. He lost his estates, so the story goes, at card-playing with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the hero of Blenheim, and Brampton Manor passed to the Spencer family. An outcast from the home of his ancestors, he retired to Harborough, where he died, 1741. His remains were deposited with his kin-

dred in Brampton church; but no sculptured tablet is inscribed with his name—no mural epitaph records his life or his fate.

The title was borne by another member of the family, but without sufficient means to support its dignity. The widow of the late Sir Samuel Norwich, the lineal representative of his house, resided at Kettering, and earned a livelihood by washing. She was very poor and very ignorant, not having received any education: she died 21st June, 1860, aged upwards of eighty. Her husband, Sir Samuel Norwich, for many years a sawyer in Kettering, was the eldest son of Sir John, who died in the parish workhouse. This poor scion of the old race had, I am told, the manners and bearing of a perfect gentleman. His father, also named John, was a pensioner under the Montague family. He was the brother, I believe, of Sir William, who had lost the Brampton estate by gambling. The present heir of the family, Sir William Norwich, is now in America, where he is said to be doing well.

V.

THE LAST VISCOUNT KINGSLAND.

“LADY DUBERLY.—Consider, by the strangest accident you have been raised to neither more nor less than a Peer of the Realm.

“LORD DUBERLY.—Oh! ’twas the strangest accident, my Lady, on the face of the universal yearth.”

COLMAN. THE HEIR AT LAW.

Few countries in Europe possess an aristocracy as ancient or as distinguished as that established by the Anglo-Normans in Ireland. The FitzGerald of Kildare and

Desmond, the Butlers of Ormonde, the De Courcys of Kinsale, the De Burghs of Clanrickarde, the Talbots of Malahide, the St. Lawrences of Howth, and the Barnewalls of Meath, were no unworthy rivals of the Mowbrays, and Bohuns, and Mortimers, and Beauchamps, and Bouchiers, and Nevilles, and Howards of England. The Barnewalls possessed in early times such vast estates in the counties of Meath and Dublin, that if those lands had descended undiminished, to the present time, they would probably be represented by a rent roll of some two hundred thousand pounds a-year. Their present chief, Sir Reginald Barnewall, eighth Baronet of Crickstown Castle, is the head of the senior line of this great house. The junior branches of Trimleston and Turvey were both ennobled—the former in 1461, when Sir Robert Barnewall (second son of Sir Christopher Barnewall, of Crickstown, Chief Justice of Ireland,) was created Baron Trimleston; and the latter in 1646, when Nicholas Barnewall, of Turvey, was made Viscount Kingsland. His Lordship's wife was the daughter and co-heiress of Henry, Earl of Kildare, and widow of O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel; and the descendants of this marriage continued to be a family of high connection and importance among the peers of Ireland until the severance of *Land from Title* left the last heir dependent on the bounty of the Crown for his subsistence. The letter which I annex, from my able friend, R. Hitchcock, Esq., Master of the Exchequer in Ireland, tells the Kingsland story more graphically than any words of my own :

“Dublin, 26th Sept., 1862.

“MY DEAR SIR BERNARD,

“When the late Lord Kingsland established his claim to the Peerage, I was a mere boy ; but as my father was the solicitor, to whose enterprise, talent, and pecuniary support he was indebted for his success, he was very much at our house during the progress of the proceedings, and his extraordinary story became as familiar to the family ‘as household words.’ I am therefore enabled from recollection, although half a century has elapsed since the time of which I speak, to give you some outline of his antecedents.

“He was born in some obscure part of Dublin, and ‘educated’ in the vicinity of Castle Market, where it was said he made his ‘first appearance in public’ in the ‘onerous’ part of a basket boy, his success in which character led to his promotion in the course of time to the more elevated position of under-waiter at a tavern in Dawson Street. It subsequently appeared, that although in so lowly a sphere, he entertained a dreamy notion, derived from family tradition, that as he bore the name of the Kingsland family, he might by some turn of the wheel of fortune become entitled to its honours and estates. The Lord Kingsland of that time was a lunatic, residing in an asylum in France, and was under the guardianship of his relative, Lord Trimleston. A false rumour of that Lord’s death reached Matthew Barnewall while he was officiating at the tavern in Dawson Street, and acting upon the traditional notion of heirship, under the advice of his then companions and friends, Matthew mustered a strong force

of the *employés* of the taverns and the market, which had been the school of his early training, and with that formidable array, proceeded forthwith to Turvey, the family mansion, of which he took instant possession. There he cut down timber, lighted bonfires, and for some short time indulged in the exercise of rude hospitality to the companions who had escorted him, and the rabble which he collected in the neighbourhood. His rejoicings were, however, but short-lived. Lord Trimleston, the guardian of the lunatic Peer, applied to the Court of Chancery, and poor Matthew was committed to Newgate under an attachment for contempt. While in the prison he was advised to apply to my father for his legal advice and assistance, through which he was after some time set at liberty. At that period he was quite unable to trace his pedigree, and being utterly illiterate—unable even to write his name—he could give but little assistance to his legal adviser in testing the justice of the claim which, in the midst of his almost Cimmerian darkness, he still insisted upon to the right of succession to the Kingsland Peerage. My father, however, being a man of sanguine temperament as well as superior talents, saw that there was something in the claim, and took up the case with such ardour that he soon discovered a clue, which led him step by step through the difficulties which lay in the way of tracing a pedigree amidst so much ignorance, until at length there was but one missing link in the chain; and this was, after much research, supplied by the evidence of one Lucinda Ambridge, a woman upwards of a hundred years old. In the meantime the lunatic Peer *actually*

died; and when Matthew's pedigree was completed, and the proofs forthcoming, the claim was brought before the House of Lords, and after due investigation admitted.

“During the progress of tracing the pedigree, and pending the decision of the House of Lords, the expectant Peer was clothed and supported by my father, and was frequently at our house. He was at first very modest, and could scarcely be enticed beyond the mat at the hall door, and when brought into a room, he sat, as such men do, on the least possible edge of a chair. By degrees, however, he grew in confidence, and being a good-humoured man, his conversation was very amusing, what Lord Dufferin would call his ‘cakalology,’ and Dr. Pangloss his ‘cacology,’ being extremely rich. It would not be easy to do justice in description to his exultation and pride on being acknowledged by the House of Lords. But his elevation was accompanied by a sad drawback. The property, which should have gone with the title, consisting, I believe, chiefly of church advowsons, had lapsed to the Crown, owing to some want of conformity to the Established Church on the part of some of the ancestors, and could not be recovered. A poor Peer's pension of five hundred pounds a-year was granted to the new Lord Viscount Kingsland, and Baron of Turvey; but, alas! my father never was paid anything for his outlay and professional labour. All he ever got was the *éclat*, and the satisfaction of having achieved so great a triumph.

“Lord Kingsland was married in early life to a woman in his then class, who died before his elevation to the Peerage, leaving only one child, a son, who lived to be

the Hon. Mr. Barnewall, and heir-apparent to the Peerage, but died within a few years after his father had established his claim. After some time, Lord Kingsland married a Miss Bradshaw, an English lady, but died without issue, and consequently the title is extinct, although it is said, and probably with truth, that an heir could be found amongst the poorest classes in Dublin.

“And now, my dear Sir Bernard, I have given you a mass, out of which you may glean what will answer your purpose. The papers relating to the case, which I remember in my father’s office, have all been lost, and I can now write only from memory; but no doubt the printed petition, pedigree, and proofs, could be found among the records of the House of Lords. They would be interesting to you, and would show you what wonderful ingenuity and industry were exercised in the case.

“Your’s sincerely,

“R. HITCHCOCK.

“My Lord’s sayings and doings were most amusing. They are not what you want, but as I mentioned his cacology, I will give you a sample to fill up my sheet:

“His second wife took great pains to improve him—but in vain. When he came here under her tutelage, she watched his words, and always corrected him—even before company. One day, being asked to take some lunch, he declined, saying, ‘I have been eating *selvedges* all day.’ My Lady correcting, said, ‘Sandwiches, my Lord.’ He replied, ‘Ah, my Lady, I wish you’d be quiet, you’re always *rebuting* me.’”

Viscount Kingsland married for his third wife a Miss Julia Willis, daughter of a medical-general-practitioner at Kennington, and died at his father-in-law's house in 1833 : his widow, Viscountess Kingsland, still survives, in great distress.

VI.

COLE OF BRANCEPETH CASTLE.

IF I were writing on the Vicissitudes of the Historic Seats of England, the narrative would illustrate, more strikingly than any other I could adduce, the ruin that has been brought on ancient and noble houses by the power vested in the heir of some one generation or another, of alienating the whole hereditary estates of his family. Perhaps no case would be so much in point as a history of the famous Castle of Brancepeth, in Durham.

Of all the feudal fortresses of England, whether we regard their venerable antiquity, the rank and authority of their early possessors, or the wealth and taste which have been, in modern times, expended upon them, there are few which can claim precedence over this home of the Nevilles. Built, in all probability, *temp.* Stephen, by the Bulmers, Lords of Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire, it was conveyed, after a few generations, by an heiress, Emma De Bulmer, to her husband, Geoffrey De Neville. Thus originated the illustrious House of Neville of Brancepeth, in which this grand old castle continued down to the time of Elizabeth, when the last Neville of Brancepeth, Charles, Earl of Westmorland, by his participation in "the Rising of the

North," forfeited both Raby and Brancepeth, and was driven into exile, where he died penniless, in 1601. His story I have already told in another series.

Brancepeth, thus lapsed to the Crown, was granted by James I. to his favourite, Robert Carr, who was created Baron Brancepeth and Earl of Somerset ; but his attainder again forfeited the property, and it was sold in 1636 to Ralph Cole, Esq., of Newcastle.

This family of Cole rose almost, *per saltum*, from the smithy to the baronetage ! Towards the close of the sixteenth century, there was living in the town of Gateshead one James Cole, who worked as a smith there ; and within less than fifty years after, his children and grandchildren were amongst the most affluent of the resident gentlemen of the county of Durham, Thomas Cole, his son, dying worth an immense sum in bills and mortgages ; and Ralph Cole, his grandson, being able to purchase the Nevilles' lordly castle of Brancepeth.

The smith's descendants ranked now amongst the leading gentlemen of the Palatinate ; formed alliances with such families as the Liddells of Ravensworth, and the Foulis' of Ingleby ; and were raised to a baronetcy as "Cole of Brancepeth," in 1640. The second Baronet, Sir Ralph Cole, represented the city of Durham in parliament, and commanded the Durham Regiment of Militia ; he had a great love for the fine arts, and is included by Walpole in his Catalogue of Painters. His master was no less a personage than the great Vandyke ; but the taste proved an expensive one, and resulted in great injury to his fortune. After him, the family fell as suddenly as it rose :

the descent from the lordly halls of Brancepeth to the mean room of a lowly house in Durham was as rapid as the ascent from the smithy: the grandchildren of the connoisseur of the Fine Arts, the pupil of Vandyke, the accomplished Sir Ralph Cole, were utterly destitute—in landless poverty and disregarded obscurity; the last of them, Sir Mark Cole, dying in such abject want that he had to be buried in Crossgate, Durham, at the expense of his cousin, Sir Ralph Milbank.

The Vicissitudes of Peerage Titles.

“Miremur periisse homines? monumenta fatiscunt,
Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit.”—AUSONIUS.

THE historic dignities in the English Peerage, which the general reader is most familiar with, and which afford the most remarkable instances of the mutabilities of fortune, are the Royal Dukedoms of Clarence, Cambridge, Gloucester, and York, and the old and illustrious titles of Warwick, Salisbury, Norfolk, Shrewsbury, Northumberland, Westmorland, Devon, Clifford, Dudley, Pembroke, Dorset, Kent, Oxford, March, Bedford, Somerset, Leicester, Buckingham, Essex, and Huntingdon. Of these, Norfolk, Shrewsbury, Bedford, Devon, Somerset, and Huntingdon derive their chief historical pre-eminence from the families of the present actual possessors; but the chief glory of Warwick, Pembroke, Salisbury, Westmorland, Leicester, Dudley, Buckingham, and Essex must be attributed to the earlier wearers of those brilliant coronets. Dorset, Kent, Oxford, Gloucester, Monmouth, Clarence, and Sussex are all extinct or attainted, and at present do not give designations to any existing peers. There are seven of our titles taken from places which were never, like Tankerville, or other Norman baronies, incorporated with the dominions of our monarchs. Of these, I cannot account for the in-

roduction of Amiens. Lovaine has been chosen in memory of the descent of the ancient Percies from the Dukes of Lovaine and Counts of Brabant, from whose ancient city of Lovaine, now Louvain, their ancestor was surnamed De Lovaine, before he wedded the richly-portioned heiress of Percy. All the other foreign places which figure in our rolls of titles have been the scenes of martial achievements. Mahon commemorates the gallant capture of Port Mahon, and with it the conquest of Minorca, in 1708, by James, first Earl Stanhope. It is unnecessary to remind my readers whence Wellington got the title of Douro, or what claim Jervis, Nelson, and Duncan have to St. Vincent, Trafalgar, or Camperdown.

Under the Tudors, and during the latter times of the Plantagenets, the House of Lords did not comprise more than from fifty to sixty peers. Courtenay, Howard, and Percy—Devon, Norfolk, and Northumberland—were all restored by Queen Mary, who made besides six new creations—the Viscounty of Montague and the Baronies of North of Kirtling, Howard of Effingham, Williams of Thame, Chandos of Sudley, and Hastings of Loughborough. At the death of Queen Elizabeth the number of the Peers was about sixty, composed of nineteen Earls, one Viscount, and some forty Barons, nearly forty of which titles have since perished. “Queen Elizabeth,” says Mr. HANNAY, in his admirable “Essays,” “was remarkable for keeping the fountain of honour locked up, and the key in her royal pocket.” Many of the dignities she did confer were honourably bestowed. Sackville, the statesman, the scholar, and the poet, was made a peer; so was Cecil, the

ablest of ministers; and so was Compton, the head of a great feudal family, and the possessor of so vast an estate that, it is said, if it remained undiminished in the present day in the hands of his representative, it would be the greatest in the kingdom.

Elizabeth's successor, James I., has, on the contrary, been blamed for his lavish profusion of honours, and a charge brought against him, with too much truth, I fear, of venality in their disposal. Still, however, many a well-known coronet was added by the first English monarch of the Stuarts, especially those of Leicester (Sydney), Suffolk, Wallingford, Spencer (Sunderland), Denbigh, Bridgewater, Devonshire, Petre, Gerrard, Denny, and Arundel of Wardour. Charles I. raised to Earldoms several Viscounts and Barons: thus giving to the Peerage Roll, among others, the titles of Berkshire, Danby, Manchester, Stamford, Winchilsea, Banbury, Norwich, Peterborough, Chesterfield, Strafford, and Sunderland. He made also many new peers, generally selected from the most ancient and best descended of the gentry, such as the Savages of Rocksavage, the Tuftons of Tufton, the Brudenells of Leicestershire, the Belasyses of Yorkshire, the Lovelaces of Berkshire, the Pierreponts of Nottinghamshire, the Gorings of Sussex, and the Byrons of Rochdale. Several of Charles the Second's new creations were of good old English stock, and some, of families which had become enriched or advanced by commerce, professional services, or prosperous alliances. Perhaps the best born was the great-grandson of "Belted Will Howard," by the great heiress of the Dacres of the North,—CHARLES HOWARD, whom th-

King made Baron Dacre of Gillesland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and EARL of CARLISLE. To the Merry Monarch we owed also the coronets of Cornwallis, Langdale, Halifax, Clifford of Chudleigh, Dartmouth, &c. JAMES II., in the four troubled years of his reign, restored the Viscounty of Stafford—the most unjustly attained of titles; made Catherine Sidley, Countess of Dorchester for life; created the Dukedom of Berwick, (afterwards so celebrated in European warfare), and added five new Baronies—all of which are extinct, save Churchill, conferred on the great general, and Waldegrave, still enjoyed by the representative of that ancient house. It was also from James II. that the Ratcliffes derived their luckless title of Derwentwater, and the Herberts their Marquessate of Powis. WILLIAM III. raised to the peerage twenty-one personages, including his Dutch favourites, Bentinck, Keppel, Nassau, Schomberg, and Auverquerque; and several of the leading Whig families, such as Lowther, Somers, Vane, Fermor, and Ashburnham, the last quaintly designated by old Fuller as of “stupendous antiquity;” in this reign also each of the three great Whig lords, Bedford, Devonshire, and Carmarthen, received a Ducal Coronet.

Among Queen Anne’s new creations were the well-born and well-endowed Granvilles, Pelhams, Cowpers, Harcourts, Harleys, Herveys, Leveson-Gowers, Willoughbys, Bathursts, and St. Johns. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the House of Peers reckoned but a hundred and seventy members, of which nearly one half has passed away. In GEORGE the First’s time a less regard

began to be paid to birth or hereditary pretension; the political and legal elements predominating. Still in this reign originated the Baronies of Cobham, Coningsby, Romney, Onslow, Cadogan, and Walpole, and the Viscounties of Torrington and Falmouth. Forty is about the number of GEORGE II.'s peers; but such had been the decay amongst old titles that neither this increase nor that of his predecessor did more than barely counterbalance extinctions, and left the House much in the same position as they found it. Lawyers and statesmen were duly honoured by the house of Hanover; and the Second George chose from the bench no less than five peers, Raymond, Hardwicke, Talbot, Mansfield, and Henley. The present Dukedom of Northumberland, the present Earldom of Fitzwilliam, and the late Earldom of Egremont, three of the most powerful titles, were George II.'s creations.

The same moderate and discriminating selection marked the first twenty-four years of the reign of GEORGE III., and chose for additions to the peerage the great Commoners, Grosvenor of Eaton, Curzon of Kedleston, Eliot of Port Eliot, Vernon of Sudbury, and Bagot of Blithfield. After 1784 a new era, however, commenced in peerage annals. Political purposes, and the consequent lavish bestowal of the highest honours of the Crown, increased the roll of the Lords to such an extent, that at the death of GEORGE IV., new peerages, to the number of two hundred and thirty-five, had been added. WILLIAM IV. raised the Marquesses of Stafford and Cleveland to the rank of Dukes, and gave Earldoms to Col. FitzClarence, Lord George Cavendish, and Mr. Lambton,

of Durham, besides elevating to the same grade several peers of lesser degree. He also created one Viscounty, Canterbury, and a goodly array of baronies. Among her present Majesty's creations, occur warriors, statesmen, and lawyers, of great eminence, besides several of the representatives of good old county families, such as Coke of Norfolk, Wrottesley of Staffordshire, Methuen of Wilts, Egerton of Tatton; French of French Park, and Morgan of Tredegar; and one Peer, Macaulay, for ever illustrious in literature. Of these creations of the existing and the late Sovereign, eight have already become extinct, namely, Colborne, Dinorben, Sydenham, Langdale, Western, Milford, Beauvale, and Macaulay; the Earldom of Burlington has merged in the Dukedom of Devonshire, the Barony of Panmure in the Earldom of Dalhousie, and the Barony of Godolphin in the Dukedom of Leeds.

It would be manifestly impossible, in my limited space, to make an analysis of the vicissitudes of the various titles which have been created in the peerage. Suffice it to indicate a few of the more remarkable instances:—

THE DUKEDOM OF CLARENCE, four times conferred, never passed to an heir: it was enjoyed by three Princes of the Royal House of Plantagenet, and by one of the Royal House of Guelph. The first possessor was LIONEL PLANTAGENET, Edward the Third's son, through whom the house of York derived its right to the Crown. The second was Thomas Plantagenet, Henry the fifth's brother, who was slain at Beaugé by Sir John Swinton—

“ And Swinton placed the lance in rest,
That humbled erst the sparkling crest
Of Clarences Plantagenet.”

And the third was George Plantagenet, K.G., "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," King Edward IV.'s brother, drowned, according to tradition, in a butt of malmsey. His son, Prince Edward, Earl of Warwick, the last male Plantagenet, was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1499. With him withered the final buddings of the White Rose. The attempts of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel proved to Henry VII. that he could never be assured of his Crown while one branch of the tree of York flourished. The adherents of that race of heroes were silent and sorrowing, but still brooding, watchful, and valiant, and thus it was, that it became the policy of the Tudors to destroy the Yorkist nobility.

From the death of George Plantagenet, the title of Clarence was never again used, until conferred by King George III. on his third son, afterwards King William IV.

The title of CAMBRIDGE suffered many a vicissitude. Although nine times created, it always, it may be said, kept royal company, and frequently shared royal misfortune, for Hamilton was no exception to its royalty, James, Earl of Arran, (grandfather of James, second Marquess of Hamilton, and first Earl of Cambridge), having been declared heir presumptive to the Crown of Scotland.

As an Earldom, it was first conferred by Edward III. on his brother-in-law, William Duc de Juliers, and subsequently by the same monarch on his fifth son, Edmond of Langley. After the Plantagenets, the Scotch Marquesses of Hamilton enjoyed the title; but in the time of Charles II. it again became unquestionably Royal. Henry

of Oaklands, brother of the King, when made Duke of Gloucester, had the Earldom of Cambridge as his second honour. As a Dukedom, it was first conferred in succession on the four infant children of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. ; but they all died in infancy, and the title remained unappropriated until conferred, by Queen Anne, on George, Elector of Hanover, and *the heirs male of his body*. This creation raises in my mind a curious genealogical question. At the accession of George I., the dignity became vested in the Crown ; but it seems a very doubtful point whether at the death of King William IV. the Dukedom did not devolve on the Duke of Cumberland, he becoming then *heir male* of the body of the original grantee.

The fact of the same title having been since bestowed on another, cannot affect the right of the original heir, for it is not uncommon to see two or more peerages of the same name co-existent. The argument against the Duke of Cumberland's (King of Hanover's) right, would be that if a dignity once vested in the Crown, the claim of the heir, under the patent by which it was first created, was thereby extinguished ; but it is not at all certain that such an objection would be tenable. The case is a singular and, I believe, an unprecedented one.

THE DUKEDOM OF GLOUCESTER seems to have been associated in early times with a peculiar doom, the first five possessors of the title having met with violent deaths. Thomas of Woodstock, sixth son of King Edward III., was the first who ever bore the title ; and the last Planta-

genet who held it was "crooked-back" RICHARD, afterwards King of England. It was again revived in the person of a Royal Prince, when HENRY STUART, youngest son of King Charles I., received the honour, and it was borne (though no patent passed the seal) by Prince William, son of GEORGE and ANNE, Prince and Princess of Denmark. Once again, and for the last time, the Dukedom of Gloucester was conferred on Prince William Henry, younger brother of King George III.

In the time of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, YORK conferred the title of Duke on eight Royal Princes; two of them were killed in battle, one was murdered, and four became Kings of England; one of whom was beheaded, and another exiled. It was given originally to Edmund of Langley, and borne successively by his descendants until it vested in the Crown on the succession of Edward IV., by whom it was bestowed on his second son, one of the ill-fated children murdered in the Tower.

Henry VIII., Charles I., and James II., each bore this title, and George I. gave it to his brother, Ernest Augustus, who died without issue in 1728; and once again it was resorted to under George III., when His Majesty assigned it to his brother, Prince Edward Augustus, and afterwards to his second son, Prince Frederick, who died, heir presumptive to the throne, in 1827.

KENT, rendered famous as an Earldom by the Plantagenets, the Hollands, and the Greys, and associated with

all the varying fortunes of those gallant races, was only once conferred, as a Royal Dukedom, and that once on Prince EDWARD, fourth son of King George III., and father of Her Most Gracious Majesty. The creation of the Dukedom of Kent occurred in 1799, at an auspicious moment—just after that repulse of Bonaparte at Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, which brought the earliest dawn of our future glory over the then darkness of the struggle with France. It was indeed a title big with destiny. It came amid the first gleam of victory, and the greatest was behind. The Duke died, no son of his succeeding, but he bequeathed an inestimable boon to the nation—a reign of brightness and a race of princes, on which England now rests her hope, her fondness, and her pride.

A chaplet of laurel and of cypress twines round the Coronet of WARWICK. Tradition, History, and Romance claim it each for its own. Enthroned when Henry de Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, was crowned King of the Isle of Wight by Henry VI., it was rendered most illustrious by Richard Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick, who, though no King himself, made others Kings; and most tragic when the last male heir of the House of Plantagenet, Edward, Earl of Warwick, born heir to the throne, was cruelly murdered. The story of the Earldom while held by the Dudleys, fills a romantic chapter in Peerage Annals, and has served as materials for the novelist and the poet. Thus, for nearly three centuries and a half, the grand old Earldom of Warwick was associated with the achievements of the Beauchamps, the Nevilles, the Plau-

tagenets, and the Dudleys. Its next appearance was its decadence: in 1618, James I. conferred, without rhyme or reason, this most historic title on Robert, Lord Rich, whose immediate ancestor, at the very time Henry de Beauchamp was being crowned King of the Isle of Wight, was making a fortune as an honest mercer in the city of London! At the extinction, however, of the Riches in 1759, justice was in some measure done to the rights of birth: the Earldom of Warwick was then given to the Grevilles, in whom flowed a good deal of the old Beauchamp blood, and in whom had vested Warwick Castle and its dependencies, ever since the Dudleys forfeited that fine inheritance.

Warwick's kindred Earldom of SALISBURY passed through four families before it was conferred on the ancestor of its present holder—all famous in the days of chivalry—Devereux, Montacute, Neville, and Plantagenet. The last inheritrix was Margaret Plantagenet, whose tragic story I have told in another chapter. There were eleven Earls of Salisbury before her time, and of them four were slain in battle, two beheaded, and one murdered. After these stormy times, nearly a century elapsed before the Earldom of Salisbury was again conferred, and then it was given by James I. to the youngest son of the famous Lord Burleigh. This, the first Earl of Salisbury, of the house of Cecil, was himself a distinguished statesman, and attained to the highest honour; but he seems to have derived little happiness from his earthly advancement. In his last illness, he was heard to say to Sir Walter Cope,

“Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved.” He had some years previously (1603) addressed a letter to Sir James Harington, the poet, in pretty much the same tone. “Good Knight,” saith the minister, “rest content, and give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court, and gone heavily on even the best-seeming fair ground. ’Tis a great task to prove one’s honesty and yet not mar one’s fortune. You have tasted a little thereof in our blessed queen’s time, who was more than a man, and, in truth, sometimes less than a woman. I wish I waited now in your presence-chamber, with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me. I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man that looketh this way to heaven.”

SHREWSBURY, the first English Earldom, after Arundel, which merges in the Dukedom of Norfolk, dates from 1442, and is inherited by the present Lord from his direct ancestor, the gallant Talbot, “the great Alcides of the field,” than whom “a stouter champion never handled sword.” How marvel, romance, and mystery were brought out in the late great Shrewsbury case! For two hundred years, the Earldom has never descended from father to son, and, at the death of the late youthful Earl Bertram, his male heir was found in the descendant of a branch that had separated from the parent stem at the time of the wars of the Roses! In the course of the proceedings, a senior line

was traced down to a Talbot, who was living in obscurity in St. Anne's, Soho, and whose representative, had his family not passed away in poverty and oblivion, would have been the senior Earl of England. Also came in proof, the mysteriously effaced tomb at Bromsgrove of Sir John Talbot, recording the existence of those two sons whose disappearance somewhat resembled that of the Princes in the Tower. One of these was said to have wandered into and to have founded a Talbot branch in Ireland. Then there were the Talbots who died abroad soldiers of fortune: they might have had issue, but there was sign of none. The obscurity of a legend hung on all but the line of the present Earl.

DERBY, the next in precedence, has, since the Stanleys' acquisition of the Earldom, been transmitted down in an unchequered course, and through a race of nobles of pre-eminent celebrity, over a space of nearly four hundred years—a remarkable exception to the changeful career of other titles of equal antiquity and eminence. At this moment it is still held by a Stanley, whom history hereafter will probably regard as the greatest of his name.

“The motto, *sans changer*, used for so many centuries by the elder line of the noble house of Stanley, seems to have been adopted in a prophetic spirit. Invariably honourable, just, bounteous, hospitable, valiant, and magnificent; above all, invariably loyal; that family may perhaps safely challenge history and tradition to show one defective link in its long chain of succession, to point out a single stain

on the purity of its public conduct, or on its uniform exercise of the mild and graceful duties of private life.”*

THE BARONY OF DUDLEY, created more than five centuries ago, has had many ups and downs in the course of its long career, and now rests in abeyance, partly, in two obscure nooks of England. The family of Sutton, who acquired Dudley Manor and Castle by marriage with the heiress of De Somerie, was ennobled *temp.* Edward III., and the barony thus acquired, eventually passed, *temp.* Charles II., through an heiress, Frances, Baroness Dudley, wife of Sir Humble Ward, to the Ward family. Having remained with them for a century or more, it became vested in the Leas, of Halesowen Grange; and on the death, in 1757, of Ferdinando Dudley Lea, fourteenth Baron, it fell into abeyance amongst his Lordship's sisters. One of these sisters, Frances, became the wife of Walter Woodcock, Esq., “Justice Woodcock,” as he was called, to whose descendants Dame Fortune has been most chary in the distribution of her favours. Their daughter, Anne, became the wife of William Wilmot; and another daughter, Mary, was married to Benjamin Smart. Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, the traveller on the Dudley road, on reaching the toll-gate of Cooper's Bank, and depositing the usual fees of the pike in the hands of that inflexible personage, the toll-bar-keeper, little dreamt that the poor man following this lowly occupation was next brother of one of the coheirs of the Barony of Dudley! But so it was: George Wilmot, the toll-bar-keeper of Cooper's

* Edmund Lodge.

Bank, was a descendant of the very Lords Dudley whose proud castle towered in the distance ; and when he died, on Christmas Day, 1846, his remains were borne from the turnpike gate to Dudley, and deposited by the ashes of his kindred. One nephew, Daniel Sinclair Wilmot, filled the office of second clerk of the Customs at Bristol, and another, John K. Wilmot, (son of his eldest brother, Pynson,) at this moment one of the CO-HEIRS OF THE BARONY OF DUDLEY, is residing in an humble station at No. 1, Cleveland Grove, Mile End.

At Oatenfield Farm, Halesowen, in Worcestershire, another and a senior coheir of the Barony resides—Joseph Smart, a worthy farmer ; and at the town of Halesowen, his only brother, Robert Smart, carries on the business and trade of grazier and butcher.

Mr. Joseph Smart has in his possession an ancient and curious family record, tracing his descent from the old Lords Dudley, and setting forth his royal line through the Suttons, the Seymours, the Greys, and the Brandons from Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. After which comes the following curious inventory:—"An account of jewels and gold rings in the possession of Walter Woodcock, Esq., in an oak chest at Dovehouse Fields, in the parish of Salop: 1. a mourning ring, with inscription engraved within it, 'Edward Lord Dudley Ward obt. 6 Sept. 1731, aged 27;' also three gold ear-rings, apparently diamonds ; another gold ring with large diamonds, supposed to have been his said lordship's mother's, Lady Dudley Ward, of Dudley Castle, and by her given to her daughter, Frances Ward, who married with William Lea, of the

Grange, Hales Owen, by whom she had issue;" and then follows the genealogy of her descendants to the present day.

Where can we find a more striking contrast than this mournful tale of the Barony of Dudley? The history of that famous title would, in its first chapter, speak of chivalry, warlike achievement, and magnificent hospitality in the ancient castle from which the Barony took its name. The last chapter would tell the story of the Halesowen farmer, the custom-house clerk, and the toll-bar-keeper, all resident within range of that very castle.

PEERAGE CLAIMS are replete with curious and interesting revelations, and contain the story of many a Peerage Vicissitude. Even within the last half century, the chance perusal of an old patent by an antiquarian barrister, and the casual meeting of the ordnance storekeeper at Enniskillen with a shrewd Irish attorney, restored to the roll of the Lords two of its oldest and most historic titles, DEVON and HUNTINGDON.

The earliest case of the discussion in the House of Lords of a CLAIM TO A PEERAGE occurred in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry VI. But the right to such titles as were not annexed to manorial or other possessions was formerly determined before the Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal, not according to the rules of common law, but by the regulations and customs of chivalry. From the decision of this court an appeal lay to the Crown; but on the abolition of the office of High Constable, it became the practice to submit the claims at once to the Sovereign, which course was first adopted about

the time of Henry VIII. In the reign of his successor, commissioners were appointed to decide the claims to peerages; but the practice of referring them to the House of Lords (as in the time of Henry VI.) being again adopted, it was afterwards generally followed; and since the reign of Charles I. the House of Peers has become the tribunal where such claims are decided, when the Crown does not act upon the report of the Attorney-General only.

The claim to the Earldom of Banbury was perhaps the most singular and important in the whole catalogue, whether estimated by the extraordinary length of time—more than a century and a half—it remained undecided, or the conflict of opinion to which it gave rise between the first tribunal in the realm, the House of Lords, and the first law judge, the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Holt, regarded by his contemporaries as the profoundest lawyer of his time. Upon the decease of the Earl of Banbury in 1632, the post-mortem inquisition found that he died without issue, but left a widow, Elizabeth, his last wife, surviving. His honours were then deemed EXTINCT, and his estates passed to his collateral heirs. Within five weeks, however, after her husband's death, the Countess of Banbury married Lord Vaux of Harrowden, and brought forward two sons, whom she stated were the offspring of her first marriage, born during the lifetime of Lord Banbury. The elder died young; but the younger took his seat in the Convention Parliament as Earl of Banbury, but was not summoned in the parliament which met in the following May.

The case gave rise to numerous petitions presented to the Crown, and discussed in the House of Lords for more than a hundred and fifty years, in which the main question was, whether the children of Lady Banbury were the issue of Lord Vaux, and not of her first husband, the aged Lord Banbury?

In the course of the proceedings there arose the celebrated conflict of authority between the House of Lords and the King's Bench. Charles, claiming to be Lord Banbury, was tried in 1692, for the murder in a duel of his brother-in-law, Captain Lawson. He was arraigned as "Charles Knollys, Esq.," and pleaded in abatement, that it was a misnomer, he being Earl of Banbury. The King's Bench quashed the indictment, holding that the prisoner was Earl of Banbury. But the Lords, who had previously decided the contrary, required the attendance of the Chief Justice Holt, and asked him "to give their Lordships an account why the Court of King's Bench had acted as it had done in this affair." To which the Chief Justice made this memorable answer: "I acknowledge the thing; there was such a plea, and such a replication. I gave my judgment according to my conscience. We are trusted with the law. We are to be protected, not arraigned, and are not to give reasons for our judgment, therefore I desire to be excused giving any." After much discussion, and many adjournments, the contest terminated at last in the abandonment by the House of its fruitless struggle with the Court of Common Pleas. Eventually the Lords, after a prolonged hearing in 1813, decided against the claim.

A History of the Earldom of DEVON from its first creation, by King Henry I., down to its recovery in 1835, would be a memorial full of romance and vicissitude. Conferred though it was, at various periods and by various creations, on the families of De Redvers and Courtenay, there is an unbroken chain of descent connecting the Earl of Devon of Henry I.'s time with the Earl of Devon of the reign of Queen Victoria. At present, it is the *fifth* Earldom on the roll of the Peerage, dating from the creation of 1553; but it would be the *first*, were it not for the attainder of the earlier creations. Even the last Patent was supposed to have expired with Edward, Earl of Devon, and Marquess of Exeter, who died at Padua in 1556. For the long space of two hundred and seventy-five years, this brilliant coronet was left unclaimed; and so little did its rightful heirs, the Courtenays of Powderham Castle, know of its existence, that Sir William Courtenay, who was in reality Earl of Devon, sought and obtained from George III. a simple Viscounty. It was reserved for the research and skill of my late distinguished friend, Sir Harris Nicolas, to resuscitate one of the most illustrious titles in the peerage of England: he discovered, while perusing some old records, the Patent creating the Earldom of Devon; and he at once perceived that the usual addition "de corpore" was omitted, either accidentally or by design. The absence of these two important words extended the limitation to collateral heirs-male, and thus entitled Viscount Courtenay to assert his right to the Earldom of his ancestors. Sir Harris conducted the case before the Lords, and lived to see his

friend and client, the late Earl of Devon, in the full enjoyment of a peerage, the recovery of which was mainly owing to his genealogical ability.

I scarcely know of any more amusing story than the narrative of the adventures of Mr. Nugent Bell, in quest of evidence to establish the right of his friend Captain Hastings, R.N., to the ancient EARLDOM OF HUNTINGDON, which had lain dormant from the death of the tenth Earl, in 1789. The singularity about the case is, that it succeeded in despite of the claimant himself, who, but one brief year before he was installed as fourth earl of the kingdom, had hardly any idea of his own position. He was a retired, unassuming naval officer, holding a small official appointment in a remote provincial town, contented with the station of a private gentleman, not dreaming of either purple robes or golden coronets, and was indebted for his success altogether to the exertions and perseverance of his professional adviser, Mr. Nugent Bell, who undertook the affair on his own responsibility, and entirely at his own expense.

On the back of the letter conveying his acquiescence in the proceedings, Captain Hastings added, as a post-script, "By all things good, you are mad!" so romantic and visionary did the recovery of the Earldom seem to him.

Mr. Bell proceeded at once, 17th August, 1817, to England, and entered upon his arduous undertaking, accompanied by his friend, Mr. W. Jameson. His first visit was to Castle Donnington, where he had a very

unsatisfactory interview with a solicitor named Dalby, who had long been concerned for the noble family of Hastings, and who was in communication with the Marchioness of Hastings, living then at Donnington Park. The next day he met with a Mr. Needham, from whom he acquired much valuable information; but the most valuable he obtained, and that which put him upon the right road, was from an accidental rencontre with an old domestic of the family. While seated on the outside of a coach, in travelling through Leicestershire, and just, he says, as his spirits were about to go to pieces amidst the quicksands of disappointment, a flag hove in sight, which he hastened to hail, and in a few minutes was alongside an old woman in a market-cart, with whom he jocularly made up an acquaintance, and obtained leave to accompany her for some distance on the road, in a vacant chair he espied in the vehicle. This old crone turned out, oddly enough, to be an ancient dependent of the Hastings family; and on her garrulity Mr. Bell founded the basis of his future success.

This extraordinary adventure having furnished the required clue, Mr. Bell pursued it indefatigably through churches and churchyards, examining sextons, consulting registers, and deciphering tombstones, until, at length, he was enabled to draw up such a case as produced from Sir Samuel Romilly a satisfactory opinion in favour of the claim, and a Report from Sir Samuel Shepherd, the Attorney-General, to the effect that the claimant had made out his right; whereupon, on the 7th of January, 1819, just a year and a half after Captain Hastings had, in fear and

trembling, given his reluctant consent, and Mr. Bell had started on his apparently Quixotic search in pursuit of a peerage, a writ of summons was issued, commanding the attendance in the ensuing parliament of Captain Hastings, by the style, title, and dignity of EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

The Barony of WILLOUGHBY OF PARHAM was conferred by letters patent, in 1547, on Sir William Willoughby, Knight, and the heirs male of his body, and devolved, at his death, on his son and heir, Charles, second Lord, who had with other children three sons, who all left issue. In the descendants of the eldest son, the barony continued vested until the decease, without issue, of the tenth lord in 1679. At his Lordship's decease, the title ought by right to have gone to the heir of Sir Ambrose, the *second* son of the second lord; but as his branch had emigrated to America, it was presumed to have become extinct, and the Barony of Willoughby of Parham was adjudged erroneously to the son of the second lord's *third* son, and that personage and his descendants continued to sit in parliament as Lords Willoughby of Parham. Meanwhile the descendant of Sir Ambrose came back from America, proved his pedigree, and thus created a remarkable state of things. He, the true lord, was excluded from his rights as a peer, while his cousin, the false lord, sat and voted. In course of time, however, right prevailed. "*Dormit aliquando jus, moritur nunquam.*" The male line of the false lord expired, and Henry Willoughby, Sir Ambrose's representative, claimed his peerage, and had it adjudged to him by a memorable decision of the House of Lords, which ad-

mitted that the intermediate lords had "sat contrary to the right and truth of the case."

This decision, one should have supposed, would have ended all perplexity connected with the title of Willoughby of Parham. But it was not so. As the first false Lord was summoned to Parliament under the erroneous presumption that he was a peer, and took his seat accordingly under the writ, an independent Barony in fee was thereby created, descendible to heirs general. For instance, when the eldest son of an Earl is summoned up in the name of a Barony not vested in his father, and it afterwards turns out that the Earl had no such barony, then a substantive barony by writ is created; whereas, on the contrary, had the Earl possessed a barony, the effect of the writ to his heir-apparent would only be to accelerate the descent of the dignity, and to make it still descendible according to the original limitation.

There still being an heir-general of the false Lord Willoughby, is not such heir-general, in this view of the case, entitled to a barony in fee?

ATTAINDER o'ershadows many an old and honoured title. But for the forfeiture of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, the father of Lady Jane Grey, the EARL of STAMFORD and WARRINGTON would be MARQUESS of DORSET; and but for that of the ill-fated son of Charles II., the Duke of Buccleuch would be Duke of Monmouth. It is probable that if the attainder passed against the ruined Earl of Westmoreland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, were removed, the Earl of Abergavenny might prove himself to be Earl

of Westmoreland ; and it is not at all impossible that, if forfeiture did not intervene, Mr. Marmion Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, might establish, to the satisfaction of the House of Lords, that he was male representative of the Ferrers' family, and as such, the possessor of an EARLDOM of DERBY, which would place him first amongst Earls—*facile princeps* ; and would create a curious coincidence. The premier Earl, and the third Earl on the roll of the Peerage, would be designated by the same title.

The disappearance of Irish titles has arisen principally from the attainders and confiscations in that country. But for these causes, the remarkable perpetuation of the male descent among Irish families, would have preserved the ancient nobility in Ireland to a far greater proportionate extent than in either England or Scotland. As it is, there remains, comparatively speaking, a much larger number of the early creations in the Irish peerage than we can find on the roll of the English nobility of the same date. English titles and English families have become, by the complete exhaustion of male heirs, altogether extinct ; while in the sister island even those titles which have passed away from the Irish peerage are probably only dormant, and might be revived if the attainders were removed, or if the power of genealogical research enabled the inquirer to follow noble descents through the lowly streams into which I believe some of the old Irish titles have fallen. For instance, the present heir to the Earldom of Thomond is, I am credibly informed, the descendant of a farmer in the county of Kerry ; and the heir of the

Earls of Desmond, if we knew him, would no doubt be discovered in the same rank of life.

At the death of Henry VII., A.D. 1509, the Irish peerage consisted of four Earls, Kildare, Ormonde, Desmond and Waterford; of three Viscounts, Buttevant, Gormanston, and Roche of Fermoy; and of twelve Barons, Athenry, Kinsale, Kerry, Slane, Delvin, Killeen, Howth, Portlester, Dunsany, Trimleston, Ratoathe, and Rathwier. Subtracting from these names the last two, which were both granted to Englishmen, and are extinct, I think I may safely assert that a male descendant of every one of the others still exists.

After centuries of vicissitudes, and many an effort to destroy it, by attainder, decapitation, and exile, the EARLDOM of KILDARE, the oldest earldom in the united kingdom, is still enjoyed by the representative of the Geraldines :

“When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields
were known,
And their sabre-dent struck terror on the banks of the Garonne.
But never then, nor thence till now, has falsehood or disgrace
Been seen to soil FitzGerald’s plume or mantle in his face.”

Only twelve years junior to the Earldom of Kildare, its twin in renown, was its great rival ORMONDE, a title equally interwoven with romance and history. The acmé of its political importance was in the time of the Dukes of Ormonde, the charm of its romance in the fierce period of its conflicts with the Irish chieftains, and its feuds with the Geraldines of Desmond. One of the purest characters of any age was the gallant Earl of Os-

sory, at whose untimely death his bereaved father, the Duke of Ormonde, so pathetically exclaimed, in answer to an expression of condolence, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom." It was this same Earl of Ossory, who, after Blood's attempt to kill the Duke of Ormonde—an attempt which was generally ascribed to the instigation of Buckingham, addressed the Duke, while standing behind the King's chair, in these emphatic words: "My lord, I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father: and therefore I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent death by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the real author of it!—I shall consider you as the assassin. I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you though you stood behind the King's chair. And I tell you it in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I will keep my word." Ossory's only son was the great Duke of Ormonde, under whose attainder, by the *English* parliament, the Earldom of Ormonde was supposed to have been forfeited; but many a long year afterwards this was found to be a false notion. A decision of the *Irish* parliament declared that no proceeding of the English legislature could affect an Irish dignity, and restored the Earldom of Ormonde and Viscounty of Thurles to John Butler of Garryricken, the grandfather of the late accomplished Marquess of Ormonde.

Almost cotemporaneous with Kildare and Ormonde was

an Earldom which has suffered, perhaps more than any other, the severest reverses of fortune, the famous Geraldine EARLDOM of DESMOND. The rivalry of the FitzGerald of Desmond and the Butlers of Ormonde, the Irish Guelphs and Gibbelines, forms a memorable episode in the annals of Munster. Once, we are told, a reconciliation was effected, and the hostile chiefs agreed to shake hands, but they took the precaution of doing so through an aperture of an oak door, each fearing to be poignarded by the other! After the battle of Affane, on the banks of the Blackwater, the FitzGerald were defeated, and their leader made prisoner. While the victors were bearing him away on their shoulders, Ormonde triumphantly exclaimed, "Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?" "Here," replied FitzGerald, "still in his proper place, on the necks of the Butlers." In a former series of this work I have entered minutely into the history of the ruin of the house of Desmond; suffice it here to state, that the last recognized Earl became reduced to such great distress, that for a considerable period he wandered among the bogs and mountains of Kerry, until at last, through the treachery of a retainer, his foster-brother, the cabin in which he lay concealed was pointed out to his pursuers, and the aged nobleman was dragged from the hovel and cruelly murdered. His head was sent over to Queen Elizabeth, and set up on the Tower of London. The vast Desmond estates were parcelled out among undertakers from England, and now form the possessions of a great portion of the existing landed proprietors of the counties of Cork and Kerry.

The subsequent fate of the Earldom itself was remarkable. After the forfeiture of the FitzGerald, James the First conferred it first on his favourite, Sir Richard Preston, Lord Dingwall in Scotland (who had married Lady Elizabeth Butler, descended in the female line from the original Earls), and next on George Feilding, Viscount Callan, who was in no wise related to, or connected with the Geraldines. His descendant, the Earl of Denbigh, now bears the coronet of Desmond, so long associated, in the olden times, with the glory and misfortunes of Ireland.

The last of the Earldoms of Henry VII.'s time is that of WATERFORD, still existing, which was conferred, in connexion with the office of Great Seneschal of Ireland, on Sir John Talbot, the first and most renowned Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1446:—

“Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence.”

The Earldom of Waterford has followed the fortunes of its twin title of Shrewsbury, and since the time of Charles II., has never gone from father to son.

Two of the Viscounties of the same reign have fallen from the peerage roll, Buttevant, and Roche of Fermoy, but most undoubtedly male descendants of both exist at this present moment. The representative of the latter was living in utter destitution in the year 1667, and a Viscountess Roche of a later generation was seen begging

in the streets of Cork. The only other Viscounty of this epoch still remains, and gives title to the senior Viscount of Ireland.

Seven of the Baronies in Henry VII.'s Irish House of Lords are still held by Irish Peers, deriving from them. Two others, Athenry and Slane, are claimed, and one, Portlester, is under attainder.

Henry VIII. added to his predecessor's scanty Irish Peerage three Earldoms, Tyrone, Thomond, and Clanrickarde; two Viscounties, Clontarf and Baltinglass; and eight Baronies, Curraghmore, Dunboyne, Upper Ossory, Louth, Carbrie, Dungannon, Ibracken, Inchiquin, and Cahir. In this reign, Ulick Burke, chief of his race, was made Earl of Clanrickarde, and the head of the great house of Eustace raised to the Viscounty of Baltinglass, a dignity to which the present Captain Charles Stannard Eustace, of Robertstown, County Kildare, has been declared heir, if the attainder were removed.

Edward VI. added but one creation, Mount Garrett, to the Irish peerage.

All that Queen Mary did, in the peerage of Ireland, was to form a precedent of a peerage for life, recently the subject of so much controversy in the Wensleydale case. Her Majesty made Kavanagh, chief of his sept, Baron of Ballyane for life. If the creation had contained the customary limitation to heirs male, Mr. Kavanagh, of Borris, would now be a peer of the realm.

Queen Elizabeth made McCarthy Earl of Clancarr, and created but two Irish Barons,—both Burkes—Lords Castle Connell and Leitrim; her successor, how-

ever, with his usual prodigality of honors, raised the number of the Irish peerage to sixty-seven. The additions included, among others, the Earldoms of Cork, Westmeath, and Roscommon; the Viscounties of Powerscourt, Netterville, and Moore of Drogheda; and the Baronies of Brabazon, Fitzwilliam, Charlemont, and Esmonde.

This last Barony, *ESMONDE* of Lymbrick, were it not for the iniquitous penal laws which affected Ireland in former times, would now be enjoyed by the Rt. Hon. Sir *THOMAS ESMONDE*, Bart., of Ballynastra.

Charles I. brought up the number to 96; Charles II., to 104; and James II., to 110. Under William III., however, the roll of the peerage became curtailed by the attainders of the Jacobite Lords.

In the reign of the first monarch of the House of Hanover, the peerage of Ireland consisted of one Duchess (the German mistress of the King), one Marquess, Catherlough (the English Marquess of Wharton); thirty-one Earls, one Countess, fifty-two Viscounts, and thirty-one Barons. The long reign of George III., which increased so much the English peerage, added even still more to the roll of similar honors in Ireland. The peerage of that kingdom, which, as we have seen, consisted but of nineteen Lords in Henry VII.'s time, numbered at the close of the Irish parliament, in 1801, 226 peers, namely, one Duke, nine Marquesses, seventy-seven Earls, sixty-two Viscounts, and eighty-seven Barons. By the Act of Union, the Crown is empowered to confer a new title for every three that become extinct, until the whole number, exclusive of those having hereditary seats in the House of Lords, shall be re-

duced to one hundred, which magical number the Crown must keep up by new creations. At the present moment there are one hundred and sixteen Irish peers, who are peers of Ireland only. Of these, twenty-eight sit as representatives, leaving eighty-eight who are excluded from their hereditary right.

Although Richard II. conferred knighthood on the four provincial Kings of Ireland, in 1395, no hereditary honor was bestowed on a native Irish chieftain until Henry VIII. made Con O'Neill Earl of Tyrone, Murrough O'Brien Earl of Thomond, and Dermot O'Shaghnessy, of Gort, in the Co. of Galway, an *hereditary knight*. This last creation foreshadowed the institution of the Baronet.

Mac Carthy of Desmond, and Magennis of Iveagh, were created peers by Elizabeth, and Rory O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnel, was made an Earl by James I. Thus originated the famous Earldom of Tyrconnel: under its original possessor it had but a brief existence, falling under the attainder consequent on the "flight of the earls," in 1607. The subsequent vicissitudes of this title are remarkable: first it was given to Lord Fitzwilliam of Merrion, but it expired with him in four years; next it was conferred on a family to which it owes its principal historic importance, the Talbots of Malahide, and again fell by attainder. After Talbot, for no other reason, as it appears to me, but that it was an attractive and well-sounding title, it was given to a respectable English baronet, named Brownlow; and after his extinction to another English family, Carpenter, who had not a drop, I believe, of either O'Donnell or Talbot blood, and who had little in

common with Ireland except the fact of being in the peerage of that country.

As for SCOTCH peerages, the entails and remainders are so varied, complicated, and numerous, that with most of them it is utterly impossible to say when they will become extinct. I need only refer to the claims to the succession of the Dukedoms and other titles of Queensberry, those to the Dukedom of Roxburghe, and the remainders to the Earldom of Breadalbane, to convince the reader of the impossibility of foretelling the eventual history of any Caledonian title.

The acts of union for Scotland and Ireland differed essentially as regards the peerage of both countries; the Scotch act contains no provision as to keeping up that body by new creations, and probably in course of time all Scotch peers will be absorbed into the peerage of the United Kingdom. The union roll of Scotland, as it stood on the 1st May, 1707, comprised eleven Dukes, five Marquesses, seventy-five Earldoms, seventeen Viscounties, and fifty-three Barons; and now, in 1862, of the whole of that number there remain, allowing for the sixteen Representative Peers, but twenty-eight who have not a seat in the House of Lords.

There are many curious incidents connected with the descent of Scottish dignities. Lord Lindsay's delightful volumes on the lives of his ancestors, tell with romantic effect the extraordinary vicissitudes which have accompanied the transmission of the Earldom of Crawford, through an illustrious line of twenty-four Earls. At one time an Earl

of Crawford, cursed with an unnatural son, obtained the royal assent to transfer the Earldom from his heir to the next male in succession ; and this latter Earl, moved with pity, sought the Crown's interference again for the reconveyance of the title to the rightful heir. But the line of this, the rightful line, did not prosper. Its eventual heiress lived disgracefully as a common vagrant, and was at length rescued from the lowest wretchedness by the bounty of King Charles II. After its extinction, the honors of the House of Crawford were usurped by a remote but most powerful descendant, the Earl of Lindsay, to the prejudice of the real heirs, the Lindsays of Edzell, the last of whom (Earl of Crawford if he had had his rights) died in 1744, an hostler at an inn in Kirkwall.

THE following anecdote concerning the succession to the PEERAGE OF BREADALBANE, affords a curious illustration of the unlimited nature of the patents of some Scottish titles in favour of all heirs male whatsoever. Those in the renowned race of Diarmid are of the number. So that as long as a member of the Clan Campbell exists who is able to prove his descent from Glenorchy, or Lochawe, there is no chance of the Earldom of Breadalbane, or the Marquesate of Argyle, ever becoming extinct.

The house of Glenorchy is an ancient cadet of that of Lochawe, and has always been distinguished for inordinate feudal ambition and thirst for territorial aggrandisement. Each successive chieftain has materially enlarged its possessions, so that in extent of territory it yields to none within the bounds of the British empire.

The nobleman whom the following anecdote brings before our notice, and his only son, were the last of the direct line of the original Earl; but the titles and estates were strictly destined to distant younger branches. Of these, the least remote were Campbell of Carwhin, an old bachelor, a writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, who had retired from business into the country; and Campbell of Glenfalloch, a Highland laird, who lived upon his small property. The latter had a grandson, of whom he was very fond, and whom he regarded with much pride as the future head of the house; presuming upon the probable extinction of the lines of his two remote kinsmen, the Earl and Carwhin.

In 1758, the third Earl had an English visitor at Taymouth, who, in exploring about, fell in with a fine-looking lad in the Highland garb, attended by a Highland man. The stranger asked who the boy was, and was told he was the young Breadalbane. After dinner, when the Earl and his guest were sitting cosily together, the latter related the circumstance, with the reply, and asked, "Now, who could the boy be?" "Oh!" replied Lord Breadalbane, "I know who that would be—that was the young Glenfalloch," savagely adding—"So he called him the young Breadalbane! did he?" And he continued the whole evening in a fit of abstraction, repeating occasionally—"So he called him the young Breadalbane?" Next morning, at break of day, a messenger was sent express to summon Campbell of Carwhin, the retired man of business from Edinburgh, who, as an old bachelor, had lately settled in his own little place to end his days in peace.

When he arrived, and was welcomed, Lord B. said to him, "Now, Carwhin, you can't guess why I sent for you." "Oo! onything to pleasure your Lordship." "Well, I'll tell you what it is. I want you to marry!" "Me marry!! Breadalbane, I hae naething to marry on." "Oh! I'll make that easy for you, Carwhin." "Weel, but if I were ever so weel inclined, I dinna ken ony body that wud tak me." "Well, Carwhin, I've a remedy for that, too. You'll go to Inverary, where the circuit court meets soon—get introduced to Miss ——, the daughter of Lord ——, one of the Judges who is to be there. I'll warrant she'll take you." "Weel, Breadalbane, ony thing to pleasure your Lordship." Off he set in his best trim, got introduced to the young beauty, danced with her, took her to supper, and proposed. He was, however, refused; and, much disconcerted, he applied to a bosom friend, and explained the case. His friend said—"If all you want is to pleasure Breadalbane, try Betty Stonefield, I'se warrant she'll no' refuse you." This was a maiden sister of Lord Stonefield, the other Judge on the circuit, who was a Campbell, but neither young nor handsome. Carwhin took the advice, went through the same form, and was accepted; and the son and heir of this curiously-planned marriage was no other than John Campbell of Carwhin, who succeeded eventually, to the exclusion of young Glenfalloch, as fourth Earl of Breadalbane. But events are not to be controlled: this fourth Earl's only son, John, fifth Earl and second Marquess of Breadalbane, has just died childless, and young Glenfalloch's great-grandson is, after all, despite the jealousy of the old Earl, and the

cannie courtship of Carwhin, now Earl of Breadalbane. One day in the November of this very year, 1862, saw that same great-grandson residing in London on his moderate patrimony of a few hundreds a-year, and the next day found him the possessor of one of Scotland's famous Earldoms, and of a rent-roll of full forty thousand a-year.

THE EARLDOM OF MAR is the most ancient and most historic title in the Scottish Peerage. During the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, the north of Scotland was divided into several great districts, such as Athole, Moray, Ross, Buchan, Mar, &c., &c., &c.; which were governed by hereditary rulers with the title of Maormer. These potentates were next in power and dignity to the King; and in the transmission of their rank and office, the rule of hereditary succession was strictly observed.

In the case of the Maormers of Mar, the original Celtic dignity was exchanged for that of Earl, and Mortacus, Earl of Mar, was witness to a charter granted by King Malcolm Canmore to the Culdees of Lochleven in 1065.

Concerning this title the learned Lord Hailes remarks: "This is one of the Earldoms whose origin is lost in antiquity. It existed before our records, and before the æra of genuine history." The present Earl of Mar and Kellie is the direct successor, representative, and descendant of these aboriginal Celtic Maormers.

The origin of the DOUGLASES is lost amid the mists of antiquity. No one acquainted with general history can

ignore that their race is among the noblest in Europe, whether we take into account the long line of their ancestors, the extent of their domains, the grandeur of their alliances, or the brilliancy of their military fame.

On the death of the Duke of Douglas, in 1761, the Duke of Hamilton succeeded as heir-male to the Marquessate of Douglas, the Earldom of Angus, and several other titles, while the succession to the estates devolved upon Archibald Stewart, as son of Lady Jane Douglas, the Duke of Douglas's sister, by her husband, Sir John Stewart, of Grandtully.

Upon the death of the Duke, the guardians of this young man proceeded without delay to vest him in the feudal right of the Douglas estates, by getting him, according to Scottish usage, served heir.

As many doubts had existed, from the time of his birth, as to its genuineness, and as it was believed by many persons, including the late Duke himself, that Lady Jane and her husband had stolen or bought two children in Paris, in order to introduce false heirs to the great estates of the family, steps were taken by the guardians of the youthful Duke of Hamilton to investigate the matter thoroughly. The discoveries which they made in Paris concerning the circumstance of Lady Jane Stewart's alleged confinement of twins, gave them sanguine hopes of being able to destroy Mr. Stewart's, or, as he was called, Mr. Douglas's claim, and to oust him from the possession of the family estates.

And now commenced the famous Douglas cause, which excited an interest quite unexampled in cases of this kind,

spreading from Scotland over England, and even to the continent of Europe.

The guardians of the Duke of Hamilton maintained that Lady Jane Stewart had not been pregnant; that the circumstances of her alleged confinement were untrue; that the confinement was an imposture; and that so far from having given birth to twins in Paris, there was proof that two male children had been carried off from their parents, corresponding in age with the sons of Lady Jane, and that these children were abstracted by natives of Britain, whom there was reason to believe to have been no other than Lady Jane and her husband. One of these boys died in infancy.

The great amount of proof and counter-proof makes this case puzzling in the extreme. To condense the arguments on both sides within the necessary limits of this essay would be impossible. The cause came on before the Court of Session in Edinburgh, in July, 1767. The fifteen judges gave the most unwearied attention to the case, and pronounced the most deliberate decisions. There never was a more honourable display of talent, acuteness, and impartiality, than was exhibited by those able lawyers, many of whom were distinguished historians and philosophers. The judges being equally divided, seven in favour of, and seven against Mr. Douglas's claim, the Lord President Dundas decided against him by a casting vote.

There never was a case that caused so much sympathy. Party feeling about it in Scotland ran so high, that feuds were occasioned among the gentry, and rioting among the

people. The learned and distinguished of the time became partizans, and throughout Europe the question was discussed with interest.

On the failure of Mr. Douglas's case before the Scottish Supreme Court, there was an immediate appeal to the House of Lords ; and two years after, in February, 1771, that tribunal reversed the decision of the Court of Session, and pronounced in favour of Mr. Douglas, thus placing him before the world as legal heir of line of the family, and securing to him the possession of its great estates.

When the question is now considered after the lapse of a century, apart from personal feeling and party bias, it seems impossible to reconcile the contradictory assertions connected with the strange story of Mr. Douglas's birth, or to resist the strong appearance of imposture. Even those who were the most in favour of his claim could not deny the suspicion of fraud. The two cases of child-stealing, however, were not actually brought home to the parents of Mr. Douglas, and he had the benefit of this failure of proof. In the year 1790, he was raised to the Peerage as Lord Douglas of Douglas ; and he had the prudence and tact to ally himself by marriage with the daughters of two of the greatest of the Ducal houses of Scotland. He died at an advanced age in 1827, and his Peerage was inherited successively by three of his sons. The last of these, James, fourth Lord, was in holy orders ; and on his death, in 1857, the title became extinct. The great Douglas estates were inherited by his sister, the Dowager Lady Montague.

One great cause of uncertainty in the succession to Scottish titles, is the frequent alteration in the order of their transmission, occasioned by the prevailing practice of resigning them to the Crown and obtaining new Patents, with a totally different series of heirs from that which existed in the peerage as originally granted.*

Sometimes, however, in obtaining a new Patent, the Peer who desired to change the order of succession, neglected to resign his original title to the Crown; so that it continued to exist, unaffected by the new patent. A remarkable instance of this is afforded by the MARQUESSATE OF QUEENSBERRY. In 1706, James, second Duke of Queensberry, resigned into the hands of the Queen his Dukedom of Queensberry, and various other titles, and obtained a new patent, according to which, on the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, they devolved on Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, as heir of line. But in the resignation of his titles by the second Duke, the Marquessate

* There is one instance of PARLIAMENT having created a new limitation (with the original precedence) of dignities, which, without its interference, would have become extinct. The case is that of the celebrated John, Duke of Marlborough. The Dukedom, with other English titles and a Scotch barony, were held by him, with remainder to his heirs male. But in 1706, when the Duke had no issue male living, an Act was passed limiting all these dignities, in default of issue male, to his eldest daughter and her heirs male, with remainder to all his other daughters, severally and successively according to their priority of birth, and to their heirs male. This was an extraordinary occurrence, and nothing can again produce it, except such another combination of circumstances, or a repetition of such great and important services as then called it forth.

and Earldom of Queensberry had not been included. They therefore continued to exist, unaffected by the new patent, and accordingly devolved on the heir male of the family, Sir Charles Douglas, Bart., a descendant of the first Earl, who accordingly became Marquess of Queensberry. His grand-nephew is the present Peer.

Another remarkable instance of a new patent being obtained from the Crown without the resignation of the original Peerage, is that of the Barony of SINCLAIR.

Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair, obtained a new patent of the Sinclair Peerage in 1678, from King Charles II., bringing in a new series of heirs, to the exclusion of his own daughters and their descendants; and it is in consequence of this patent that Mr. St. Clair, of Hermandston, is now Lord Sinclair. But when he obtained this patent, Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair, did not resign his original Peerage to the Crown, which consequently still exists, unaffected by the new series of heirs introduced under the new patent. The heir of this original Peerage is Mr. Anstruther Thomson, of Charleton, the heir and representative of the eighth Lord's eldest daughter, who is thus *de jure* Lord Sinclair. In this Peerage it is singular that the new patent should have conferred the title of Lord Sinclair upon a family who are not in any way, even remotely, descended from the ancient Peers; St. Clair of Hermandston being of a different stock from St. Clair, or Sinclair, of Rosslyn.

The descent of another Peerage of the same Rosslyn stock of Sinclairs—that of CAITHNESS—has been very sin-

gular. George, sixth Earl of Caithness, was a spendthrift, and contracted immense debts. His creditor was the wealthy Sir John Campbell, of Glenurchy, who, after his death, married his widow, and got possession of all the Caithness estates, and, in 1667, was created Earl of Caithness. But George Sinclair, the heir male, ousted him, and became seventh Earl of Caithness; when Glenurchy got a new patent in 1681, as Earl of Breadalbane. The seventh Earl of Caithness died in 1698, without issue, and the title has never, since 1676 until now, been more than two generations in the same line, but has gone to four successive distant male branches. The grandfather of the present Earl was the descendant of a younger son, who branched off three centuries ago, and his predecessor's father was only one generation less remote from the original stock.

The EARLDOM of NEWBURGH has within the last three years been claimed successfully by the Marchesa Bandini née Principessa Giustiniani, who is the heir and representative of Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of Charlotte Maria, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, by the Hon. Thomas Clifford. The Countess, by her second husband, the Hon. Charles Radcliffe, had a son, who became third Earl of Newburgh, and a daughter, Lady Mary Radcliffe, wife of Francis Eyre, of Hassop. Lady Anne married on the Continent, and her descendant and representative was the Prince Giustiniani. On the death of Anthony James Radcliffe, fourth Earl of Newburgh, in 1814, his cousin, Mr. Eyre, of Hassop, assumed the title, on the erroneous supposition that Prince Giustiniani, as an alien, could not

claim it, and his two sons and daughter held it until, upon the death of the latter, Dorothea, Countess of Newburgh, in 1853, the Earldom was claimed and adjudged to the Marchesa di Bandini.

About half a century ago, a Scottish Earldom had nearly come into the possession of a very distinguished Roman Cardinal. The Cardinal Charles Erskine was one of the most accomplished members of the Sacred College in the earlier portion of the present century. He was the son of Colin Erskine, younger son of Sir Alexander Erskine, Baronet, of Cambo, and was born in Rome in 1753. He ably fulfilled some important diplomatic missions, was promoted to the purple by Pope Pius VI. in 1801, and was styled in Rome "Cardinal Erskine di Killia." He died in Paris in 1811. He was a man of the most popular manners, elegant learning, and excellent character. If he had outlived the last Earl of Kellie, before the union of that Earldom with Mar, he would have been at once the wearer of a Cardinal's hat and a Scottish coronet.

This brief essay on the changeful circumstances of the Peerage may, perchance, excite an interest in a subject, full, in itself, of curious details; and may, perhaps, induce some of my readers to search a little more deeply into the history of our great and illustrious nobility. That history will indeed well repay the trouble the search may cost; for it is replete with romance and chivalry, with all the charms of biography, legendary lore, and personal anecdote.

The enquirer will find several works to assist him, but he will be much disappointed at their paucity. The Houses of Douglas, Howard, Hamilton, Courtenay, Russell, Lindsay, Montgomery, Perceval, Bagot, Somerville, Blount, Shirley, O'Brien, FitzGerald, and a few others, have had their historians, but how rare, after all, are these memorials! Where are the folios which should record the deeds and honors, the lives and fortunes of the Percys, the Nevilles, the Beauchamps, the Murrays, the Campbells, the Poulets, the Gordons, the Stanhopes, the Bruces, the Grahams, the Spencers, the Fortescues, the Talbots of Grafton and the Talbots of Malahide, the Cavendishes, the Temples, the Scotts, the Greys, the Willoughbys, the St. Johns, the Arundels, the Cliffords, the Butlers, and countless others? If the noble heir of each of these great Houses were to write, or have written, a comprehensive history of his ancestors, the collection would form the most splendid and valuable of all contributions to our national and domestic literature. I shall be more than satisfied if the few fragments I have here collected together may create a curiosity for the discovery of more, and may help to increase the public taste for genealogical and heraldic reading.

Genealogical history is, if I may venture on the simile, a Cemetery, in which the hatchments are still unremoved, the torches unextinguished, and the deep swell of the funeral chaunt yet wakening the echoes of the imagination and the heart. Here they repose, the brave, the gifted, the lovely, who gave themes to minstrels, models to painters, examples to posterity. However great may be the distance of time—through whatever chaos of moulder-

ing records the laborious search must pierce—there is a peculiar feeling of gratification in poring over an old ancestral document. It seems like stepping back into the days of our forefathers, and conversing with those who have slept for ages in the silent dust.

Earldom of Anglesey.

“Ad possessa venis, præreptaque gaudia serus :
Spes tua lenta fuit, quod petis alter habet.”

OVID.

THE little island of Anglesey, which, advancing into the Irish Sea, seems, as it were, the first part of Britain, stretching to embrace its sister kingdom, or the last portion, which, in some convulsion of nature, long before record or the invention of written characters, was unwillingly severed from the main land, first gave a title to the roll of the peerage, on the 18th of April, 1623.

The title, an Earldom, together with the barony of Villiers of Daventry, was, that day, granted to Christopher Villiers (brother of the Duke of Buckingham), third son, by his wife, Mary, Countess of Buckingham, of the Lord of Brokesby, in Leicestershire, Sir George Villiers. The name of Villiers is renowned for ever in the annals of chivalry by the heroic defence of Rhodes, made in 1522, by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, last Grand-Master of the Knights of St. John in that island, against all the forces of Soliman the Magnificent,—a defence, amongst the most famous in history, whose calamitous termination led to the establishment of the Knights Hospitallers in Malta. From the Villiers' de l'Isle Adam, the Villiers' in England claim to trace their origin.

The arms, too, speak of chivalry and the Holy Land. In the red cross, we see the emblem of the crusader, and in the escallop shells, those of the pilgrim; and, like pilgrims too, this branch of the Villiers' seems but to have visited the shrine of the titled nobility, and departed. The Earldom of Anglesey expired with the son of the first peer, or thirty-six or seven years subsequent to its creation.

While the Villiers' were thus flourishing, unconscious how brief their reign was doomed to be, there was dwelling in another county of England an ancient family, originally from Annesley, in Nottinghamshire, whence they derived their name; a member of which, Sir Francis Annesley, of Newport Pagnel, co. Bucks, having gone over to Ireland, there filled several high offices of state, and was on the 8th February, 1628, created Baron Mountnorris. This nobleman was at one time a principal secretary of state, for services done King James I., and at another was condemned to lose his head for offence given to Lord Deputy Strafford, a condemnation which the retributive justice of Providence afterwards permitted to be brought forward as one of the articles in the impeachment of Strafford himself. Lord Mountnorris was advanced in course of time to the Viscounty of Valentia, and, at his death in 1660, was succeeded by his eldest son, Arthur. As President of the Council, this Arthur displayed a favourable leaning to the cause of the exiled Charles II., and after the Restoration was, in reward, created Baron Annesley, of Newport Pagnel, by patent, dated 20th April, 1661, and inducted into the higher honors of the Earldom of Anglesey, extinguished the year before by the death of the last Villiers of that title.

From this Earl Arthur descended, but not in direct affiliation the one from the other, six or rather nine Earls of Anglesey, the last who bore the title being Richard, his grandson, through Richard, his third son, Dean of Exeter, and third Baron Altham.

Richard, sixth Earl of Anglesey, of the Annesleys, furnished the gossip of his day with plenteous food. The recent Yelverton marriage case was prototyped by the celebrated trial, to which I shall later refer, between this Earl and his Countess. Romance itself, too, might claim the adventures of his nephew, James Annesley, lawfully sixth Earl of Anglesey, (son of his brother Arthur, fourth Lord Altham), whose rights Richard usurped, and who, though on the 25th November, 1743, by the verdict of one of the most remarkable suits on record, he succeeded in recovering the estates, strangely showed so utter a disregard of the honors of the Peerage, as never to have assumed the title, which continued to be borne by the defeated defendant till his death, in 1761. Nor were the sons of this James, the rightful sixth Earl, who died January 5th, 1760, ever, it appears, called Earls of Anglesey, owing, probably, to their early deaths—the one in 1763, the other in 1764.

A letter from Dublin, dated Nov. 26, 1743, and published in the London Magazine for the following month, thus speaks of the trial:—

‘ Never was a cause of greater consequence brought to trial; never any took up so much time in hearing (it lasting twelve days); nor ever was there a jury composed of gentlemen of such property, dignity, and character:

eleven are members of Parliament, several of the Council, and the only one who is not in either, is a gentleman of £1500 a-year; the whole twelve being worth a million. Two of them lose near £400 a-year by their own verdict, and three others are nearly related to persons considerably interested. Yet such was their regard for truth and justice, that nothing could bias them against conviction.

‘No sooner had the foreman pronounced the words, *‘We find for the Plaintiff,’* but the Hall rang with joyful acclamations, which in a few minutes were communicated to the whole city, and, in less than a quarter-of-an-hour, all the streets seemed to be in a blaze, and people of all conditions and degrees ran up and down congratulating each other, as upon a public victory. In short, never was there so universal a joy; the music that played in the streets, and even the bells themselves, being scarce heard amidst the repeated huzzas of the multitude. The money given to the jury on this occasion was, by their unanimous consent, left to the disposal of their foreman, who bestowed it on the charitable infirmary on the Inns Quay, for the relief of the sick and wounded poor taken care of in that hospital.”

The enthusiasm of the public on this occasion again presents a parallel to that displayed on the occasion of the Yelverton trial, than which not even the arraignment for high treason, in 1848, of Mr. Smith O’Brien and Mr. T. F. Meagher, (now a Brigadier-General in the army of the Federal States of America), in a cause supposed to stir the national heart of Ireland to the core, was able to pro-

duce a greater throng within the Halls of Justice, or a greater multitude in its courts, and the streets without. To return to my subject.

This was a TRIAL *at Bar between* CAMPBELL CRAIG, *Lessee of* JAMES ANNESLEY, ESQ., *Plaintiff, and the Right Hon. RICHARD, EARL OF ANGLESEY, Defendant, before the Hon. the Barons of the Exchequer, viz., Lord Chief Baron BOWES, Mr. Baron MOUNTNEY, and Mr. Baron DAWSON.*

There were fifty witnesses for the plaintiff, and their evidence occupied four days and part of the fifth. The witnesses for Richard, Lord Anglesey, were thirty-three in number. The jury were, Sir Thomas Taylour, Bart., the Right Hon. William Graham, Richard Wesley, Hercules Langford Rowley, Richard Gorges, John Preston, Nathaniel Preston, Charles Hamilton, Clotworthy Wade, Thomas Shaw, Gorges Lowther, and Joseph Ashe, Esquires.

The Chief Baron, in a luminous review of the evidence, charged rather in favour of the plaintiff; Baron Mountney decidedly so. Baron Dawson's judgment, however, was adverse. His charge, in several of its observations, showed perhaps a lesser degree of judicial acumen than was displayed by his brother Barons. Baron Mountney delivered the following appropriate observations to the jury.

"I must own the witnesses contradict one another so very much that one can't tell where to set his foot with certainty. I would, if I was on the jury—(and I have no doubt but you have made it a rule for your government)—I would, I say, consider the story as related by both parties, and weigh it as to the probability."

And certainly, in as perplexing a case, perhaps, as ever was submitted to the conscience and sagacity of a jury, a reconsideration of the evidence adduced would again in every probability lead to a similar verdict. In the following year, Lord Anglesey—still strangely bearing the title—and some of his witnesses were indicted by the successful “lessor of the plaintiff” in this suit for conspiracy and perjury; and though they attempted to have the trial postponed, they were, after a hearing before the same Chief Baron Bowes, acquitted.

To return. Mr. Lill, counsel for the lessor of the plaintiff, opened the declaration, which in substance was that the plaintiff brought his plea of trespass and ejectment against the Earl of Anglesey for 1,500 acres of the lands of *Great and Little Stameen, Donacarney, &c.*, in the county of Meath, demised to him by James Annesley, Esq., after which Mr. Serjeant Marshall stated the case, premising that the lands in controversy were claimed by the said lessor as the only son and heir of his father, Arthur, late Lord Altham, elder brother of the defendant then in possession.

The ability with which the case was conducted by the learned Serjeant, is another point of resemblance to the remarkable trial of our own times to which I have already likened it, and in which another distinguished Serjeant displayed, in behalf of Mrs. Theresa Yelverton, (by the side of her famous advocate, Mr. Whiteside), such consummate skill and judgment. But without following Serjeant Marshall’s statement, I will proceed to tell the story in an unprofessional way; a story, be it remembered, that afforded Sir Walter Scott materials for “Guy Mannering.”

In the same unprofessional spirit, I will take the liberty of calling James Annesley simply "the Plaintiff," and not "the lessor of the Plaintiff," a technical designation which confuses the reader.

Arthur, Lord Altham, married, in 1706, Mary Sheffield, natural daughter of the Duke of Buckingham and Normanby. In 1714, being then resident in Dublin, Lady Altham proved *enceinte*, and going to Dunmain, the family residence in the county of Wexford, she there, early in 1715, gave birth to a son (the plaintiff), who was christened James by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, chaplain of Lord Altham, being so called after his grandfather, James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey. Anthony Colclough and Anthony Cliffe, Esqrs., both gentlemen of high repute and station in the parish, were the godfathers; and Mrs. Pigot, of Tintern, the godmother. The birth of the child was sworn to by the Earl of Mount Alexander, who testified that he heard Lord Altham say, "By G——, my wife has got a son, which will make my brother's nose swell!"

Lord and Lady Altham, having for some time lived unhappily together, formally separated in 1717; and their little boy, who was removed from Lady Altham's care, remained with his father, first in the county of Kildare, then in Dublin, and subsequently at Carrickduff, in the county of Carlow, where Lord Altham commenced a *liaison* with a mistress, with whom, in 1722, he settled, once more, in Dublin. She called herself Lady Altham, the rightful bearer of that title meanwhile residing at Ross (about three miles from Dunmain), in Dublin, and in London, where, in 1723, she was in very delicate health, subsisting on the bounty of

£60, £80, and lastly £100 a-year from the Duke of Buckingham. She died in 1729. The influence of the woman, with whom Lord Altham cohabited, continuing, the poor child was sent away by his father, and finally abandoned and denied by him. Lord Altham was in difficulties, so needy indeed as to be in receipt of a pension from the Crown, and unable to procure money in consequence of the usual family settlement, which made him tenant for life, and therefore powerless to effect a loan, unless joined by his son, whose non-age incapacitated him also. The only way, therefore, Lord Altham thought, to emancipate himself from his position of difficulty was to get rid of his son. The boy was accordingly sent away to a person named Cavanagh, from whom he escaped and hurried back to his father, but was refused admittance or acknowledgment, and from this time sank into utter poverty, "a vagabond about the streets." On the 16th November, 1727, Lord Altham died, and his brother, the defendant, assumed his title, succeeding also, ten years subsequently, on the death of a cousin, to the Earldom of Anglesey.

It was not to be expected that a disposition such as the new Lord Altham subsequently proved himself to possess, would, with the self-sacrifice characteristic only of the loftiest and noblest nature, have laid aside the wealth and title within his grasp, and have gone to seek, to restore to his honours, the cast-off nephew, whose own father had doomed him to destruction. Treading in his brother's steps, but determined upon more effectual measures to remove the obstruction in his path, Lord Altham, after two fruitless attempts at kidnapping, succeeded in getting

possession of his nephew; and the official book of the Town-Clerk, indented before the Lord Mayor of Dublin, was produced as evidence that the ship "James," with James Hennesley (as the name was, with slightly erroneous orthography, written down) on board, crossed Dublin bar, on the 28th April, 1728, bearing the luckless youth to the river Delaware, in America, where he was sold as a slave, and as such remained thirteen long years. Happily his unfortunate mother knew not of his destination. Probably, as Baron Mountney observed in his charge, she considered him dead, so long torn as he was from the arms of her maternal love, else can we picture to ourselves a more complete realization of Shelley's touching lines in the "Revolt of Islam"?

"I knew that ship bore Cythna o'er the waste
Of waters, to her blighting slavery sold,
And watched her with such thoughts as must remain untold."

Landed in Pennsylvania, and purchased by a planter of Newcastle County, named Drummond, a harsh and cruel taskmaster, the poor boy's sun seemed set. Hard-worked, coarsely fed, the oaths of the overseer continually in his ears, tingling the blood that had glowed in the veins of his early ancestors, perhaps, at Cressy and Agincourt—the circling lash too, ever ready to stripe the limbs, noble as those of his olden sire, Sir John of Hedyngton, when he slew "the mighty man of valour," Thomas de Caterton, whom he had summoned into the Court of Chivalry;—with what an agonized spirit must the forlorn boy have recalled the pleasant days of his early childhood, so soon clouded, but even at their worst so far brighter than the

present! With what bitter remembrance must he have thought of his own distant country, and the worthlessness of those whom the ties alone of close relationship ought to have made the friends and protectors of his helplessness! Must he not have felt much of that bitter judgment which a statesman of the Tudor epoch passed upon Ireland: "a lovely island, wherein nothing was evil but the people." But the bells that shook the air, and the shouts that thundered through the streets, at the final result of the trial, years after, showed him at last, that however vile he had found some, yet the general spirit of his own land still throbbled in unison with justice, love of right, a hatred of spoliation and the cowardly tyranny of power over the defenceless.

Poor boy! how died he not in the ordeal! Was it that unconquerable and promethean fire by which the consciousness of birth is said to excite a resistance to wrong, that mighty and defiant disdain which even in silence bears one of gentle blood through sufferings which the meaner heart would break under, that sustained the outcast youth? Was it this braveness of spirit that supported that young head, alone and almost despairing? or, rather, was it not the voice of the All-Good, the voice that in the wilderness, so many thousand years before, had said, "Hagar, be not afraid!"

However, like Mungo Park in Africa, our hero found compassion in the breast of woman. . He met, in the place of his captivity, with a fellow-slave, an aged female, whose heart, no doubt, in its own way, sang for him that song, or rather that hymn, sanctified by the genuine feelings of

human nature, unsophisticated and generous, which Park has preserved in his narrative:—

“The white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree :
Pity the white man, no mother has he, no wife to grind his
corn.”

This woman had been betrayed and sold to slavery by her husband. She was a person, for her class, of superior mind; and having been well educated, she imparted to young Annesley no little instruction. Here, too, “the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb.” But she died! He no longer had a comforter. He determined to make his escape. He had been five years a slave, when he fled. The adventures of his flight were most romantic, and were rendered yet more interesting by highly tragic circumstances, which again restored him to the power of his owner, whose pursuit he had at first successfully baffled. The natural consequences followed. The recaptured slave was treated with redoubled severity; but, on complaint to the local justices, he was transferred to another owner, with whom, however, his position was little bettered. Another attempt at escape followed, the discomfiture of which, when now his term of slavery had but twelve months to run out, led to its prolongation for an additional period of five years. This grievous sorrow well nigh broke the poor fellow down: his disappointment and sufferings began to undermine his health, and at last, as a natural physical result, his spirits sank, and a melancholy fell upon him, which, banishing the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, so potent an ally to the physician, would soon have deprived his owner of so much of his “stock in trade.” The youth was then

taken into his master's house, in order to accelerate his recovery. Here the tender susceptibilities of his owner's daughter became interested in his favour, but the preference brought only misfortunes. A young Iroquois Indian slave likewise fell in love with Annesley, and becoming jealous of her rival, nearly murdered her young mistress; and then flung herself into a river, and terminated her own existence. No doubt this circumstance gave the idea of the plot (so resembling Annesley's story) to the famous Adelphi drama, "The Green Bushes."

Young Annesley's new and third owner was a man of milder and more Christian disposition than his predecessors, and allowed him access to books. However, in three years he died, and another revolution of fortune's wheel brought Annesley into the power of a fourth owner, who resided not far from the plantation of Drummond, his first master. While here, two brothers of the unhappy Indian girl attempted his life, to revenge their sister's fate. Annesley escaped with a wound which cost him two months' suffering; and subsequently his owner's wife (whom he had detected plotting an escape to Europe, after a robbery of her husband, in company with the slave of a neighbour), having vainly attempted to tamper with his honesty, endeavoured to remove him by poison. On this, though his term of slavery was very near its termination, he again made his escape, and sailed for Jamaica, where, in September, 1740, he engaged as a common sailor on board a British man-of-war. This led to the discovery of his remarkable and mournful story by Admiral Vernon, who sent him home to endeavour to regain his title and patrimony.

After his return to England, misfortune still tracked poor Annesley. Being in company with the game-keeper of Sir John Dolben, at Staines, in Middlesex, he shot, unintentionally, a man named Egglestone, and was put upon his trial for murder. Here, again, he was followed by the animosity of his uncle, the Earl, who declared, according to the evidence of Mr. Giffard, his Lordship's attorney, "that he did not care if it cost him £10,000, if he could hang James Annesley, for then he should be easy in the enjoyment of his title and estate." At this trial for murder, immediately after the clerk had read the indictment, and the prisoner was interrogated in the usual form, whether he was guilty or not guilty, he answered thus:—

"My Lord, I observe that I am indicted by the name of James Annesley, *labourer*, the lowest addition my enemies could possibly make use of; but though I claim to be Earl of Anglesey, and a Peer of this Realm, I submit to plead Not guilty to this indictment, and put myself immediately upon my country, conscious of my own innocence, and impatient to be acquitted even of the imputation of a crime so unbecoming the dignity I claim." He then pleaded "Not guilty," a plea confirmed by the verdict of the jury.

After this honourable acquittal, James Annesley went over to Ireland to prosecute his claims, and was enabled, by the assistance of some benevolent gentlemen, to bring his case into court. Most of these facts were brought before the jury, and were so strongly commented on by the advocate, that the sympathies of the whole country were enlisted in favour of the Plaintiff.

The case for the Defendant, Richard, Earl of Anglesey, amounted to a simple denial of the fact that James An-

nesley was son of Lord and Lady Altham, and an assertion that he was no other than one Joan Landy's child, who had been adopted by Lord Altham after his separation from his wife, but afterwards discarded for misconduct. Strong evidence was adduced in support of this defence, and ten entire days were occupied with the examination of witnesses. Four hours and a half were consumed by the admirable speech of Serjeant Malone for the defendant, and it was not until the twelfth day that the Judges delivered their charges. At length the jury retired. Breathless was the public excitement; full two hours passed before the intense suspense was terminated by the announcement of a VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF—a verdict which was caught up with enthusiasm by the people inside and outside the court, and was echoed and reechoed through the countless multitudes in the streets.

But though thus declared the heir of the Annesleys, James, the rightful Lord, never assumed the title, and the Earldom of Anglesey was not destined to be perpetuated through him. As already mentioned, he died in 1760, survived by two sons, who soon followed him—the one in 1763, the other in 1764—thus leaving to the legal possession of their grand-uncle's posterity the honours he had so long, to their detriment, usurped and borne.

Dame Themis, one would think, might in strict poetic justice have been satisfied with one sacrifice at her shrine. Not so, however. The "gentlemen of the long robe" had still another great Annesley cause, which was full of singular details, and which resulted in a memorable disagreement between the English and the Irish House of Lords.

Jacob reports the case in his ponderous folios on the *Peerage of England*, misstating, however, some of the main facts. I will, therefore, use Jacob's narrative so far as it is accurate, and complete the story in my own words :—

“In the year 1727, the Honourable Richard Annesley, the youngest son of Richard, Lord Altham, Dean of Exeter, who had been an ensign in the army, but struck off the half-pay in the year 1715, and then destitute of any fortune or subsistence whatever, being at Dublin, and passing as a bachelor, made his addresses to Miss Anne Simpson, the only daughter of Mr. John Simpson, a wealthy and reputable citizen, she at that time being no more than fourteen or fifteen years of age. After many solicitations (her mother, and most careful guardian, having died some time before), he at length prevailed on her to be privately married to him, without the knowledge or consent of her father, who was highly displeased with her on that account. But Arthur, Lord Altham, elder brother of the said Richard, having interposed his good offices for a reconciliation, they were again, at the requisition of her father, and of the said Lord Altham, who insisted upon it, married in a public manner, by the Rev. Henry Daniel, then curate of St. Catherine's, by a licence taken out of the Consistorial Court of the diocese of Dublin. Mr. Simpson, her father, thereupon was not only reconciled to them, and took his said daughter and her husband into his favour and family, but gave the said Richard a considerable portion with her, and supported them for some years after their marriage, suitable to their rank, which was attended with an extraordinary expense, on account

of the said Richard's having, by the death of his elder brother, which happened soon after his marriage, assumed the title of Lord Altham; and from the time of the said marriage they lived publicly together as man and wife, under the denomination of Lord and Lady Altham, and as such were universally deemed, reputed, and received, and treated by all their acquaintances. In the year 1729, Nicholas Simpson, a relation of her father, filed his bill in Chancery against the said Richard, Lord Altham, and Anne, Lady Altham, his wife, to be relieved against a promissory note, perfected by the said Nicholas to them or one of them; to which bill they put in a joint answer, taken upon honour, by the name and style of Richard, Lord Altham, and Anne, Baroness Altham, his wife: wherein the said Richard acknowledged his marriage with the said Anne, which bill and answer are upon record in that Court.

“On the death of Mr. Simpson, Lady Altham's father, in the year 1730, he bequeathed legacies to her ladyship and Lord Altham, as his daughter and son-in-law, and Lord Altham received the property so devised. In seven years afterwards, Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, dying without issue, Richard, Lord Altham, assumed *that* dignity, and as such, with his lady, was presented to the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and both were acknowledged at the Irish Court as Earl and Countess of Anglesey. Up to this period his lordship appears to have lived in great harmony with his Countess, and to have taken great care of the education of his three daughters.”

Down to this point Jacob's report is accurate ; but he falls into error subsequently, when he refers to Juliana Donovan. In 1741, while Miss Simpson was still alive, and was always regarded as his wife, the Earl, leaving her and his daughters to starve, married Miss Donovan, under the allegation that he had a wife, one Phrust, living when he married Miss Simpson, and that his marriage with that unhappy lady was therefore illegal. "From this period the Earl lived entirely with Juliana Donovan, although it appears that the Countess (Anne Simpson) was then alive, and lived for thirteen years after, being four years longer than his lordship."

Earl Richard died in 1761, the sons of the dispossessed Earl in 1763 and 1764. Not long after, took place the next great Annesley litigation, to decide the legitimacy of Arthur, son and heir of Earl Richard, by Juliana Donovan. The counter claimant was John Annesley, Esq., of Ballysax. Four years were occupied by this, the last of the *causes célèbres* connected with the title of Anglesey, and it terminated in a decision by the Irish House of Lords, that the said Arthur was lawful possessor of the *Irish* peerages, viz., the Baronies of Mountnorris and Altham, and the Viscounty of Valentia.

But the English House of Lords took quite a different view of the case ; decided against the validity of the marriage of Juliana Donovan, declared the claimant illegitimate, and denied him his writ as Earl of Anglesey.

And here again, in this other tangled web, modern reflection must, I think, incline to a concurrence in the finding of the Irish Lords. The last Earl of Anglesey had

created a strong public feeling against himself, and the judges must have felt more inclined to a disposition to oust his son and representative (were that ejection compatible with honour and justice), than to destroy an unfortunate lady, Miss Simpson, who, being the heiress of a wealthy citizen of Dublin, must have had influential friends in the city where the question was discussed, and must have excited much of the public sympathy, so emphatically testified in the great usurpation trial. We must believe that Anne Phrust really had been married to Lord Anglesey, and still lived, at the time of his second marriage with Miss Simpson. It would therefore appear that the English House of Lords, which refused to believe that Lord Valentia had proved his legitimacy, in consequence of which the English Earldom of Anglesey expired, was mistaken in its decision. I have likewise been informed by a member of the family that the English judgment, lost only by one voice, would have been similar to that pronounced by the House of Lords, in Ireland, but for the absence of a peer, well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, who would have supported the Irish decision by his vote. Still, however, this remarkable state of things arose: Arthur, the only son of Richard, Earl of Anglesey in Great Britain, and Viscount Valentia in Ireland, was declared illegitimate by the English House of Lords, and incapable consequently of inheriting the English honours, while in Ireland the same person was pronounced legitimate, and allowed his place as a Peer of the Irish Parliament.

From this time, the title of Anglesey was heard no more,

till the thunders of Napoleon's wars summoned it from oblivion, and from the grave of Earl Richard, to rehabilitate its tarnished honours, and to place it on the helmet of as "mighty a man of valour" as had been the brave knight of Hedyngton, the "preux chevalier" of the Annesleys. No one can dispute that the revived title of Anglesey fell worthily to the share of the leader of the British Cavalry in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, HENRY-WILLIAM, EARL OF UXBRIDGE, made MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY just sixteen days after England's glorious battle of the 18th June, 1815, where he had fought so well.

The Story of Philip D'Auvergne, Esq.

.....“I have not long been Douglas.
O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me.”—HOME.

THE career of Philip D'Auvergne reminds one of Jonah's gourd. The revolution of fortune's wheel is generally so slow as to involve several generations in a single turn. Here, on the contrary, is one and the same man raised from the prospects of a moderate and hard-working career almost to those of royalty—snatching fruitlessly at the prize, which, Tantalus-like, seems almost in his grasp: again is he fed with false hopes; then, hardest fate of all, he arrives at the summit of his most ambitious aspirations, only to find them shattered for ever, even before he had time fully to realize them; and, finally, broken in health, fortune, and credit, he closes, tragically, his long course of expectation and disappointment. Like Theodore, King of Corsica, whose grave at St. Anne's, Soho, is but a mile from that of his unfortunate confrère, cruel fortune

“Gave him a crown and denied him bread.”

But to my story: Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Godfrey-Charles-Henry de la Tour D'Auvergne

reigned as Sovereign Duke of Bouillon, which territory, situate in Flanders, on the border of Ardennes, near Luxembourg, after being ruled by the holy Walcaud, Bishop of Liege, witness to Charlemagne's will, by Godfrey de Bouillon, the heroic Crusader King of Jerusalem, by the rough Princes de la Mark, wild boars of Ardennes, had descended, as a princely apanage, to the House of de la Tour D'Auvergne, great in blood, but greater still in having given to France its famous Marshal, the Viscount de Turenne.*

A short time before the French Revolution, this Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, chief of his ancient family of De la Tour D'Auvergne, finding the prospect of a lineal successor to his illustrious house destroyed by the death of his second son, Charles, a Knight of Malta, and the infirmity of his elder son, James-Leopold, was induced to seek, among his relations, for some one on whom he might fix as a successor to his titles and vast wealth. He accordingly caused researches to be made in the different localities with which the history of his house was connected, and particularly directed some learned Benedictine monks, under the direction of the Abbé Coyer, formerly his own private tutor, to examine the different depôts in the province, from which the family drew its origin, and of which its heads had been feudal sovereigns before the union of the great fiefs to the crown

* This Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, to whom my narrative refers, was son of Charles Godfrey de la Tour, Comte d'Auvergne, Sovereign Prince of Bouillon, by Marie-Charlotte Sobieska, his wife, and grandson of Emanuel-Theodore, Sovereign Prince of Bouillon, Duc d'Albret, whose grandfather, Frederic-Maurice, Duke of Bouillon, was elder brother of the famous Marshal Turenne.

of France under Philip Augustus. This search discovered that a cadet of the house of Auvergne* had emigrated,

* Pedigree of the House, according to Baluze—"Histoire Généalogique de la Maison d'Auvergne."

Bernard, Comte D'Auvergne et de Bourges, Marquis de Nevers,
A. D. 800. =

Alfred I. Comte de Bourges and de Circassonne. = Adelinde.

Bernard I. Comte D'Auvergne. = Blitzende.

Estorge, Vicomte D'Auvergne. = Asendane.

Robert I. Vicomte D'Auvergne. = Adelgarde.

Robert II. Vicomte D'Auvergne. = Ingelberge.

Guillaume IV. Vicomte D'Auvergne = Humberge.
(succeeded his brother Cyon).

Robert I. Comte D'Auvergne. = Ermengarde d'Arles.

Guillaume V. Comte D'Auvergne. = Phillipie de Giraudan.

Robert II. Comte D'Auvergne. = Judith de Melguie.

Guillaume VI. Comte D'Auvergne. = Jeane.

Robert III. Comte D'Au- vergne.	Guillaume VII. Comte D'Au- vergne, <i>o. s. p.</i>	Guillaume VIII Comte D'Au- vergne.	= Anne de Nevers.
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Robert IV. Comte D'Auvergne. = Mahault de Bourgogne.

Guillaume, <i>ob. juvenis.</i>	Guy, Comte D'Auvergne	Other chil- dren.	5. Robert de Clermont.	= Boutet.
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Whence the Counts D'Auvergne.

And hence the Jersey Family.

But it is only fair to say that Baluze looks upon this as a mere heraldic figment, a view which is supported by the name being absent from the *Extente*, or Royal Rent-Roll of 1331, where it would certainly have appeared, had this narration been correct. On the other hand, as the text says, there is a district in the parish of St. Ouen's termed "La Thiébault."

after the Crusade against the Albigenses, in the early part of the thirteenth century, and was traced to England, under the auspices of Peter de Rupibus, otherwise called Sir Pierre Des Roches, Bishop of Winchester and Justiciar of England. This cadet, it is stated, was called Robert, and surnamed of Clermont, but at his emigration had taken his family name of Auvergne, and had married contrary to his father's consent.

Of the alliance there was issue, according to the Commissioners' report, a son, called Thiebault, who obtained, about the year 1232, by the protection of the Justiciar des Roches, a grant of lands in the little island of Jersey, where he settled and became the patriarch of a Jersey family, from which sprang Philip D'Auvergne, of the British Navy, whose strange vicissitudes I am about to relate. The grant in Jersey was from its first grantee called "La Thiébault," and tradition has handed down this name to a portion of it to this day.

Of this old Jersey family, the lineal descendant was Philip D'Auvergne, at the time of which I am speaking, First Lieutenant of "the Arethusa." This celebrated frigate, "the saucy Arethusa," had done much damage to the French shipping, and performed many dashing acts; but at last, after a sharp action with a French frigate, she was unfortunately wrecked off Brest, and the officers and crew, including young D'Auvergne, detained as prisoners of war. During this detention, Monsieur De Sartine, the then Marine Minister of the King of France, who was acquainted with the Duke De Bouillon, made it known to him,* that

* Another version of the tale says that the Duke met D'Au-

the chance of war, or, more properly, an accident, had brought to France an officer of the name that the Duke was seeking for. This intimation produced an invitation from the Duke, and a permission from the Minister for young D'Auvergne to visit Navarre, the Duke's seat in Normandy, on his way to Ostend, by which route his return to England was prescribed. In the interview that took place, the Duke showed the most marked attention to Licutenant D'Auvergne, and hinted at the inquiry he had instituted, which he gave fresh orders should be continued with renovated diligence. Mr. D'Auvergne came back to England decply impressed with the friendly reception he had met with. Soon after, in the ordinary course of his professional duty, he was ordered abroad, saw some good service, and was eventually made Post Captain. On his return home, he had the good fortune to meet in London the Duke Godfrey De Bouillion himself, who evinced the most affectionate solicitude for his impaired health, and who pressed him urgently to follow him to the continent, to take advantage of a milder climate, and profit of a father's care, which he offered him. The unlucky sailor was, however, involved in debt, and could not leave London at the time. But in each of the two following years he went to France, to pay a visit to his benefac-

vergne on a seat in the garden of the Tuileries—by the merest accident—and that the insinuating and very ductile manners of the young man first led to the partiality the Duke so continuously evinced for him. Still the coincidence in their mutual name *was* curious, and the more so, if they met as utter strangers.

tor, who extended to him the utmost favour, and called him familiarly his son, in pursuance of a formal act of adoption, dated in 1784, which the Duke had caused to be engraved on the plinth of an original bronze of Turenne which he had made him a present of.

In the year 1786, the Duke's commissioners having completed their researches, after ten years' investigation, letters patent, under the great seal of the Sovereignty of Bouillon, acknowledging the descent of Charles D'Auvergne, Esq. and Major-General James D'Auvergne, his younger brother, the father and uncle of Captain D'Auvergne, "from the ancient Counts of Auvergne, their and the Duke's common ancestors, also confirming them their common armorial bearings, and recognizing them as cousins," were transmitted by the Duke to these two near relatives of the Captain, which formal documents were, by George the Third's royal license of the 1st day of January, 1787, duly recorded, and regularly exemplified in the College of Arms, and His Majesty's gracious condescension, announced, as is usual, in the "London Gazette."

At the instance of the Duke, Captain D'Auvergne returned to his profession, and was, in April, 1787, given the command of the frigate "Narcissus," on the Channel station, in which he continued till January, 1790, when his health obliged him to resign it. Shortly after, he visited Navarre, and found the Duke sadly shattered by the terrors of the French Revolution, now beginning to spread its baneful effects in the provinces which had hitherto escaped its desolations. The inhabitants of the

little country of Bouillon, already alarmed by the attempted proselytism of the secret missionaries of Jacobinism, pressed their Sovereign to regulate the succession, that they might know where to look for a protector at the bursting of the storm that they apprehended was gathering on their heads, in common with those of the other neighbours of France; and the Duke, in consequence, gave directions to his Council to prepare the documents and determine the mode by which he was to fix the succession on young Captain D'Auvergne, whom he now declared to be his choice, which choice he likewise stated he intended to sanction by a formal Act of Adoption, such as had been practised in his family. The Duke likewise declared he had intimated in April, 1787, by a letter he had respectfully taken leave to address to His Britannic Majesty, his intentions respecting Captain D'Auvergne; and that he had the assurances of Lord Sidney, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, that whatever he might do for Captain D'Auvergne would meet His Majesty's gracious assent and approbation.

The Council having, in the progress of the Duke Godfrey's designs, observed to him that for the inauguration of the adoptee, constituting an integral member of that branch of the family in which he was adopted, it was expedient, to give solemnity and weight to the deed, that a regular act of the consent of the natural father of the adoptee resigning his paternal authority should be obtained;—this act, in consideration of the advantages that were to accrue from it to his son, was readily procured. The form of the document, drawn out by the Chancellor and Attorney-General of Bouillon, was accordingly trans-

mitted in 1786 by the Duke to Charles D'Auvergne, Esq., the father, and the Duke having declared therein his intention of adopting his cousin, Philip D'Auvergne, according to the ancient laws and usages of arms, he invited him to consent to it, and to execute the document to that effect, in the presence of six persons of the quality of knights or gentlemen, which was done by Charles D'Auvergne, Esq., the father, as prescribed on the 1st of September, 1786, in the presence of six of the principal gentlemen of his neighbourhood, chiefly relatives of his family.

In the summer of 1791, the inhabitants of Bouillon, continuing to press their Sovereign for his decision, after a deliberation of more than twelve years, the Duke, with the law officers of the Duchy then at Navarre, and those of his household, had the several acts and the declaration made public, and solemnly invested his adopted son, by girding on him the sword of Turenne, after which he embraced him, and presented him to the gentlemen attending, as Prince Successor to his titles and possessions, enjoining all to respect and consider him as if he had been born such—commanding the Chancellor of the Sovereignty to transmit the several acts and documents with the declaration to Bouillon, and direct their publication and presentation to the several civil and military authorities in the Duchy. The Duke's only surviving son, the Hereditary Prince James Leopold, who was detained at Paris by indisposition and infirmity, on the 5th of July transmitted the formal declaration of his adhesion to the arrangement of the succession and his adoption of the Prince Successor as his brother, which act was annexed

to those of the reigning Duke, and forwarded to Bouillon for execution by a deputy of the General Assembly that had been called to be present at the inauguration. They were received with gladness, and accepted, registered, and sanctioned by every power, civil and military, in the Duchy, and the several documents solemnly published in the various communities, and at the parish churches, where oaths of fidelity were taken and subscribed to the established succession by all and every public or constituted officer or functionary on the 4th of August, 1791, and "Te Deum" sung in thanksgiving, with such demonstrations of gladness as these simple people were wont to express.

The several documents, with the ratification of the authorities in the Duchy, were thence returned and transmitted to London, and by His Majesty's gracious license, severally entered in the records of the College of Arms, and by the same license, bearing date February the 27th, 1792, His Majesty's gracious leave was granted to Captain D'Auvergne to accept and enjoy the several successions and honours devolved, and to devolve to him by these dispositions of his relations, and likewise emblazoning the shield of Bouillon on his own family shield, as exemplified and recorded in His Majesty's College of Arms; and the Duke Godfrey did also, on the 21st of August, 1791, execute a formal deed of gift of the whole of his possessions in the ancient province and Comté of Auvergne, as an apanage during the life of Duke James Leopold, which, considering the confusion that then prevailed in France, he confidentially conveyed to the custody and keep of

General D'Auvergne, the Captain's uncle, and the eventual succession, in the case that the Prince Successor died without leaving legitimate male issue, declared to be further entailed in a conforming olographic codicil, added by the Duke Godfrey to his last will and testament,* and inclosed in a box with three locks, sent to be deposited on the table of the Sovereign Court of Bouillon, one of the keys to which box was entrusted to the Governor-General of the Duchy, the other to the President of the General Assembly, and the third delivered by the Duke himself to Captain D'Auvergne, who was enjoined by an ostensible will either to attend himself, or to appoint a sufficient Deputy to attend with the third key at the opening and publishing of the will at Bouillon, on the demise of the Duke Godfrey, which occurred 3rd December, 1792, when the menacing appearance of affairs required the personal attendance of all British officers to their duty in their native country. The Marquess De Lombelon des Essarts, a gentleman of Normandy, who had the reversion of

* The order of Succession established by the Duke Godfrey's Will, and accepted by the inhabitants, &c. of the Duchy, is as follows:—

1. To the Hereditary Prince James Leopold and his heirs male to perpetuity; in default of which,
2. To the Prince Successor, Philip, the Duke Godfrey's adopted son, and his heirs male; in default of which,
3. To the heirs male of the Lieut.-General Count De La (Tour) D'Auvergne by his wife, Madlle. De Scépeaux; in default of which,
4. To the heirs male of the late Duke De La Trémoille; and, lastly, in default of these,
5. To the heirs male of the house of Rohan-Rohan.

Governor-General of the Duchy, attended at Bouillon on the part of the succeeding Duke, James Leopold, and on the part of Captain D'Auvergne, who had confided to him his key, and who was present at the opening of the box, and publishing the contents, when the whole authorities of the Duchy, and the inhabitants in the several districts and communities, took and subscribed the oaths of allegiance to their Duke, James Leopold, and received those of fidelity to his successor, at the same time adopting the dispositions of eventual succession, as prescribed by the codicil to the will of Duke Godfrey, the original of which met the same fate as all the other public papers of the Duchy, which were committed to the flames by the Clubbists in 1793. This was the worst time of the French Revolution, the period of the Convention, and the Reign of Terror. The unfortunate Duke James was imprisoned in his house at Paris, was obliged to pay and maintain the sans-culotte guard put upon him, had all his property sequestrated, while every mark of the dignities that his race had acquired in the service of his country, together with the insignia of the independence of the Duchy, were burnt.

Luckily, however, the Duke Godfrey, as if aware, or apprehensive of the consequences that followed, had transmitted to England a duplicate in his own hand-writing, of the important codicil that regulated the eventual succession, such as it had been accepted on the Duchy.

The moral character of the Duke James, (Duke Godfrey's son), partaking in some respects of the imbecility of his physical constitution, the direction and care of his

interests and property were abandoned to agents that little deserved (as the sequel proved) his confidence. The little Sovereignty of Bouillon had its full share of suffering: at one time seized by the French Jacobins, then invaded and sacked by the Austrians, it was eventually appropriated by the French Directory, who abolished its Sovereignty, and declared it, on the 25th October, 1795, a portion of the "Domaines Nationaux" of France.

In 1802, Duke James died without issue, and the succession to the Sovereignty opened to the English officer, our hero, Philip D'Auvergne, whom the previous Duke had designed for the inheritance. Philip, invested with these royal rights, and availing himself of the peace of Amiens, set out for Paris to protect his interests, and to assert his claims; but he appears to have been a very vain and misguided man, and to have been constantly involved in trouble and difficulties. When chief of the flotilla of gunboats stationed for the defence of Jersey and Guernsey, he is stated to have carried on a correspondence with La Roche Jaquelin, and other Vendéans, possibly by the command of his superiors. At all events, when he reached the French capital in 1802, he was evidently a marked and suspected man. This was indeed a moment of general suspicion there: Napoleon was about to shake off the Consulate for the Empire, and deeply plotting himself, he scented conspiracy in all around him. The French police were on the alert with the eyes of Argus; they seemed to think the object of Auvergne's visit was one in connection with some political or hostile treachery, and they at last seized his person and papers, and consigned the heir of Bouillon to the cells of the Temple.

His imprisonment was not of long duration, but it was followed by his forced departure from France. On his arrival in England, he endeavoured to induce the English Government to take up his cause, and to obtain reparation for the wrong he had suffered; but his efforts were in vain. Eventually he resumed his professional duties, was appointed to the *Ledeur*, 44, and was placed once more on the Jersey station.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Philip D'Auvergne was actually put into possession of his inheritance, and governed his Duchy for a few months. Alas for him! an act of the Congress of Vienna dispossessed him of the territory "upon considerations of general policy." When Napoleon was finally "put out," the Duke (who had meanwhile been advanced to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue, November, 1805; and Vice-Admiral of the White in November, 1813) again brought forward his claims, which he based on his supposed relationship, and on the formal adoption of the Duke Godfrey. But Prince Charles de Rohan, Duke de Montbazon, contested this on the ground of nearer consanguinity to the former Dukes than his rival, even allowing his pedigree to be correct. The rights of the respective claimants were submitted to the courts of Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia. Sir John Sewell was appointed by the Admiral to be his Commissioner at this Court of Arbitration, and he supported his client's claims with great eloquence and earnestness; but the court decided in favour of the Duke de Montbazon, who was put into possession of part of the estates of the Duchy, with its title as Duke de Bouillon, and consequently his nephew

and representative, Camille, present Prince de Rohan-Guemenée and Duke de Montbazon, is also Duke de Bouillon. The title is now, however, unallied to supreme authority, for Bouillon itself, as a sovereign territory, had been, by a decree of the Congress of Vienna, dated the 9th June, 1815, incorporated with the kingdom of the Netherlands, and is now governed very comfortably by that worthy monarch, Leopold, King of the Belgians.

I will not attempt to describe the overwhelming disappointment of the British suitor. Utterly broken down, with every hope and prospect gone, health shattered, and mind overthrown, the wretched man terminated by his own hand his life of severest trials. On the 18th Sept. 1816, little more than two months after the Prince de Rohan succeeded against him, Philip D'Auvergne committed suicide at Holmes' Hotel, London, and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. There is a tablet there to his memory, and one in the parish church of St. Helier, Jersey.

A cast of his broad seal, I remember to have seen in the window of Mr. Halfhide, seal engraver, Coventry Street, London, which was, no doubt, executed for the Admiral at that shop when he lived in town.

A family of the same name, although its connection with the Admiral's has not been traced, still exists in the parish of St. Ouen, the present head of which is a respectable farmer. Not a member of the Admiral's branch remains.

Vice Admiral D'Auvergne was F.R.S., F.S.A., a men-

ber of the Society of Arts, a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, and a Knight of St. Joachim.

The following is a copy of the King's licence and permission for Philip D'Auvergne, Esq., to accept and enjoy the nomination and succession to the Sovereignty of the Duchy of Bouillon:—

“GEORGE R.

“George the Third, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. To our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, Charles, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and our Hereditary Marshal of England greeting. Whereas Philip D'Auvergne, Esq., a Captain in our Navy, hath by his petition humbly represented unto us, that His Serene Highness Godfrey, reigning Duke of Bouillon, did, in the year 1786, recognise, acknowledge, and reclaim the petitioner's family as descendants from his ancestors the ancient Counts of d'Auvergne, which recognition we were graciously pleased to order to be recorded in the College of Arms, and at the same time to confirm to the petitioner's father, and uncle, and their descendants, the family armorial ensigns of His Serene Highness. That his said Serene Highness, being requested by his subjects, the inhabitants of the said Duchy of Bouillon, in a general assembly, to select from some branch of his illustrious house a successor in the Sovereignty of Bouillon, in case the present Hereditary Prince, his Serene Highness' only son, should die without lawful issue, hath been graciously pleased, out of his great favour and affection to the petitioner, to announce

to his said subjects, by a declaration dated 25th of June last, that in case of the death of the Prince, his son, without issue male, he transmits, at the desire and with the express and formal consent of the nation, the Sovereignty of his said Duchy of Bouillon to the petitioner (whom he therein styles 'Son Altesse Monseigneur Philippe D'Auvergne, son fils adopté') and the heirs male of his body, authorising him to take the title of Prince Successor to the Sovereignty of the Duchy of Bouillon, enjoining him to unite those arms with his own, and ordaining that the said title shall be given him in all acts, and that he shall enjoy all the honours and prerogatives thereunto belonging. That the said declaration, adoption, and choice of his said Serene Highness, is further confirmed by a codicil to his last will and testament deposited in the archives of the Sovereign Court of Bouillon, approved and ratified by the Hereditary Prince in a declaration dated at Paris 5th July last, and unanimously accepted and received by the general assembly of the Duchy, who have in consequence taken the oath of fidelity both to the Hereditary Prince, and to the petitioner as Prince Successor, that the petitioner is desirous of testifying his grateful sense of such very distinguishing proofs of the affection of His Serene Highness the Duke of Bouillon, and of his son, His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince, as well as of the regard and attachment of the subjects of the said Duke, manifested in the unanimous declaration of the general assembly; at the same time, he humbly begs leave to assure us of his inviolable attachment and duty to our person and government, and

his firm resolution never to abandon the service of his country, or the line in which he has now the honour of holding a command, trusting that his future faithful exertions may afford him hopes of further promotion and honour. He therefore most humbly prays that we will be graciously pleased to grant him our royal licence and permission to accept and enjoy the said nomination and succession with all the honours and privileges belonging and inherent thereto, and to unite the arms of the said Duchy of Bouillon to his own ; and also that we will be graciously pleased to command that the several documents relative thereto, be recorded in the College of Arms. Know ye that we of our princely grace and special favour, have given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant unto him, the said Philip D'Auvergne, Esquire, our royal licence and permission to accept and enjoy the said nomination and succession to the Sovereignty of the said Duchy of Bouillon, and to unite the arms of the said Duchy to his own, provided that the several documents relative thereto be recorded in the College of Arms, otherwise this our royal licence and permission to be void and of none effect. Our will and pleasure therefore is, that you, Charles, Duke of Norfolk, to whom the cognizance of matters of this nature doth properly belong, do require and command that this our concession and declaration be registered in our College of Arms, to the end that our officers of arms and all others, upon occasions, may take full notice and have knowledge thereof, and for so doing, this shall be your warrant. Given at our Court, at St. James's, the

twenty-seventh day of February, 1792, in the thirty-second year of our reign.

“By His Majesty’s command,

“HENRY DUNDAS.

“Extracted from the records of the College of Arms, London, and examined therewith this 29th of November, 1802, by me,

“RALPH BIGLAND,

“Richmond Herald.”

The De la Poles.

“Fortune and merit had from an humble station elevated them to the first place among mankind. They had been all things, and all was of little value.”—GIBBON.

WHEN the first Napoleon, in the bitterness of disappointment at being thwarted by the English in his dreams of universal empire, called us “a nation of shopkeepers,” he meant it as a term of reproach and an expression of contempt, affecting to despise trade as a pursuit less honourable than his own profession of arms. But the great soldier, who was also no mean jurist, forgot the lessons taught by History—he forgot that while war was a primitive and barbarous pursuit, practised by the nude and untutored savage, in common with the belted knight, Trade, in its beneficent and expansive aspect, required in its possessor no ordinary intellectual culture—was stamped with the impress of civilization—was the herald of peace, and the bright chain which bound in harmony the family of nations. To whom was Europe first indebted for the acquisition of knowledge? Five hundred years before the Christian era, the Phœnician merchants carried with them, from the cradle of literature—Egypt, the sciences and arts, especially astronomy, navigation, and the use of letters, which they diffused as they passed from Sidon, spreading themselves along the shores of the Mediterranean to Spain and the Britannic Isles.

And again, in the glorious epoch of Genoa la Superba, and in England, in the palmiest days of her chivalry, the days of Sir John Chandos and Sir Walter Manny, Trade was not despised, as Napoleon affected to despise it. The Merchant Princes of England, whose navies rode upon the waters that touched on every shore, occupied prominent places in our nation's history, as patriots, statesmen, and warriors, and won, by their merits, the most brilliant coronets in the peerage. Aristocratic isolation was not at any time characteristic of the English. There was always a social intercommunication of the most friendly character between the aristocracy and the people. The former were constantly sending down their sons and grandsons to mix with, and be of the people, and the latter were sending up theirs, to be of the aristocracy. The doors of the great temple of the Peerage were left wide open for all to enter. Thus these two great classes, the higher and the lower, were knit together in a union of interest and pride in their country and its institutions, in which lay the true secret of the growth, and power, and glory of England.

The first and the greatest of these princely traders was WILLIAM DE LA POLE, the "beloved merchant" of the great Edward III. The rich and prosperous seaport of Ravenser, at the mouth of the Humber, had the honour, towards the close of the thirteenth century, of giving him birth. The son of a merchant, he was educated in the mysteries of trade as a science, and practised it as a science. In the course of time he was attracted to the superior advantages, in privileges and free customs, of the town of Kingstou-upon-Hull, to which he removed.

Here, by his skill and industry, his probity and honourable dealing, he advanced in wealth and trading, until his ships sought commerce on every sea.

His house at Kingston-upon-Hull was of the most splendid description, adorned with massive towers, rivaling the Baronial Halls of England of that period. In this his stately home, he kept up a degree of magnificence rarely equalled by the wealthiest noblemen of the day, and entertained and lived in the most sumptuous manner. The most loyal of subjects, he was devotedly attached to the person of the King, whose chivalrous character he never ceased to admire. When Edward, with his nobles, his knights bannerets, and their esquires, was on his way to the north, to chastise the Scots, who, with Randolf and Douglas at their head, burst over the borders twenty thousand strong, and were ravaging Cumberland, he was entertained by De la Pole with unbounded munificence. On bended knee the prince merchant knelt on the occasion before his sovereign, and rose a "belted knight," in the brilliant cortége which followed Edward. The campaign was abrupt and inglorious to the Scots; for when Edward appeared before them at the River Wear, they left a division to guard the pass, and retired to their huts in the mountain; "where," says Froissart, "they made marvellously great fires, and about midnight set up such a blasting and noise with their horns, that it seemed as if all the great devils from hell were assembled together." After two nights spent in this manner, they disappeared back again over the borders as they came.

These border wars were very expensive to the crown, and Sir William de la Pole sent the king "one thousand pounds in gold," (a marvellous sum in those days,) and "provided sixty tuns of white wine for the king's army," to be "conveyed to Berwick-on-Tweed." De la Pole, on the occasion of his knighthood, laid aside his paternal coat of arms, three leopards' heads, and assumed, in the pride of his calling, "azure two bars, wavy, argent," allusive to his maritime employment. The reverse is the heraldic custom now: all references to trade are carefully excluded from the escutcheon, and fanciful devices adopted. De la Pole had the proper pride; he felt honour in his trade, and was honoured in it. His attachment to the King was unbounded and unvarying. When Edward was in sore straits in Flanders, on his expedition in 1338, to wrest the French crown from Philip de Valois—his supplies and monies exhausted, and his credit at the lowest ebb, for he had previously pawned his crown and jewels—De la Pole, then at Antwerp, hastened to his Sovereign with all the money he had, and mortgaged his entire property and estates for his use: so that it is said of him (De la Pole), "he ruined himself for the King's sake." But these sacrifices, like gold disengaged from dross in the crucible—making the pure metal shine out more brilliantly, led the way to the elevation of the house of De la Pole to a pitch of splendour so dazzling as to savour more of romance than reality.

Let us pass on to the field of Marconne, in France. Edward is there, surrounded by his knights and nobles. His archers, cross-bowmen, and men-at-arms, cover the

plain, which is studded with tents. The banners of the King and his knights are fluttering over the vast array, and the glorious sun of France pours down his rays in a flood of sunshine, on burnished cuirass and helmet. In front of the royal tent, the knights are clustered in a circle, the King in the midst; and before him is the merchant prince of Kingston-upon-Hull, who is proclaimed, midst the clangour of trumpets, "Sir William de la Pole, Knight Banneret." The principal herald advances to him, and delivers his letters patent from the King, dated the "field of Marconne," reciting his deeds, that "the world might understand his worth, and what essential service he had rendered his sovereign," who gave him, to support his dignity, "a grant of rents in Hull, value 500 marks a-year." We next see Sir William De la Pole in courtly robes, and in the highest favour at the Court at Westminster. The King, on his return from France, had sent for him, made him first gentleman of his bed-chamber, then Lord of the Seignory of Holderness, and again advanced him, from time to time, to other places of honour and profit—in the end, constituting him Chief Baron of the Exchequer. In this exalted position, he was not unmindful of his own town of Kingston-upon-Hull. He was its constant benefactor, and obtained for it "many privileges, freedoms, and immunities."

The ivy-clad ruins of the noble Abbey of the Carthusians, which may still be seen there, attest and perpetuate his piety. As he grew old he "determined to found and endow a most stately monastery to the praise and glory of God, and the benefit of the poor." But our pious prince

merchant did not live to see his "stately monastery" finished. It was reserved for the filial duty of his eldest son and successor to complete it, at the end of twenty-one years after his father's decease.

The brief period of a century and a half spans the rise, the glory, and the fall of the DE LA POLES. SIR MICHAEL DE LA POLE, the eldest son and successor of the prince merchant, was a merchant, too, and he was besides a soldier, a diplomatist, a sailor, and a lawyer! He served in war thirty years as a knight banneret, was thrice a captive in the hands of the enemy, twice a prisoner of war, and once an envoy to a foreign state—had been Governor of Calais, Admiral of the Fleet, often Ambassador from the King, a privy councillor, a Baron, an Earl, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chancellor of England. Shortly after his father's death he obtained almost royal authority for his house in his native Kingston-upon-Hull. He got a charter from the King, which empowered him and his heirs for ever to "send justices of gaol delivery as often as need should require to Kingston-upon-Hull." Despite of Walsingham's sarcasm, "that as a merchant himself, and the son of a merchant, he was better versed in merchandise than skilled in martial matters;" he was an eminent soldier, serving with distinction immediately under the Black Prince, in the French wars at the close of Edward's reign. In whatever position he was placed he sustained it with regal magnificence.

In the first of Richard II., after Sir Michael had finished the "stately monastery," we find him at sea with "old John of Gaunt," styled King of Castile, and in the

same year he was acting as Lord High Admiral of England. On taking the command of the fleet to the northward, he dazzled the public view with the grandeur of his outfit. His own personal retinue was one hundred and forty men-at-arms, one hundred and forty archers, one banneret, eight knights, and a hundred and thirty esquires. He was a Baron at this time, for Edward the Third, in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, had summoned him to Parliament by the title of "Baron de la Pole;" yet still a merchant, his barques floating on all waters, and laden with the richest bales.

Lord de la Pole, having thus by his public services won personal honour and position, now acquired great territorial influence by his marriage with Catherine, the richly-endowed daughter and heiress of Sir John Wingfield, lord of Wingfield, in Suffolk, a renowned knight and soldier of the martial era in which he lived. As Lord Chancellor of England, De la Pole inaugurated his legal career after his own fashion, by serving as a banneret forty days in King Richard the Second's Scottish wars, where he gained such credit that the King rewarded his "fighting Chancellor" with a grant of "the castle, town, manor, and honour of Eyre, part of the possessions of William de Ufford, late Earl of Suffolk, deceased." He had scarcely scated himself on the woosack, at his return, when his military knowledge was again called into requisition. The dread of French invasion is not an idiosyncrasy of our own times: it was just as rife under the Plantagenets. On the occasion of one of these periodical panics, De la Pole collected a great array of "Volunteers"

—men-at-arms, cross-bowmen, and archers—for the protection of the capital. But prevention in this case was worse than cure. For once the sagacity of De la Pole was at fault. These stout burghers and yeomanry, “having no pay, quartered themselves on the inhabitants for twenty miles round London, and living such a pleasant life, did even as much damage as the invaders would have done.”

Vast were the estates of De la Pole in York and Suffolk; and to sustain his honours with becoming dignity, as of the olden time, in baronial hall and battlemented castle, the King granted him royal license to “castellate his manor houses at Wyngfield and Huntingfield, in the county of Suffolk,” and to “impark all his woods and lands.” But this was not the limit of the monarch’s favour. There was a grand creation of peers, at the opening of the parliament of 1385, small in number, but brilliant in names and persons—four in all—two of them Princes of the Blood, and two, subjects of the realm, of princely merit—a Marquess and three Earls. These were, Robert De Vere, Earl of Oxford, made Marquess of Dublin; Henry of Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby; Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Rutland; and Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. Could subject desire to be more honoured? Equality of rank with princes of the blood, and association with De Vere, “who derived his title, through an uninterrupted male descent, from a time when the families of Howard and Seymour were still obscure, when the Nevills and Percies enjoyed only a provincial celebrity, and when even the great name of Plantagenet had not yet been heard in England.” De la Pole, merchant in Hull, now raises his

head, coronetted, among the proudest Earls of England, sits robed, in state, in parliament, and is called "cousin" and "councillor" by the King. The vast estates of the Earl, the number of his retainers, the extent of his domains, his princely parks and mansions, constituted him, with the great seals in his hands, and the unreserved confidence of the King, one of the most powerful of the great noblemen of his day. He had five noble houses at Kingston-upon-Hull alone—one, "Suffolk's palace," which stood at the "Market Gate," opposite St. Mary's Church, two others within the town, and the remaining two at a short distance from it—all "adorned with stately towers."

And yet that very hour—in the height of almost unprecedented prosperity—the death-knell of his power was sounding. Jealousy of his exaltation, his own imperious will, and his bitter tongue brought it upon him. He quarrelled with a churchman, his rival, who plotted and worked his ruin. The drama opens in the same parliament in which he took his seat for the first time as Earl of Suffolk. Thomas Arundel, Bishop of Ely, an earnest petitioner to the King for the restoration of the temporalities of the Bishopric of Norwich, moved that question in the House, and was sharply rebuked by the Lord Chancellor. "What is this, my Lord," he said, "that you desire? Is it a small matter to part with those temporalities which yield the King more than a thousand pounds per annum? The King hath no more need of such advisers to his loss." "What is that you say, Michael?" said the Bishop, in reply. "I desire nothing of the King which is his own, but that which belongs to another, and which he unjustly

detains, by thy wicked counsel or such as thou art, which will never be for his advantage. If thou beest so much concerned for the King's profit, why hast thou covetously taken from him a thousand marks per annum since thou wast made an earl?" The scene is changed, and the curtain rises again on the Parliament in Westminster of 1386. The Lord Chancellor asks funds to defray the expenses of an invasion of France in support of the King's right to the French throne, but is met with a petition for the removal of ministers, especially of the Chancellor, whom it is intended to impeach. The ministers, including the Chancellor, are dismissed, and the great seals handed over to the Bishop of Ely!

Then follow the formal impeachment and the trial of the Earl of Suffolk in the House of Peers for defrauding the Crown—his defence, and acquittal on four out of seven charges, and the sentence of imprisonment, during the King's pleasure, on the remainder. The judges declare this sentence "erroneous in all its parts," and are imprisoned for it. But the Parliament is dissolved, and Suffolk released and recalled to Court. The King loads him with fresh favours, gives him the Garter, "clothes him in royal robes," and has him seated beside him at table in public upon Christmas festivals, with no small grief and trouble of the nobility. Another shifting of the scene, and the great Earl of Suffolk, accused of treason and attainted, his property and estates confiscated, is a fugitive fleeing for his life from England, in company with De Vere. Disguised as a Flemish poulterer, with his head and beard shaved, he reaches Calais. His brother, Edmund de la Pole, is captain of the castle

there, a post which he owed to the Earl's influence. The noble outlaw, in his misfortunes, a price on his head, and his enemies in full pursuit, approached the garrison, and besought shelter and concealment, but was refused. "Brother," said the captain of the castle, "you must know that I dare not be false to the King of England for the sake of any kindred whatsoever, nor admit you in, without the privity of William de Beauchamp, governor of this town."

And Suffolk stood there in his wretchedness, in a half-famished state, until the governor was applied to. But he also had a strict sense of duty, and ordered the Earl back to England, a prisoner. De la Pole, however, eluded his captors, reached French territory in safety, and was kindly received at Paris by the French King. But he never saw England more. His misfortunes crushed his proud and sensitive spirit; he fell into ill health. He who had founded an hospital at Kingston-upon-Hull, with a chapel adjoining for the use of the poor, was now indebted to foreign alms for medical aid and food, and to foreign charity for christian burial.

"By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned,"

he died at the close of the first year of his exile.

But exile, confiscation, and death failed as yet to extinguish the house of De la Pole. It possessed an elasticity which, yielding to the pressure of misfortune, sprung up again, despite the machinations of enemies. The late Earl's son and heir, Sir Michael de la Pole, had the address to get the sentence against his father annulled by Richard, and himself restored to the castles and manors and earldom of Suffolk by Henry IV. The second earl was no degenerate scion

of his martial race. When King Henry V. invaded France, Michael, second Earl of Suffolk, and his eldest son, Michael de la Pole, joined the expedition. During the five weeks' investment of the strong fortress of Harfleur by the King, father and son led storming party after party, and repelled the fiercest of the assaults of the French knights. As the standard of England floated over this proud citadel the elder De la Pole sealed the victory with his life.

The third earl bore his title but for a short month : he obtained it on one battle-field, and surrendered it on another. From Harfleur he followed the banner of the young King Henry across the Somme, passed through the deep and rapid stream of the Tervois, and halted at Agincourt, to find a soldier's death.

The King moved on from that memorable field of battle to Calais, bringing with him the dead body of the young Earl of Suffolk, and thence sailed for England. At Dover the crowd plunged into the waves, and carried the conqueror in their arms from his ship to the beach. The body of Michael de la Pole shared in the honours of the triumphal procession to London. In the capital "tapestry lined the walls of the houses ; pageants were acted in the streets ; sweet wines ran in the conduits ; bands of children tastefully arrayed sang as it passed along, and the whole population seemed intoxicated with joy." On the day following, the most magnificent funeral obsequies were bestowed by the King's order on the gallant young Earl of Suffolk in St. Paul's, where his body was laid out. Archbishops and Bishops performed the service of the dead, and when religion had thus done its high and holy office for the repose of the

soul of Earl Michael de la Pole, his remains were borne to his brother William's manor of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, and committed to their last resting-place on earth. Three daughters, his only children, mourned his loss. One became the wife of John de Foix, Earl of Kendal, another wedded Lord Morley, a gallant companion in arms of her father, and Katherine, the eldest, was a nun.

Let us pass over over the next fourteen years, and come to the memorable Siege of Orleans. William, fourth Earl of Suffolk, brother to the late Earl, was in command of the besieging army. He established his men in different posts round the city, lodged in huts, covered from the enemy's fire by intrenchments of earth. The blockade continued during the winter. From a tower crested with forts, he desolated the city, which was surrounded by sixty ports or "bastiles." In the spring, he established lines of communication between these posts. The city was sealed up from all external aid. It seemed doomed: no supplies could enter. There was no force to raise the siege; and yet aid came from a quarter and in a manner least to be expected. It is an episode of history so familiar to all, that I will make but brief allusion to it. Joan of Arc appeared before Orleans "with a mission," so she said, "from Heaven." She was dressed in male attire, and armed at all points as a knight, mounted on a beautiful grey charger, which she directed with ease and skill. On her banner was painted, amidst a profusion of fleurs-de-lis, the figure of a venerable old man, intended to represent the Almighty, with the globe in his hand. Enthusiasm ran through the ranks of the besieged, and alarm through those of the besiegers. It

was in vain that the Earl of Suffolk and his officers exerted themselves to check the hold which Joan had got upon the imaginations of the soldiers. They would meet anything human, but the stoutest heart quailed from encountering a celestial champion. The Earl received a letter from her, couched in imperious terms, commanding him, under pain of the Divine wrath, to retire from the walls of Orleans; and soon after she herself appeared on the river Loire, with her mysterious banner floating from the prow of a barge, leading the van of a row of boats, which entered the city, laden with provisions. Her presence within the walls fired the drooping spirits of the French. The Earl of Suffolk was now assailed with furious assaults, led on by Joan of Arc in person. His most skilful dispositions and bravest efforts were in vain. Fort after fort fell; and setting fire to the remainder, he retired from Orleans, dispirited and beaten, leaving all his works, the fruit of seven months' toil and labour, behind him, in flames. He entered Jargeau, but the victorious Joan, "The Maid of Orleans," allowed him no respite, no repose. She followed in quick pursuit, and the besieger became in turn the besieged. The assault came, led by the Maid in person, and Jargeau was carried by storm on the tenth day, the Earl of Suffolk remaining a prisoner. To the officer who demanded his sword, he inquired, "Are you a knight?" "No," answered the other. "Then I will make you one," and knighting him on the spot, the Earl surrendered. He afterwards retrieved his reputation at Aumarle, which he carried, with its fortress, on the twenty-fourth assault, and he was present, and assisted at the coronation in Paris

of Henry VI. as King of France. His late vanquisher, the Maid of Orleans, was burned at the stake, as a sorceress, in the market-place at Rouen; and at home, in his own manor of Eye, one Madame Jourdenan, "the witch of Eye," who made "love potions" for Madame Eleanor, the Duchess of Gloucester, met with the same fate.

The Earl has become a Marquess (1444): he was created by "Cincture with the sword," and the "putting of a coronet of gold upon his head," and was also made Lord Steward of the Household. In the latter capacity he stood proxy for Henry VI., in the cathedral of Navir, in his marriage contract with the beautiful and heroic Margaret of Anjou. After eight days' jousts and tournaments, pageants and rejoicings which followed, he escorted the Queen of England in great state through Normandy to Dieppe, and thence to England, where Henry married her at Tichfield, and crowned her at Westminster. The Marquess of Suffolk was now the reigning favourite, and advanced in title and estate. On the death of the Duke of Gloucester, the King's uncle, he became Earl of Pembroke, with a large accession of estates. He had also, by the death of his nieces, acquired the extensive estates of his late brother, Earl Michael, the exile; and in 1448, he was raised to the dignity of Duke.

The House of De la Pole has now arrived at the very pinnacle of prosperity, honours, and power; and yet it trembles, as before, on its throne, and threatens dissolution from too much greatness. Financial difficulties came upon the nation at home, and heavy reverses abroad in the French wars, Calais alone remaining as an appanage

of the English crown. A popular clamour is got up against the Duke, as chief minister, for the loss of Normandy. He is called "the Queen's minion," charged with rapacity, with the death of the Duke of Gloucester, and, in short, with all the crimes which are usually attributed to an unsuccessful minister in a season of calamity, when worked upon by an undercurrent of rivalry and personal ambition. He repelled those charges in his place in parliament with considerable force and eloquence. His father, he said, had died in the service of his country at Harfleur; his elder brother had fallen in the battle of Agincourt; his second and third brother had perished at Jargeau; and his youngest brother had expired a hostage in France. He himself, he said, had been a Knight of the Garter thirty years, had spent thirty-four years in arms, and during half of that time had never visited his native country. He had been fifteen years sworn of the King's council. He was born in England, his inheritance and the inheritance of his children and of his posterity lay in England; and he indignantly demanded, was it possible that he, for any promises of an enemy, would become a traitor? He demanded of his accusers to come forth and state their charges, and his defence would be so "open and plain that the King and the land would be content." But fortune had changed with the Duke of Suffolk. His enemies were vengeful and powerful. He was sent to the Tower on a frivolous charge, and impeached in Parliament. He defended himself there with ability, and protested his innocence. But nothing would satisfy or appease his enemies. They thirsted for his blood; and the

King, his friend, to still the tumult and save his life, banished him beyond the seas for five years. Retiring to his estates in Suffolk, he called before him the knights and esquires of the surrounding districts, and swore to them, on the holy sacrament, that he was innocent of the charges imputed to him. Posterity has done him that justice too. He then sailed from Ipswich: but his enemies, sleepless in their vengeance, were on his track. They had a squadron of men-of-war out cruising in search of him. The "Nicholas of the Tower," one of the largest ships of the navy, bore down, off Dover, upon the vessel in which he sailed. He was ordered on board, and on mounting deck was saluted, ominously, with the words, "Welcome, traitor!" After undergoing a mock trial before the sailors, he was condemned to death. The murderous deed was soon executed: on the second morning a small boat came alongside, and in it, a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner. The Duke was lowered into the boat, and the man, telling him he should die like a knight, at the sixth stroke smote off his head; and crowding sail, the squadron disappeared. The remains of the great Duke of Suffolk, the trunk and head, lay on the sands of Dover, watched by the Sheriff of Kent, till the King's order was received, and then the Duke's chaplain arrived and brought his remains to his widow, who had them interred in the church of Wingfield. By another account, they were borne by the chaplain to Hull, and buried in the Charter House there. All the Duke's honors, including the old barony of De la Pole, which he had inherited from his nieces, were forfeited, his estates confiscated, and his blood attainted. And yet the

house of De la Pole, far from being extinct, rose again to splendour, becoming allied to royalty itself.

In the shifting scenes of the bloody drama played by York and Lancaster, the House of De la Pole, crushed, confiscated, and attainted, once more stood erect amidst the noblest and proudest of England's aristocracy. When Richard Duke of Gloucester placed himself on the marble seat in the great Hall of Westminster as King Richard III., he had the Lord Howard, afterwards the Duke of Norfolk, on his right, and John De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, son and successor to the late decapitated Duke, on his left. The splendid alliances of the De la Poles were not the least of those gifts of fortune by which they ascended to so great an eminence. They were united to the Peverells, the Norwiches, the Braybrokes, the Wingfields, the Chaucers, the Scropes, the Stourtons, the Cobhams, the De L'Isles, the Morleys, and the Staffords, bright names in the Peerage and Commons' rolls of England. And now they ally themselves with the royal family of England—John Duke of Suffolk espousing the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Richard III. and of the late King Edward IV. The eldest son of this brilliant marriage, John De la Pole, was created Earl of Lincoln, and ruled as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Earl's sister Anne was affianced to the eldest son of the King of Scotland, and King Richard III. declared his nephew De la Pole, the young Earl of Lincoln, to be "heir-apparent to the crown," in the event of the decease of his own son, Prince Edward. What a dazzling height, and, in prospect, what a future of glory has the family

of the merchant of Hull now attained! Two crowns glittering before them, two great kingdoms for their appanage,—the founder of a royal line—the mother of a race of kings! Such was the prospect of the two grandchildren of William, first Duke of Suffolk, grandson of the “beloved merchant” of the great Edward. Had the current of events flowed on in their even course, the Royal House of De la Pole would have occupied the throne; and England, without the Tudors, would have left unwritten in her history those grave events, whether for good or ill, of the sixteenth century which flowed from their brief possession of the crown. But the fate of a single battle—Bosworth Field—dispelled for ever the De la Poles’ golden dream of royalty. The fall of the House of York was the culminating point in the wayward destiny of their fate.

Little remains to be told in the history of the De la Poles. The Earl of Lincoln made a vain attempt to retrieve the disaster of Bosworth. He entered England at the head of a small army, composed partly of troops furnished by his aunt, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and partly of Irish auxiliaries, led by two of the Geraldines. His defeat and death at Stoke, 1487, in the life-time of his father, who survived till 1491, extinguished his hopes, his kingly aspirations and his title of Earl. His next brother, Edmund De la Pole, the second Duke, also a Plantagenet by the mother’s side, although one of the last persons of rank remaining of the Yorkists, entered into Henry VII.’s service, in the beginning of that monarch’s reign. He was in arms, in the twelfth of Henry VII., with

the Lords Essex and Mountjoy, against Lord Audley and the Cornish men, who suffered so memorable a defeat on Blackheath. But this apparently politic course did not succeed. It failed in its object, to break the fall of the De la Poles. Henry desired to extinguish every trace of the house of York. He affected to look upon the Duke as heir of his attainted brother, the Earl of Lincoln, and not of his father, the Duke of Suffolk.

The Duke, in a scuffle, killed a man who had affronted him. Under other circumstances, the case would have passed without notice. But his Grace was subjected to the ignominy of a public trial [although immediately pardoned] for "killing an ordinary person in wrath;" and he indignantly withdrew without permission to the Court of his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, then the asylum for all the attached and suffering adherents of the White Rose. He returned, however, soon after, and, excusing himself to the King, attended the marriage of Arthur, Prince of Wales, with Catharine of Arragon. On that occasion, the splendour of his equipage and his attentions to the royal family were remarkable. But this public homage to the house of Lancaster did not avail him, and he fled a second time, with his brother Richard, to the Court of Burgundy. This friendly door, however, was soon closed against him. The Duchess died, and the Duke of Suffolk, her nephew, was left in great distress, wandering for a time through Germany. At length the Arch-Duke Philip permitted him to reside in his dominions. But he was followed there by the power of Henry, whose threats succeeded, and he was delivered over to his enemy, of the

hated house of Lancaster, but upon a guarantee exacted by Philip that his life should be spared. How unlike was this return to England, a prisoner, to the triumphal procession of the dead body of Earl Michael, of Agincourt, or of the royal bridal party, led by William, the first Duke! He was hurried across the Channel as a common malefactor, driven without attendants in an ordinary conveyance to London, and locked up in a cell in the Tower. Henry kept faith with the Arch-Duke Philip. He spared the Duke's life in his own time, but, with fiendish vindictiveness, left an order for his execution as a legacy to his son and successor.

Edmund De la Pole, second Duke of Suffolk, languished for years in prison. His estates were gone, they were confiscated and given away. No one was allowed to see him. No familiar face looked through the prison bars of the window, which cast a dim light into his solitary cell—not even the two priests, his brothers Humphrey and Edward, nor the nun at Sion, Anne, his sister, once the affianced bride of Scotland, nor the other nun, Anne, his only child by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Richard, Lord Scrope. That only child could but commune with him in spirit and in prayer from her lone cell in the convent of Minoreesses without Aldgate. At length he was released, but it was by the arm of the headsman. Too faithfully the second Tudor fulfilled the legacy left to him by the first. Edmund De la Pole, second Duke of Suffolk, bent with age and suffering, mounted the scaffold with tottering footsteps, and in the broad light of day, with the sun of heaven shining down upon the

unholy drama, was beheaded, the 30th of April, 1513. A few more convulsive throes, and the light and glory of the De la Poles are extinguished for ever.

Richard, the late Duke's brother, an exile in France, commanded the French troops, 6,000 strong, at Theroenne, when besieged by Henry the Eighth; and at the battle of Pavia, 1524, where Francis I. was taken prisoner, De la Pole's heroic conduct excited the praise even of his foes; and among the heaps of slain there lay, "to the great satisfaction of King Henry, Richard De la Pole, the pretender to the English throne." The Duke of Bourbon honoured his remains with splendid obsequies, and attended in person as one of the chief mourners. And thus end the De la Poles! Their rise, rapid and brilliant as the meteor, was as evanescent. They shone in all the magnificence and splendor of exalted rank, wealth, and power, and descending with meteoric velocity, their light went out. For a hundred and fifty years they filled a vast space, as luminaries of magnitude, in the social and political hemisphere of England. And yet they are all but forgotten now. Their lives and actions are compressed within but a few pages of their country's history. Their memorials are to be found within the broken arch and tottering cloisters—the ivy-crypt and chancel of the old time-honoured abbeys which they raised—fit emblems of themselves, grand even in their very isolation and ruin. Religion in these crumbling temples of the past—sole guardians of their fame—points to their broken monumental tablets, overgrown with moss, and exclaims, with solemn warning, "Behold the greatness of the De la Poles!"

Hector Graham, of Lea Castle.

“ I came of the Græmes—a people of ancient and hot blood.”

SCOTT.

ABOUT forty years ago, if a traveller bent on exploring the country had sallied south-east from the little town of Monaghan, in Ireland, he would probably have lighted on a queer and somewhat antiquated mansion in its immediate neighbourhood: this house stood topping a green ridge in the midst of long, solitary fields, and fallows, and farms separated by broad dykes full of water, and was accessible by a straight, stiff avenue of the Dutch order, which ran up to the hall door at right angles from the road. Two rows of magnificent lime-trees for many years had sentinelled the approach, towering over, one against another, like the French and English Grenadier Guards at the field of Fontenoy; of these one only now remained—

“ Like a brotherless hermit, the last of his race;”

a splendid tree for stem, and shape, and bough, and frondage; the rest of the family had been cut down to feed the fires which waste had kindled on the altars of Bacchus or of Momus; or had their death-warrant recorded on the pages of the betting-book of the old proprietors.

The edifice itself presented what Sergeant Bothwell would have called a "respectable antiquity;" it was a high, flat-fronted, bald-faced house, with long, lank windows, resembling overgrown slits, and a tall, dark hall-door, like a skeleton in black, which opened into a hall which was paved with red tiles, and displayed on the left and right the same character of narrow, perpendicular doorways leading to small, old-fashioned apartments, angular, window-seated, and wainscotted in oak. The house, though comfortable enough within, had somewhat of an unsettled appearance, and was wild and stark-looking. The offices, spacious and straggling, lay hid on the right hand, behind the huge lime-tree. Over the hall-door, and deeply built into the wall, was a stone exhibiting the initials of the founder, H. G., Hector Graham, with the date 1726, and above these letters were carved the ancient arms of the Grahams of Netherby, party per bend, with another coat exhibiting "a branche of an oke root," &c., and "a bores head cope argent," being an augmentation shield granted *temp.* Queen Mary, A.D. 1553, to an ancestor, "Fergus Greyme, Gentleman, of the Mote of Lydysdale, in the countie of Cumberland," and conveyed by patent, "under the great seal, to him and his heirs for ever." "The crest uppon the Heaulme" was an arm holding in the hand a "branch of the oke root on a wreath argent and gules manteled;" while under the scutcheon the motto was deeply cut—"Reason contents me."

What the "services" had been which won from the stern Queen of England these heraldic honours for Fergus

Greyme I have not been able to ascertain; but they must have been of considerable weight, as such compliments from royalty were rare, and not paid without a full equivalent from the party so favoured; and especially when we consider that these honours were directed to a member of a family which, if records be true, was often in disgrace with the authorities for their wild deeds and irregularities.

The words of the patent—a copy of which is in the Record Tower of Dublin—state, that Fergus Greyme had performed “true and faithful service in the time of the most famous Prince, King Henry the Eighth, as also in the time of Kinge Edward the Sixt, whereby he has well merrited to be rewarded, &c., &c.” Now it is probable that this Greyme or Graham (the name is spelt five different ways in ancient documents) had contributed some local aid to Surrey’s army in King Henry’s Scottish wars. The Fight of Flodden had taken place in the early part of this reign, A.D. 1513, and the Grahams being in themselves a fierce and numerous chivalry, “able to raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid for England;” and, as old Camden says, “very famous among the Borderers for their great valour,” it is likely that Fergus, who was a “leader” among them, helped the bluff Prince’s army both with his cavalry in the field, and his commissariat in the camp: at one time scattering their Scottish enemies with a charge of his cavalry, and at another, comforting their English stomachs with a drove of his fat bullocks—a most unromantic association of probabilities, no doubt, yet very likely, inasmuch as these Borderers only loved

a fight more fondly than a foray; and though the Gramhams were attached to England since the days of King Henry the Fourth, and mostly stood on loyalty; yet when hunger pressed them, and their larder was low, "boot and saddle" was the word, and dismissing all scruples, they mounted at moonlight, and acting literally on the "Tros Tyriusve" principle,

"They sought the beeves which made the broth
In Scotland, and in England both."

We are likewise informed by Bishop Burnet that the Border Chiefs had somewhat to do with the victory of Pinkey, obtained by Edward the Sixth over the Scotch in 1547; and here, no doubt, was Fergus with his fierce, rude chivalry, shaking out the banner of the Græme in the hottest fight, and shouting his war-cry amidst the flying foemen. "After the battle," says an old chronicle, "the leading men of Teviotdale professed allegiance to the King of England."

The "oke root" emblazoned in the Graham shield possessed an heraldic signification; the oak denoting stability of loyalty, which virtue was an essential feature for many generations in this family. The "roote" was symbolical of the antiquity of the race, for which I would refer my pleased readers to a speech delivered by a certain Dame Magdalene Græme, in Lord Seyton's castle before Mary of Scotland and her nobles, as given in the pages of Sir Walter Scott's "Abbot."

From this Cumberland cavalier, Fergus of the Mote of Lydysdale, Hector Graham was lineally descended, as I shall presently show; and at the time of his building the

old tenement I have described, he was possessed of very large estates in the counties of Armagh, Tyrone, and Monaghan, besides the lease of the lordship and castle of Leix or Lea, in the Queen's Co., where his immediate ancestors had lived. On Hector's demise, in 1742, he was succeeded by his son, Colonel Richard Graham, with whom the direct elder line terminated—and of the extraordinary disposal of whose property I shall speak hereafter.

This gentleman lived and died at Culmaine, the old Monaghan mansion, which is now scarce to be recognized from the pristine fashion in which I introduced it to my reader; at present it appears to be lowered a story or two, well fenced and planted in, and shrubbed about with goodly evergreens; it has lost its wild Cumberland features and border ferocity altogether, and has become a snug and sensible dwelling-house, manifestly growing stout and cosy in its old age, and is tenanted by a gentleman who rents the land, and is a J. P. for the county. The ancient shield of stone, taken out from over the lintel by unpoetic hands, stands damp and moss-grown in the shadow of the orchard wall, nearly hidden by the long grass; and nothing local now remains to speak the pride of former days but the great old tree, which ever at spring renews its green leaves, while the hands which planted it are dust; and the traditions of the tenantry, which recount many a tale of the rash, daring, and thoughtless extravagance of the father and the son, Hector and Richard Graham.

They certainly were a singular family, preserving a wild idiosyncrasy, and exhibiting the same salient angles of

character through many generations : not always amiable or admirable in a moral point of view—often quite the reverse—yet striking to the imagination from their intrepidity and dashing chivalry, their amazing pertinacity in compassing their ends, and their fierce and irrepressible audacity in overleaping or breaking down every obstacle which lay in the way of their achieving the same. Sir Walter Scott, who well knew the temperament of the families of the North, when he would paint a fiery, brave, and pertinacious youth, selected his subject from the “debateable land,” and drew a Roland Græme. Like this hot youth, they were passionate with their inferiors, yet liberal in the extreme : grasping for themselves with the right hand of power, while they gave to others with the left hand of pity ; there was a wild Ishmaelite drop in their blood, which one of their noble chiefs vain-gloriously told Charles II., was “the reddest in Scotland ;” he might have added, the fiercest and the most untamed. Yet we can trace much of a genial and generous soil occasionally underlying all this stern mountain and moorland which formed the general surface of their character ; and a few patches of a bright blue summer sky appear amidst the jagged and thunder-torn cloud scenery which swept over much of the deeds and darings of the earlier members of the family, and have been preserved to us in the pages of history, or by the voice of tradition. As is the case with those who live more for their own aggrandizement than for the welfare of their neighbours, calumny has not spared them ; they had not the qualities which engage and retain affection. Brave they were, and they were feared ;

successful, and they were slandered ; rapacious, and they were hated ; extravagant, and were not respected ; powerful, and were envied. One of their own race,

“ Old Albert Græme,
A minstrel of that ancient name,”

though only a charming myth, as we all know, is fitly painted as being “ of that hardy kin” who,

“ Whoever lost, was sure to win.”

Included by their geographical position among the Cumberland Borderers, they come in for Fuller’s witty description, who says “ They are amongst the wonders, more than the ‘ Worthies of England.’ ” He says, “ They dwell on the borders of either kingdom, but obey the laws of neither.” “ They come to church as seldom as the 29th February comes into the calendar.” “ They resemble Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty ; sometimes having flocks and herds at night, and none in the morning.” “ They are a nest of hornets ; strike one, and they all stir about your ears.”

Old Lesley says of them, sarcastically, “ that however deficient they might have been in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with so much zeal as when bent upon a plundering expedition.”

Their chiefs and gentry were descended from the Hon. John Graham, second son of the great Earl of Stratherne and Malise, commonly called “ Malise with the bright brand.” The elder son was the Stirps of the Montrose branch ; both had a royal descent from King Robert of

Scotland; and both ran their line up to the renowned Græme who commanded the army of Fergus II., and was Governor of the whole kingdom in the minority of that monarch's grandson, Eugene II., in the year of grace 420. From the very start, the branch of whom we treat appears to have been of the Achilles vein—"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;" for taking offence at some personal slight at the court of Robert II., a weak prince, well known to us through the pictured pages of the "Fair Maid of Perth," this John Graham withdrew himself and his family into the valleys of Cumberland, where they bred like coney and multiplied like bees, and where he purchased, or otherwise took possession of—peaceably, I presume—houses, lands, and tenements for him and his heirs for ever, and where he farmed and foraged by turns, and forayed among his friends and neighbours, and fought with his enemies if they aggravated him or his followers—all in the most respectable border style, and as best he could.

Of this immediate family was the young Lord Kinport, who is introduced in "The Legend of Montrose," and called by his father's name, Earl of Menteith. In the succeeding reign, Lord Preston, the friend of James II., was a Cumberland Graham; and of this race is the present Sir Frederick-Ulric Graham of Netherby, and three other Baronets, Sir Edward, Sir Bellingham, and Sir Sandford.

These Border Grahams could scarce be called pure Scotch, yet still their country was the "Debateable Land," and the root of their old tree lay very deep in Scottish soil. Let me therefore pause to describe a well-dressed

clansman of the Græmes, clad in the tartan of his tribe, and the apparel of his family. The coat is russet or brown; the kilt of green and purple alternating with black and grey stripes of a small and delicate pattern; the cap is round, and small, and green, with a scarlet button at the top, and a sprig of wild laurel stuck in the side. The clan badge, or "Suaicheantas" of the Grahams, is the "laurel spurge;" the sporran is broad and white, the waistcoat is vivid scarlet; a thin, yellow girdle cinctures the loins, from which depends a very long, flat, and straight dagger, resembling the gladius of an old Roman: the stockings are of scarlet plaid gartered with blue: the brogues are tipped at the toes with double leather called *friochan*, to resist the friction of the heather, which in Gaelic is termed *fraoch*.

In addition to this picturesque equipment, give this child of the "Na Gram-aich" an eye of fire, a strong hand, nervous frame, and lithe limbs: make him dauntless of heart; pertinacious of purpose; observant of, and faithful to his promise; light-footed on the morass; long-winded up the mountain, quick to seize, strong to maintain, and free to bestow, and you have a fair specimen of the descendants of Grumach, or "The Grim," who, more than 1400 years ago, Remus-like, leaped through Severus' broken wall, and left his fame to his country; and his name, euphonized and dulcified into Græme or Graham, to a numerous and illustrious posterity.

These Debateable Land Grahams kept the marches for the English well, long, and faithfully; and, amongst other great Scotch families, "barried" the Buccleuchs, when-

ever they had an opportunity, getting, no doubt, often well mauled by them in reprisal.

My readers may recollect Watt Tinlinn's recital to the Lady of Branksome:—

“ I was chased the live-long night ;
 Black John of Akeshaw, and *Fergus Græme*,
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turned at Priest-haugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the Bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright,
 I held him long at high despite.”

Now it is plain that this unfortunate could not have been our Fergus, who had the Coat from Queen Mary's King of Arms, but one of the family, no doubt the feudal cousinhood being on the whole more extensive than select. Nor could he have been the Fergus Græme who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, slew Maxwell, the Provost of Dumfries, we may suppose, in some unwonted civic raid ; this Bailie-killing Fergus was outlawed, and fled to France, but was pardoned of “ his enormities ” thirty years afterwards by James I. ; he was laird of Plompe, whereas our Fergus was of Mote, and probably a wiser and a better man than many of his kindred, who under Elizabeth and James are found most turbulent. In 1602 the Grahams are at deadly feud with Lord Scrope, “ who seizeth and hangeth some of their followers,” probably “ pour encourager les autres ; ” Lynch law in Liddisdale. A little before this, James had written to Queen Elizabeth complaining “ that the Grimes had resetted ” or harboured from justice “ the Armstrongs, who had murdered his Warden.” Earlier still, the Grahams were deeply impli-

cated as active and violent agents in Bothwell's rebellion. About this time one of their family was executed as a witch! and one of their chiefs had a fierce quarrel with Lord Dacre. Complaints were constantly going up to the English court of the misdeeds of these perturbed spirits, so that it is a relief at last to come to a letter in the State Papers, from Sir Henry Lee to Lord Salisbury, dated from the Border, in which he writes, probably with three notes of admiration after the announcement,—“*The Grahams are quiet.*”

Mais revenons à nos moutons: let us go back to our favoured Fergus of 1553, the Knight of the “Oke roote,” from whom we have wandered too widely, led astray by the bright but erratic *ignis fatuus* which flickers and shines amidst these wild and picturesque scenes of ancient border life and romance.

To all appearance the mere heraldic compliment did not satisfy the strong stomach and healthy border appetite of the Cumberland Chief—the coat and crest, though honourable to blazon on his banner, yet were deficient in substance as a royal guerdon. Was not his motto falsified by a thing so shadowy? Reason was not content—and he had no reason to be content, and that, too, in an age when immense estates in Ireland were about being escheated to the Crown, on the attainder of their owners, for what the English called rebellion, and the Irish probably thought to be the natural defence of their property: and so it happened that in 1565 we find the Grahames in Ireland as grantees of the good things going, in the person of Roger or Richard Græme, renting the advowson of White-

Church, co. of Kildare, from the Crown, which living was afterwards in the possession of Hector Graham's grandfather in 1633. This Roger Graham was second son of Fergus of Mote; his eldest, Arthur, remained at home. Shortly afterwards, Fergus, grandson to the "Knight of the Oke roote," sat down in Ireland, at "Mirleton"—query Meylerston, co. Kildare?—where he must have had a grant of lands, for surely not anything short of a solid territorial instalment like this, would have tempted him away from the bonny braes of Liddisdale, where the grass grows thick and sweet, and fetlock deep, and where cattle were to be had on any fine night for a mere ride along the moss, or across the border. Now Fergus, who thus settled in Kildare, had a younger brother, whose son Arthur migrated to the Queen's Co., and was a distinguished Captain under Sir Patrick Wemys, and afterwards under Colonel Robert Bayley, in the Irish wars of the seventeenth century. From this Captain Arthur Graham it is extremely probable that the Grahams, long of Platten, near Drogheda, descend, as they carry the "oke roote" as their crest, along with the Netherby scutcheon. But Fergus the uncle abode more peacefully at Meylerstone, where two sons were born unto him, Richard and George, both afterwards knights, and leaders in the wars at the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and both men of singular fearlessness, and extraordinary prowess in military matters. Each of these brothers commanded a troop of horse in 1599 under Sir George Carew, afterwards Lord Totness. This nobleman had been appointed President of Munster by Queen Elizabeth, who liked him personally, as she did

most of the brave men who were about her, and called him "her trusty George," in the same spirit of platonic flirtation which engaged her to style James Butler, the sixth Earl of Ormonde, her "black husband." This condescension on the part of his Queen, Carew repaid by addressing her in his published letters in a strain of devotedness more suited to the Deity than to a mortal, and that mortal an old woman above sixty years of age. Carew was a stern and good soldier; he had escaped with much risk the slaughter of Lord Grey's forces by the O'Byrnes, in the romantic and wild pass of Glendalough, where his brother Sir Peter and other commanders were shot down by the rebels in the woods. George Carew's subsequent achievements are painted by Thomas Stafford, his secretary, in his well-known work, "*Pacata Hibernia*:" a graphic book enough, and so full of plain historical truths, as to have room for but the one falsehood, and that is in its title—a patent fact to all who know the continued disturbed condition of Ireland during the seventeenth century. In this book the Græmes or Grahams are largely spoken of in commendatory terms, as they are also mentioned in a similar strain by Fynes Morison, and by Borlace, and Lord Castlehaven; but in order to introduce them specially, it is necessary that I should glance at the position of the Queen's affairs in Ireland at the close of the sixteenth century.

The campaigns of 1581 and the two succeeding years were over; the Spaniards had landed on the wild coast of Kerry—had seized the fort of Smerwick, which they called Fort d'or, or the Golden Fort—and had been put to the

sword cruelly and ruthlessly under the stern Lord Grey; and in 1583 the great Earl of Desmond, James Fitzmaurice, had been slain by a peasant, and his estates, comprizing a half million of acres, had been seized on by the Queen, and parcelled out amongst English adventurers. This campaign was signalized by the presence of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the gentle poet Edmund Spenser, who were in Lord Grey's camp at Smerwick. For the next six years Ireland had seen the commands of the brave, honest, noble, and chivalric Perrot, blunt, outspoken, and nearly seven feet high. After him came the mean and rapacious Fitz-William; the unhappy Norris; the rash and gallant Essex; till in the year 1599, Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy assumed the reins of government: he was a man so elegant and refined in his appearance as to create contempt at first among the rude Irish, till they had felt the vigour of his arm, and seen the wisdom of his proceedings. Carew was now Lord President of Munster, and had an army in the co. of Cork; the great Earl of Desmond's son had been taken to London, and was being educated under the policy of Elizabeth, as a Protestant; his uncle's son, James Fitz-Thomas, had assumed the title of Desmond, but his parents having been cousins-german, a tie disallowed by the Irish in matrimony, he was nicknamed the Sugan or Straw-rope Earl. The sugan is twisted with the left hand, and is thus emblematic of a left-handed marriage; he was the handsomest and stateliest man of his race—an Agamemnon among his soldiers; and it is pleasant to be told how he escaped the being hunted down and slain, the usual fate of his family, and that he died in easy captivity in London,

his life being spared through a cautious policy, lest some new and daring Desmond should arise on his decease, to trouble the realms of Ireland ; his wife (if tradition may be credited) was afterwards the oldest woman of her day, having danced with Richard the Third, and having died of a frolic at one hundred and forty years of age !

Both of Fergus Græme of Meylerstown's sons, viz. Richard and George, appear to have been in Carew's army as captains of horse : they had probably joined as volunteers. George was under the command of an eminent officer in those wars, Captain Flower, ancestor to the present Viscount Ashbrook. Flower was dispatched with 100 horse and 1200 foot to intercept Florence MacCarthy, who was marching with an army of 2000 men between Cork and Kinsale. The encounter was long and desperate, and was for some time of uncertain issue, until Flower and Græme with their horse "charged with such resolution that instantly the enemy rowted." Flower had two horses shot under him, and George Graham, the only officer of note, badly hurt.

This deed of arms was entirely eclipsed by his brother Richard, in his famous attack on the Sagan Earl of Desmond, at Kilmallock, where he won his gold spurs, and his vallary crown, as a reward for his extraordinary courage and success. The fight came off about October, 1600. I will abridge the recital from the "Pacata Hibernia," where it is given with great spirit, and at some length. News arrives at Kilmallock that the earl is about to march from Conneloe to the huge fastnesses of Arloe, with a force comprising 600 soldiers, together with

“horses, hackneys, 300 garrans (mares) laden with baggage, value 500 pounds, and a large prey of sheep, cowes, &c.” Now at this moment the Queen’s garrison at Kilmallock consisted of five or six companies, under the command of Sir George Thornton, and among them Richard Græme’s troop of horse, numbering sixty men. He and Captain Dillon’s foot company were at once ordered out to do battle with the rebels.

Whereupon Græme instantly mounted, “and drew forth his troupe,” and riding at the head of his men, and “making extraordinary haste, he suddenly espied their forces near the wood,” and instantly dashed at them with his dragoons—mark, reader! this was with sixty men against 600!—charging them with such overbearing vehemence, “that he got up to their camp and possessed himself of their carriage”—(which must have greatly gratified his hereditary and border predilections)—“killing all who guarded the same. Hereupon the enemy”—no doubt ashamed of being bearded by a mere handful of horse—“drew together, having four colours or companies, and in defence of their carriage, gave Græme a heavy charge,” no doubt shouting the earl’s wild war-cry, “Shanet a Boo!” under the very sabre-blades of the troopers; which charge “Græme answered with his horse,” at once, right stiffly and valiantly. By this time a serjeant and some soldiers of Captain Dillon’s had come up, and helped the fight “with a few light shot,” when Græme, gathering his men around him, charged the whole battalion a third time “home to their very colours;” which the enemy fiercely resisting, and fighting hard for their honour,

the captain gave them a fourth charge so desperate and so determined, "that he broke clean through them," scattering the whole battalion like leaves of the wood, "they betaking themselves to running, and our men to killing;" and if our horse had not been overwearied with the hard and fast trotting they had been put to, to reach the scene of the battle—(Stafford calls it "their long *foray*," a Cumberland term, which he probably heard from Græme)—there had not been one man left alive. As it was, fully two hundred of Desmond's men were killed and wounded, and all the booty taken. Græme lost but "sixteen horse;" but he himself, at the end of the conflict, in attempting to seize the Earl's own standard, when stooping from his "horse to reach the colours, was heavily struck with a peece in the reines of his back, and would have fallen, but was rescued by six pikemen."

"This disaster," says the 'Pacata Hibernia,' "proved so fatal to the Earle of Desmond, that although of the 600 foot, 400 did yet remaine able to fight, yet could he never afterwards gather these to a head; for some got into Ulster, some to Connaught, leaving the Earl to desperate fortune; so that he was compelled to fly into Tipperary and Ormonde, and from thence the Earl hasteth to Ulster;" and thus the hopes and fortunes of John Fitz-Thomas, the Sugan Earl of Desmond—and by every law of nature or of primogeniture the real and legitimate holder of that high earldom—were for ever scattered and extinguished by "Dick Grimes," as he is often called, and his dashing troopers fiercely charging, beside the green woods

which wave wide, where the "great fastness of Arlee" sleeps under the lofty and sun-tinted Galtees.

Græme's own letter to Sir George Carew, after the battle, is in the State Paper Office in London, and is essentially the same as Stafford's narrative in the "Pacata."

For this deed of valour he was knighted by the lord deputy, or by Sir George Carew, who in a published letter to Lord Mountjoy, two months afterwards, styles him "Sir Richard."

He had also the singular honour of receiving from Queen Elizabeth, who loved brave men, a vallary crown to grace his new-born rank. This is thus described in an old book:—"The crown called in Latin *vallaris*, or *castrensis*, is a circle of gold raised with jewels or palisades, the reward of him who first forced the enemy's entrenchments."

A most interesting and venerable relic, illustrating and corroborating the above historical statement, is in the possession of Master Brooke, Queen's Counsel, of the Irish Court of Chancery, who represents Sir Richard Graham in descent and blood. It is the signet ring of the brave old knight, being a large circle of heavy and pure silver, containing a stone of red porphyry, on which is engraven the knight's badge—a small shield, divided by a Templar's sword, and R. G. engraved on each side of the blade, a wreath of wild laurel, the badge of the Graham, half surrounding the shield, emblematic of victory, as the sword is of military service, and the initials expressive of identity; the whole surmounted with the vallary crown.

This old ring has come down to its present possessor

through Hector Graham of Leix, and his son, Colonel Graham, of the county of Monaghan, and is in good preservation, considering its great age, being fully two hundred and sixty years old.

Shortly after the raid of Kilmallock, Sir Richard appears to have been drafted to the north by Mountjoy, to assist Sir Henry Docwra at Ballyshannon, though Carew was "very loathe to spare him at the time."

He returned afterwards to Kingsale, and in 1601 he commanded one hundred foot and fifty horse against the Spaniards; and shortly afterwards I find the Queen "passing by patent (47th Elizab.) to Sir Richard Græme, a principal commander in the wars, the lands and large estate of Rahenderry, in the Queen's County, forfeited on the rebellion of Mac Edmond Macdonald," one of the Antrim family. Sir Richard was bound to keep five horses and nine gallowlasses for the Queen's service, on receiving this regium donum; and in 1604, he was appointed by patent of James I., Constable and Governor of the Castle and Fort of Maryborough, with power to execute martial law, to assemble the county, and, above all, to "prosecute, invade, chase away, chastize, withstand, punish and correct, by all means and ways, all nations of the O'Mores, proditores, their servants, followers, and adherents." These O'Mores were the ancient princes of Leix, and were simply fighting for their own. Sir Richard Graham's name appears, too, in the roll as first high sheriff for the Queen's County.

He was now in a position such as few soldiers of fortune had ever so speedily climbed to. He had his Sove-

reign's favor, high command, heraldic honors, broad lands, and domestic prosperity. His brother George, his comrade in arms, had also been knighted, and held large estates by grant and by purchase: Tobinstown, in Carlow; Castle Warnynge, or Warden, in the County Kildare; Ballinure; and Barretstown Castle, in the county of Wicklow—this last on the attainder of the Eustaces of Kerdiffstown. This old keep is now in the possession of Sir Erasmus Borrowes, Bart., whose ancestors and the Grahams stood side by side in many a battle in behalf of England in the seventeenth century. In 1610, according to Pynnar's Survey, James I. allotted two thousand acres to "Sir Richard and Sir Géorge Grimes, knights," in the county of Cavan. They were both married at this time. Sir Richard's lady was Elizabeth Hetherington, daughter to the head of one of the seven English tribes who settled in the Queen's County some fifty years before; the others were Cosbys, Hartpoles, Bowens, Hovendens, Ruishs, and Barringtons. Lady Graham's family had a grant of the castle and lands of Ballyroan, and also Knighttown. Sir Richard had ten children. His eldest son, Thomas, appears to have been always a quiet person, and to have remained at home. Peter passed into the county of Cork; but William and George were stirring blades, and thorough Grahams, of whose deeds we shall hear anon. William's wife was Jane Browne, of Mulrankan, granddaughter to Lord Buttevant, an old camarado of Sir Richard's in the Desmond wars. Sir George married Jane Huntingfield, of Castle Warnynge, near Sallins, and had by her six children. He married twice, his

second wife being Miss Crahall. He died in 1619. The brothers and their sons appear to have lived in much unity and affection among themselves, as is manifest from various old documents. All seemed to run smoothly, and nothing to be wanting to fill up the measure of Sir Richard's prosperity. It is more than probable that he enjoyed

“That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

But, as he grew old, his heart appears to have become contracted and cold; and the accursed thirst for gold, and lust of power, the vices of age, seem like fellow fiends to have sorely tempted him, and in part to have prevailed.

The times were utterly demoralised: the country distracted with its recent rebellions, and its present and impending forfeitures, opened an avenue for every kind of fraud, oppression, and the abuse of power. A habit had been got up among many of the English adventurers, who swarmed over the land like locusts, devouring every green thing, to investigate the titles of men's estates, or make inquisition for old and concealed rents, which should of right accrue to the King. Many estates of ancient English settlers in the numerous civil wars of Ireland had legally fallen in to the Crown, on the flight or failure of the original grantees, but had been seized on by active parties living on the spot, and held by the right of conquest, or of long usage, for a term of years. In this age of seizure and spoliation, when a King or Queen would confiscate by a stroke of their pen a whole province, or half a million of

acres, as in the case of Ulster, and the lands of Desmond, it became the fashion with private individuals to emulate royalty, and many spent their time in ransacking old records or rolls in the Pipe or Patent Offices for defective titles, or in the hope of discovering some flaw in the property deeds of their neighbours, and thus forcing them to make a new settlement at an advanced rent, or bringing them into collision with the Crown, and the greedy, unprincipled monarch who then wore it, and whose claim to the whole, or a portion of the rent, was not to be disputed.

On these occasions the discoverer generally got the lion's share for his trouble—*spolia scrutationis*—while the King was content with a small proportion of the recovered crown rent, or a moiety, or less, of the advanced yearly sum demanded from the holders of the land.

A case of this kind occurred about the close of James the First's reign, which is characterised by Carte, the historian of "the first Duke of Ormonde," as containing in itself "such a scene of iniquity and cruelty, that it is scarce to be paralleled in any age or country." And in this I grieve to say that Sir Richard Graham was slightly, and his son William deeply, implicated. It is commonly called "the Case of the Byrnes," and the narrative occupies four folio pages of "Carte's Ormonde," see vol. i. p. 27. It is alluded to by Leland, in his "History of Ireland"—a writer who professes to hold "details as disgusting," and who unscrupulously copies a portion of Carte's recital almost word for word, without deforming the margin of his dull book with inverted commas. The

story is also told by Charles O'Connor in a tone of lofty national indignation. Sir Richard certainly appears to have initiated and carried on by his interest proceedings against Phelim and Bryan O'Byrne, who were gentlemen of ancient blood and high position in the county of Wicklow. He had sued out a commission directed to Sir William Parsons, to inquire into the titles of the Byrnes to their hereditary estates. There had been, no doubt, a previous attainder for rebellion with their ancestors, and escheatment to the crown, but afterwards pardon and restoration. Sir Richard got possession of part of the land by a warrant from the Lord Deputy, but the Byrnes appealing to the Crown for redress, King James referred the matter to the Irish Privy Council, and, on their report, the King ordered Sir Richard, or his son William, to repair to London. The latter, who appears to have been a thoroughly bad and wicked man, obeyed, and, on arriving, had conferences with the Duke of Buckingham, "with whom he had acquaintance" (Buckingham's Master of the Horse, Sir John Graham, was his far-awa' Cumberland cousin), and the great favourite using his influence, the matter would have gone on the side of wrong against the Byrnes, had not the Duke of Richmond stood up for these persecuted gentlemen. James then appointed the two dukes as commissioners to settle the matter; when possibly justice might have been obtained, and the Byrnes reinstated safely in their territorial nests amidst the Wicklow mountains, safe from these Scotch and English goshawks, who flew so high, and yet stooped so meanly low; had not Sir William Parsons, who appears to have been

the most rapacious of the whole party, "hit upon a fetch" which could not fail of success, which was "to entitle the King to the greatest part of the lands," and to prove "that they were really vested in the Crown!" This, of course, stopped the commissioners, as neither of the dukes could give a sentence where the rights of the Crown, fancied or real, were concerned.

In this bad business there is no further mention of Sir Richard's name; but his son, "Mr. William," appears to have pursued his object with the undeviating pertinacity of his family, and with the activity and vigilance of a bloodhound. Other evil associates now were banded with him; for the prey was large, and the scent good, and the run hitherto successful. Lord Esmonde, Sir James Pierce Fitzgerald, Sir William Parsons, and a Sir Henry Belling, of whom Carte testifies that "he never stuck at any practice to carry his point, however execrable." Most of these men, like vultures, were actually gorging on the quarry, and had their claws deep in the estates of the Byrnes. Esmonde, Parsons, Graham, and Belling had rent away considerable portions of the land, and were now actually possessing it. Graham and Belling were Provosts Marshal for the County Wicklow, and acted out and beyond their powers in that capacity—per fas atque nefas: for two or three years job succeeded job; iniquities, cruelty, audacious transgressions of justice, mockeries of trials, false imprisonments, executions by martial law, and, I grieve to write, *the application of the torture!*

One of the Mr. Byrnes' wife died of grief, and it was not till 1628 that King Charles, at the instigation of Lord

Mountnorris, issued a commission which healed the matter, liberated the Byrnes, who had been imprisoned! and gave them back a portion of their own lands; Parsons having previously obtained by patent (4th Car.) the manor of Carrick, in the Ranelaghs, which had been the Byrne property, in right of which he was returned M.P. for the county of Wicklow about A.D. 1630!

I do not find that the Grahams were any way the better or the richer for all this sad villany of "Mr. William;" and it is a gleam of comfort amidst much moral darkness to think that though the old knight, bitten by the asp of cupidity, might have commenced these proceedings, yet the barbarities which ensued could not have had his sanction, inasmuch as he died in 1726, a full year before the flame of personal persecutions had attained to the white heat, which, kindled by the breath of cruelty and sordid covetousness, had consumed the happiness and prosperity of these unoffending and barbarously-treated gentlemen—the Mr. Byrnes.

Hot, violent, and impetuous as Sir Richard was, we should hope he was too proud a man, and too noble a soldier, to descend to such hangman tricks as Belling, Parsons, and his son William performed "before high Heaven as made e'en angels weep." One would grieve to think that the white shield which he wore so gloriously at Kilmallock should be spotted with crime, or the golden spurs he won on that field of fight should be sordidly rusted by goutts of innocent blood. And yet, again, as a faithful historian, who would "nothing extenuate," I profess to be staggered, and at my wits' end, at finding it

to be on record, that about the year 1604, when King James had issued a general pardon, or amnesty, to about one thousand or more persons of all ranks in Ireland for divers crimes, offences, and peccadillos, the two Knights, Sir Richard and Sir George Graham, were included among the forgiven on that occasion !

Some of the crimes specified in the "amnesty" are as follow : "treasons, murders, robberies, riots, *rowes*, burglaries, homicides, arsons, spoliations, violations, depredations, oppressions, treacheries, transgressions, *negligences*, and *ignorances*." One would suppose from the two last, that the Privy Council had been studying the *Itany*, and were taking cognizance of the negative as well as of positive misdemeanours. We should conclude, that out of all this black list, that "*rows*" seem the offences most likely to have been created and indulged in by the Grahams, and most cognate to their military dispositions.

It is some alleviation to consider the rank and position of a few of the misbehaving parties who were the objects of the royal clemency on this occasion ; these were the Earl of Clanrickarde, Lords Tyrconnel and Tyrone, the O'Conor Don, Henry O'Niel of the Fewes, and the Bishop of Killaloe,—*and his wife !*

The whole matter may be thus solved on the strictest principles of probability. The knights had slain many a man in open fight ; perhaps, too, remembering the "good old rule" of border life, they had helped themselves to some of their neighbours' flocks or herds, or a town land or two—legitimately, of course—and "on a warrant from the Lord Deputie," which seems to have been the fashion-

able mode of doing business in that time! and their consciences being unusually sensitive in an age of such pachydermatous and rhinoceros-hide-heartedness, they gladly availed themselves of such a plenary indulgence as this royal absolution conferred for all peccadillos present and past, particularly as they were both expectants of good things yet to come, and so determined to have a clear conscience when waiting for the golden showers which were to descend into their lap from the royal Jupiter at Whitehall, or the green acres which were to be assigned them by a stroke of the imperial pen at Theobalds.

And—*ecce signum*—the *year after* the King had forgiven him all the “rowes” he had been guilty of, Sir George Grimes “sues his Majesty for relief for services, &c.,” and James directs a letter from his Privy Council to the Irish authorities, ordering them to give him the first good thing vacant—“concealed land or rent”—up to a certain value. Whereupon, in 1606, the town of Clare, in Galway, with eleven quarters, &c., &c., of O’Madden’s country, were demised to Sir George—woods, mines, &c., excepted—yet allowing him “to cut in the forests and carry away convenient housebote,” and especially promising that he should pay the curates!

At Sir Richard’s death, his sons mortgaged and partly sold the lands and house of Rahin to Robert Weldon, ancestor to Sir Anthony Weldon, Bart., who now represents the property. Some weeks ago, a valued and accomplished friend of mine visited and walked over the old place. The present house, though ancient enough, is a modern structure compared to that in which

Sir Richard lived: one solid broken buttress alone marks where it stood. A solitary tree stands by the ruin, which each winter sheds its leaves on the grey stones, as if lamenting for past days. Close by are the remains of a regular stone fosse—the house was plainly a fort; the great walls of the old garden are here too; a few fields further on is the roofless church of Ballylinan, in whose chancel the bodies of the Grahams sleep. Close by was Ballylinan Castle, where George, who may be called the game cock of the family, lived with his “garrison.” Not a stone remains, though the peasant guide told my informant of cannon balls and gunpowder kegs dug up some years ago on this spot, and likewise narrated how that a subterraneous passage ran from the castle to the church, and how that quantities of old silver plate were secreted in a well on the land, &c. “Credat Judæus, non ego.” George Graham, Sir Richard’s son, who kept this “garrison” in Ballylinan Castle, was a tried soldier and loyal man. He also took part in political life, having been returned member of Parliament for the Queen’s County in 1642. In this and the preceding year he fought many battles, at the head of his followers and family, against the insurgent forces. In Lord Castlehaven’s Memoirs we have a narrative how this noble rebel besieged “Ballyneheran Castle, commanded by the Grimes, a valiant people, with a strong garrison,” over which he gained, according to his own showing, a trifling advantage, at very great trouble, and with hard fighting.

Again, in 1642, George Graham charged with his cavalry at the battle of Kilrush. It was on Easter Sunday, the 10th of April, when this battle was fought on the

banks of the Barrow. There was the thrice noble and good Ormonde in command, and Sir Charles Coote, a brave but unscrupulous soldier. Graham served as a volunteer under Sir Richard Greenville; with him were Captains Pigott, Weldon, and Erasmus Borrowes, all Queen's County men of high position. Greenville appears to have headed the Dragoons on the left wing; Sir Thomas Lucas led the right wing of horse; the enemy were ten thousand strong. There was no advantage gained by the royal forces, until Lucas and Greenville charged with their cavalry, when the enemy broke and fled to a bog; "this was their sanctuary," says Borlace in his History of the War. Here George Graham fought en cavalier; this was his custom: they were all "Ritters," Centaurs, knights by nature, habit, and hereditary feeling: *Φιλιπποι και Ιπποδαμοι*, lovers and tamers of the horse were these stout Grahams, every one of them, man and boy, egg and bird, son and sire, old border riders and moss and moor troopers from time immemorial to their final exit off the stage of life. In the same year, Graham, in company with his brothers in arms, Pigott and Erasmus Borrowes, and a small force, defeated eight hundred rebels near Athy, slaying two hundred of them.

Next year Ballylinan Castle stood a siege of three days, under the following circumstances. Near the "garrison" resided Lieut. John Barnard, an old soldier in the wars of Elizabeth: one night his house was suddenly and fiercely attacked by O'Dempsie's roving rebel band, commanded by Macdonnell, one of the great Antrim family, being a famous insurgent, and son to the man into whose

escheated property of Rahin old Sir Richard had been carried on the wings of a royal patent, and consequently no friend of his son George's, to whose protection Barnard and wife and bairns immediately fly, and ensconce themselves within the thiek walls of his strong castle, and beneath the shadow of his valorous arm.

Immediately Graham is all alive, and well pleased, no doubt, at the prospect of a row: straight he gathers "arms, ammunition, and men as much as possible." The rebels, after spoliating Barnard's house and premises, advance and belcaguer Graham's Castle; for three days George defends it valiantly, peppering the besiegers with his shot, till getting tired of such passive work, he gathers his garrison, and sallying out, gives them a charge in border style, more majorum, and scatters the rebel scum like chaff before the wind, and delivers Barnard, wife, and Co., who retire to their house, and petition government—such was the custom—for "relief and compensation for their plundered henroosts," &c., &c.

For many years after this the records of the family grow very dim; and one would have hoped, that their having become country gentlemen, a spirit of quietude might have crept over them, but for two occurrences, both characteristic of the race, which have been gathered from old and authentic documents.

One was an attempt to recover Rahin from the Wel-dons, who had bought and paid their hard cash for it, and much improved it into the bargain.

But the Patent which Elizabeth had given to old Sir Richard in 1601, and which was a kind of title deed of the

estate, the Grahams had ever retained; and late in the seventeenth century they *privily* petitioned Charles II. to re-grant them the estate; they agreeing on their part to resign the patent absolutely to the King, and covenanting to pay him a very much increased crown rent on their again becoming possessors of the lands. This attempt at an almost incredibly audacious fraud was not discovered for some time in London, but eventually was the subject of a protracted chancery suit between Weldons and Grahams: the issue being a release of their claim from Richard, son to Mr. William—

“His father’s moral parts
He did inherit too;”

and a “putting to jail of Mr. Thomas Graham,”—now an old man, and seemingly the most inoffensive of all Sir Richard’s sons. It is not recorded what part government took in this strange business.

Another family trait, evincing that the old fire and bellicose spirit had not died out from among the family, is a record of “Corporal Fergus Grahame, killed in a duell 29th March, 1666, and buried in St. Warburgh’s church, Dublin.” Opposite this extract from the “Funeral Entries” is the scutcheon of Fergus Grayme of 1553, with Queen Mary’s augmentation coat of honour—“oke roote, boar’s head,” and all. There is no doubt that this belligerent was one of the family. Now either this title of Corporal was some military college rank, such as we have now at Woolwich or Sandhurst amongst our young gentlemen alumni, and Fergus was a Pickle and

juvenile fire-eater: or else he actually bore a halberd, and having acted the part of a scamp at home, had been disinherited by his indignant father—*expulsus foribus* by the *paterfamilias*—and straightway gone off to a recruiting serjeant and enlisted, with the amiable intention to shame or spite the family. And this latter I confess is the more probable solution of the difficulty.

Thomas, Sir Richard's eldest son, whose imprisonment was short, and perhaps only formal, survived all his brothers, and died late in life without living issue. His sister had married Mr. Gorges of Kilbrue. George, the loyal and intrepid captain, and member of the county in 1642, had preceded him by a few years. He also left no children, and in the year 1663 Lady Graham died. Many of Sir George's issue appear to have passed away *sine prole*. The old "oke roote" bore but few branches—its leaves had not been for healing, but for hurt; not beneficial, but contrariwise baleful; and the retribution of barrenness had been theirs, and God had withered and broken the boughs in his just and holy anger; and so among the scattered survivors of these gallant Grahams we now meet specially two brothers in the year 1686, namely, Richard, heir and representative of all the family, and John, his brother, who was then residing at Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan, and through whom the line was continued in the north. These men were sons to "Mr. William," the persecutor of the Byrnes. There was much passing of property among the kinsmen at this time. Marcus Graham, old Sir George's son, of Tobinstown, exchanged broad lands for church livings with his

cousins. The Grahams had the right of presentation to three livings, namely, White Church, Kilthispicke, and Kilbride, all of which, no doubt, they sold to the highest bidder, undeterred by simoniacal scruples, or dread of ecclesiastical summons from Court of Arches, if any tribunal so unreasonable had existed at the time. Finally, all the property of both the brother knights seemed to have fallen unto this Richard, who appears to have been a strange kind of madman ; I have detailed his audacious conduct to the Weldons respecting the patent of Rahin. He was also a captain in King James's army, but it was at the very beginning of his reign. Archbishop King speaks disparagingly of him, but brings no personal charge against him ; perhaps some better feeling actuated him, that he should, like Cato, be pleased with the " *victa causa*" of an unfortunate monarch, whose father and grandfather had shown such beneficence to his own ancestors. It is plain that his treason was very quietly carried on, as we do not find his name in Mr. D'Alton's Jacobite Army List. But "Richard Graham" heads the catalogue of the Queen's County adherents to James II., in "The Book of Forfeited Estates which were sold at Chichester House in 1702." And a capacious wing of the old property in Ballyadams, near Athy, his grandfather's reward for loyalty, was hewn off, to punish him for disloyalty. This event was a virtual outlawry to the brothers, and seemed to have dissolved their connection with the Queen's County. Richard dies shortly after this, and his will is administered unto by his brother John, who married, and is quietly living at that time at Gortowell, in the county of Cavan ;

close by, if not upon the original property of two thousand acres accorded to his grandfather, "Sir Richard Grimes, Knight," in the golden days of the Plantation of Ulster.

Probably this estate remained, and also the large tract in Galway granted to Sir George; and more probably still, John had sold all the remaining property in the counties of Kildare, Wicklow, Carlow, and Queen's, for fear of a further confiscation, (which was a common practice among the Jacobites, and their friends for them); and having turned all into money, lived in obscurity up in the north, waiting for the calming of the times; for this John appears to have been a sensible, shrewd, and quiet person, having come to his brother Richard's rescue from the north, and made peace in the ugly business of his quarrel with the Weldons in the suit concerning the patent of Rahin; and having survived Richard, whose executor he was. John Graham was opposed to the Jacobite interest, and, indeed, appears to have had more judgment and management than any of his race. Early in 1700, I find Hector Graham, who is the hero of my story, and who was John's son or nephew, and certainly his heir, purchasing most largely in the northern counties fee simple and other property to the amount of £8000 or £9000 a-year, among which were the lands of Culmaine, where he built the house around which I have heard the old tenants speak of him as one "whose forbears (ancestors) in the old times had come up from the south, and had owned possessions in the Queen's County and in Connaught."

Hector had married an heiress, Miss Jane Walkingshawe, of the county of Down: this family were residing in Renfrewshire in the year 1235, and were hereditary Foresters to the High Steward of Scotland for that county: whence their name. Their armorial bearings were equally significant, being on a field argent a mount and grove of young fir trees proper; crest, a dove with an olive branch in its beak; motto, "In Season;" supporters, two foresters in long gowns. By this lady, Hector had two sons; Richard, afterwards Colonel Grahame of Monaghan, and Hugh, who died unmarried. He had a daughter also, Isabella, married to Mr. Perry, the head of an old family in the county Tyrone, whose mother, Catherine Lowry, of Pomeroy, was aunt to the first Lord Belmore, and to Anne Lowry, Countess of Enniskillen in 1763.

But though connected now with the north, both by the ties of marriage and of property, Hector's heart seems to have yearned for his Vaterland, and for the plains of pleasant Leix; and accordingly, in 1712, he suddenly appears in the Queen's County, and straightway becomes the tenant of the old and very famous castle of Leix, near Portarlinton.

This old pile, called in phonetic parlance Lea Castle, stands on a high green knoll on the banks of the Barrow, a river which has its springs in the blue hollows of the Slieve Bloom mountains. It is a very noble ruin, built by a De Vesci in the twelfth century; it was burnt by a Bruce in the fourteenth; rebuilt by a Fitz-Gerald; occupied by O'Mores and O'Dempsies; held by Lord Castlehaven for the Insurgents in 1642; relieved by Ormonde; and battered with Republican shot afterwards by Cromwell's

Ironside gunners. Alternately seized on by Royalist and Rebel, and suffering heavily in either cause—could its old stones have found a voice, they had quoted Shakespeare, and said

“A plague on both your Houses!”

A curious coinage issued from a rude mint, hastily constructed in its towers, when held by the insurgent army in 1642. The money was brass, and known as “St. Patrick’s halfpence;” on one side was the saint expelling the reptiles, with the motto “Quiescat Plebs;” on the converse of the coin King David appeared playing his harp, and looking up to a crown, with the poesy of “Floreat Rex,” alluding to Charles I., whose royal commission for their doings in 1641-2 these Confederate lords either had, or pretended to have. Much of such money was coined and circulated by the insurgents; but that which issued from Leix castle had an L under the figures of David and of Charles, and is very scarce. The money possessed the smallest pecuniary worth, but assumed for a time a false value, being rated as a shilling, till gradually it found its level. Even at this day this ruin is most imposing: its lofty and thick walls attest its former strength; the climbing ivy clusters round its small windows; immense masses of masonry, torn from its towers by the ruthless action of shot, lie under the walls, whose gaps disclose broken staircases, and upper grass-grown chambers with blackened hearths; its vaults and its stables; its stone prisons and detached turrets; its gateway and ruined barbican, and filled-up moat, and extensive ballium, and

circling walls, all tell a tale of former power, and even magnificence.

There was evidently some feeling of romance in Hector Graham's mind, which induced him to come and take up his abode among these old ruins, and away from his northern property and people; perhaps it was the ancestral border feeling transmitted in the blood, which made him prefer for so many years a rude stone fort as a residence, to his comfortable house at Culmaine. Perhaps even there might have been a vein of poetry in the man's mind; the river runs beneath the ancient walls, and he might have loved to hear

“The ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag;”

or mused along its green banks, to watch

“The many knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge;”

or called up the shadows of the ancient Irish chiefs and clans, whose hunting ground this lordship of Leix used to be, ere the Saxon leaped down from his ships on Erin's shore; O'Connors from Offaly; and O'Mores from the Abbeyleix oak forests; Fitz-Patricks from Castled Ossory; O'Dempsies; Coughlans; and O'Dunns of the Woods. This may be all conjecture; but certain it is, and on record, that “in 1712, Hector had a lease of lives renewable for ever of the castle and lordship of Leix, from Dr. Edward Smith, Bishop of Down and Connor, at a yearly rent of £700 Irish currency. Lord Portarlington is now owner

in fee of the lordship, and Mr. Evans, to whose ancestors the lease was assigned in 1738, represents Hector Graham at that rent."

One portion of the ruins is more perfect than the rest: it is called "The Little Castle;" it stands within and near the great gate at the right-hand side; and here it was that Hector Graham took up his abode, no doubt having previously repaired the building, and made it habitable. In the large vaults he had ample stabling for his horses, and offices for his cattle, of which he drafted a great number to the Queen's County, from his pasture lands in the wild west. Here one would say he had but little neighbourhood, and small intercourse with any who were like minded with him, being one who loved manly sports—"gaudens equis et canibus," and, like the Douglas of old, would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak. The neighbouring property and town of Portarlington was thickly sown with French Huguenot families, who under the royal wing of William had flown from the dragonades of Louis XIV. Here were Champagnes—Des Vœux—Fleurys—Sabatiers—Tabuteaus—Tibodeaus—Fouberts—Delacours—Mechinettes—Durations—Greniers—Petit Baux—Blancs—cum multis aliis, which the curious reader will find recited in extenso in the "Book of Forfeited Estates sold at Chichester House, 1702," under the head of Sir Patrick Trant's Attainder.

With these stern and pious old enthusiasts, we can scarce imagine our Hector to have had much sympathy; or men of their peculiar mould and mind, purified in

the furnace of suffering, to have much in common with the tenant of the castle of Leix, with all his border habits.

On a "cold and nipping" morn, my friend visited the old ruin last autumn, and spent two thoughtful hours treading its grassy courts, and wandering under its grey walls. Here he sought out two very aged men, Brady and Monagher, whose grandsires had been in the employment of Hector Graham, or "Captain Grimes," as they persisted in calling him. (In the "Athenæ Oxonienses," published in the time of Charles II., Anthony Wood says—"Sir Richard Graham, Bart. of Netherby, commonly called Grimes.") From these men he heard nothing but the most enthusiastic praise of Hector: he was the kindest landlord, the most generous master, the poor man's friend and protector; he was "a raal gentlemen," had no vice, and was—à la Graham—the best and boldest horseman in the county. They took him to the river, and showed where Hector had constructed embankments to keep the Barrow within bounds; but a thaw had come suddenly, and a flush of the water, and swept all away: they pointed out lands where he had endeavoured to grow the hop plant, which scheme also had failed; and they said that he was always giving labour and work, for which he paid liberally and punctually.

Of his two sons Hugh appears to have been a wild falcon, of the Graham species; he was, Catiline like, "profusus sui, alieni appetens"—ex. gr. he farmed extensively, and on one occasion his father had entrusted to him a considerable sum of money, with which he was to

go into Galway and purchase cattle to stock a distant pasture; but Hugh went no further than Dublin, where, alas! he spent the money in theatres and taverns, and riotous living; and when all was gone, rode home to Leix or Lea, more, it is to be feared, in a plotting than in a penitential mood, where he arrived late of a winter's afternoon, and going round to the offices, he ordered some of the men to collect all the "milky mothers" and home-fed kine, and to drive them up in a herd before the windows of the castle, just as his father was about to sit down to dinner; an inauspicious hour for a lengthened out-door inspection. It was nearly dark when this occurred; and Hugh, lighting from his horse, brought his father to the door, who, seeing a drove of beasts lowing and bellowing, and jostling each other, retired well satisfied with the success of his son's purchase; and next morning heard with increased complacency that the cattle had all been sent at cock-crow to a farm in the King's County. This his son's conduct, the old men told my informant, "afterwards went nigh to break Captain Grimes' heart."

Another anecdote is related of Hector, more pleasing to the moral taste. He was a splendid horseman, as I have said, and on one still and bright night, late in the year, he was returning on a high-spirited mare after a day's hunting. He had a groom riding with him. Just as he reached the castle gate, he heard a prolonged shriek of great distress coming faintly, and from a great distance, across the misty low grounds and moonlight fields. Then outspoke Hector, and said, "Monagher, surely I know that voice; it is the herd's daughter,"—a girl reared among

the family, and who had gone to a fair in the morning. The night was intensely calm, and the screams continuing, Hector delayed not a moment longer, but putting spurs to his mare, he leaped her over a fence, and rode across the country full gallop to the rescue, flying like a bird, steeple-chase fashion, over every hedge and ditch he met, till he reached a hollow in the road, where he found the poor girl in the midst of a number of ruffians who were about to use her very barbarously. Hector instantly leaped among them, horse and rider, dashing at them like his ancestor at Kilmallock, or one of his Cumberland progenitors on a moonlight raid.

“Dire was the dint the Borderer lent;”

his heavy hunting-whip was his only weapon, but with this and his own vigorous arm and strong heart, he effectually routed and scattered the villains, who fled like sheep. And his servant having now ridden up, they conveyed the poor girl, who had received no harm but a grievous fright, safely home to her father.

Hector resided at Lea Castle twenty-five years, namely, from 1712 to 1737. Most of this time he had a most comfortable house and domain awaiting him in the county of Monaghan, where also he had, as I have said, very large estates and a numerous tenantry. Yet here, amidst these grey and mouldering walls, he maintained a solitary, comfortless existence, prompted and supported by some peculiarity of feeling, the nature of which it is difficult even to guess at.

In this old stone fortalice he chose to live, and, pro-

bably, would have preferred to die, had not a singular event occurred, which turned him against his rude residence, and also evidenced that no generation of Grahams could pass away without being mixed up with a wild adventure, or being connected with some startling and out-of-the-way escapade.

This occurrence is simply stated in a rare book, not found in polite libraries, called "Irish Rogues and Raparees." Our Hector seems here to have become "acquainted with strange bedfellows:" but it was not his "misery" made him so, but his misfortune, and, perhaps, a want of prudence—a quality which he never appears to have possessed much of.

I will transcribe a page or two from this book:—

"Caher na Cophuil, or Charles of the Horses, was tenant of Mr. Graham, of Lea Castle, who had, on his committal to Maryborough gaol, made such interest for him that he was acquitted. Some time after, the said landlord, Mr. Graham, seized Caher's effects, and put him off the lands. Now this landlord had converted a large vault under the Castle of Lea into a stable, capacious enough to hold a great number of horses; and this was foundation enough for Caher to found an accusation against Mr. Graham, who at that time was being appointed a justice of peace for the county. He, being irritated against Caher, had examinations given against him, and a very difficult pursuit was made. Caher was taken and committed to Naas gaol, Nov. 1734, where he was kept till the March following, when he was transferred to Maryborough, and there tried. Things being now in this

situation, Caher swore several examinations (in Irish) against Mr. Graham and others, and the gentleman was tried; and were it not for the interest of some of the leading men of the Queen's County, *it is to be feared he might have suffered.*"

Such is a picture of the administration of law in the county courts one hundred and thirty years ago. Here is a gentleman of position and property almost condemned to death on the perjuring deposition of a notorious scamp, thief, and rebel—given, too, in a language of which it is likely neither judge, counsel, or jury, knew one word; and made by a man who was acting plainly on the most revengeful motives. Had the hangman's noose been knotted and fitted for his grandfather, "Mr. William," of persecuting memory, we would have said, "*fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,*" even though the halter was not made of silk, but coarsest hemp: but our good-natured, kind-hearted Hector of the Fort, our hermit of the Barrow, our hero of the old tower, our soft and simple castellan, deserved not so dark and disreputable a conclusion to his life career as that he should be hung at Maryborough for horse-stealing!

Caher had further cause for anger against his landlord than what is stated in the *Rogue and Rapparee* volume; for one night previous to his first committal, the inhabitants of the castle were scared from their slumbers by a great tramping of hoofs—"quadrupetante putrem, &c. &c." in the court, and a loud knocking at the door. This was Caher demanding entrance, and protection for himself, and shelter for some half-dozen horses which he had taken that night unlawfully from stable, paddock, and pasture,

and upon whose traces the owners of the animals and the sheriff's officers were now in hot pursuit. However such a marauding transaction as helping oneself to one's neighbour's goods might have squared with his ancestors' foray-loving habits, our Hector was too honest a man to countenance theft; and so, from the castle casement, he sternly commanded Caher to be gone; who turned and rode off in deep dudgeon, with a whole world of pride and of anger in his heart against his landlord.

Now this Caher na Cophuil, or Charles of the Horses, was a man of notoriety; he was an O'Dempsie, and son to Lewis, second Viscount Clanmalier. James I., on peace-loving principles, had given his grandfather, the head of an ancient and princely clan, a peerage. *His* son, however, had revolted from the government, and we find him chief of the assailants in the attack on Geashil House, which Lady Digby, who was his cousin, defended so vigorously against a cloud of rebels in 1641.

For this act, Lewis, the second Viscount Clanmalier, was attainted, and every acre he possessed seized, and himself and his family outlawed. Charles, his son, became a beggar, and took to evil and low courses, among which horse stealing was pre-eminent, probably quieting his not particularly scrupulous conscience with the reflection, that as formerly almost the whole country had belonged to his ancestors, he was only taking what was his own; and in this way, though a little irregularly, robbing the robber. He had his name from the singular gracefulness with which he rode, as well as the dexterity with which he stole his horses. He was idolized by the country people, who

forgot his faults in his sorrows, and passed over his wicked habits in their admiration of his noble birth and manly accomplishments. Possibly Hector and he had fraternized overmuch on all equestrian subjects, they were both so fond of the manege, and greatly loved and valued the noblest animal in the world, next to man, who bestrides and subdues it, and who ought ever to treat it with generous and compassionate kindness.

On the accusation of this man, who is designated as "a notorious and common thief," was Hector Graham near losing his life. The times were in other respects overslow, but all too rapid in judiciary matters. An assize-going justice had much to do, and in most cases made quick work of it, and often would hang half-a-dozen men before luncheon for sheep-stealing, or some other offence a degree or two more heinous than picking a man's pocket. Probably the antecedents of the Graham family, in the Queen's County, afforded no basis to erect good opinion on in favour of their representative; and thus the court might have been affected by an unconscious prejudice against Hector.

Our old Seanacha at Lea Castle, while he corroborated all the preceding facts, added a singular appendix to them, which illustrated the wild character of the times, and the hereditary habits of the Grahams. When tidings reached the north that Captain Hector was to be tried for his life at Maryborough, his brother summoned the tenants together—Border fashion—and having selected from them twenty able and determined fellows, he armed them to the teeth "with pistol and pike," and then, having pro-

cured good horses, and putting two men on each steed, he rode at their head night and day, avoiding the city and towns, straight down to the Queen's County; having directed his men to break into the court, shoot the judge, fire up at the jury box, and, at all hazard, or peril "to rescue and carry off the Captain!" But the Captain was safe back at Lea before this summary and most extraordinary succour had time to make its appearance.

The fraternal intentions were manifestly to take Hector away to the north, to which place his mind was now vibrating and settling like the needle on the card of the compass. Disgusted and disappointed with his experiment in living like a human owl amidst ruins, he retired to the county of Monaghan in the year 1737; he had previously parted with the lease of Lea to a Mr. Evans. To this day the tradition of the county is that this person "got the estate, and never paid for it;" if it were so, the fact is quite in keeping with the easy and pliable character of Hector Graham, and his very imposable nature. Some of the money, however, was paid at the time; but most indubitably, from the evidence of an old deed, £4000 remained due in the year 1764—a large debt to be uncanceled for twenty-seven years! in the end we suspect that things were arranged by some accommodation.

Hector could ill afford to lose money now—he had

"Much disabled his estate
By something shewing a more swelling port
Than that his means would grant continuance."

We read now of mortgages and loans from Armagh

bankers. Two estates, Ballyseeda and Kilmonagher, were sold, and a third soon followed. In the year 1737 his son Richard married a Miss Crawford.

Hector was now seated in his most comfortable house at Culmaine; he only survived his translation to the north five years. Perhaps he often sighed for his old residence in the stone fortalice, the romance of the dismantled towers, the grey and lofty castle walls, with the ivy fluttering on them in the evening breeze, and the soft green sod which carpeted the banks of the sluggish and impassive Barrow. He had lived at Leix, he died at Culmaine; and, perhaps, his removal to the snugness and the tranquillity of this residence—so safe, and so matter-of-fact—might be not unaptly illustrated by the case of Horace's restored lunatic, who thanked his friends for their success in his cure, by exclaiming—

“Pol me occidistis, amici.”

In 1742 Hector died, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Richard, afterwards Colonel Graham. *He* had but one son, and he was killed on the green knoll of Killymarley, opposite the windows of the old manor-house. It was some accident connected with his horse which caused his death; and thus, this, the last generation of the Grahams, had its fatality in common with preceding ones.

Richard was a Liberal in his politics; he subscribed largely to the building of the Presbyterian chapel in the neighbourhood, where he had a pew, and a tablet over the door recording his munificence; he had also seats and

pews in Monaghan and Tyhallon churches, and being equally generous to the Parson as to the Elder, was probably equally unpopular with both. He was, Grabam-like, a fierce and dashing horseman, and rode boldly to the hounds. Of course, border-fashion, he had a feud; it was with his neighbour, Mr. Lucas, of Castle Shane; and it is on traditional record that he would often mount his horse, long cutting-whip in hand, and traverse the roads in the hope of meeting his enemy, and having the enjoyment of a personal rencontre with him.

The country gentlemen at that day were sadly demoralized—late sitting, dreadful swearing, hard drinking, gambling, handicapping, quarrelling under the madness of intoxication at night, and then gunpowder and pistols at six paces, shaming the grey and sober morning. If such an awful apparition as the butler gliding in with salver and coffee, so common now-a-days, had appeared among these strong toppers, it would infallibly have produced a grand sensation, if not a serious row, and perhaps a duel or two with mine host the next day. Claret was the staple wine at these meetings, and it is recorded of Colonel Graham, that on a prime hogshead being sent to him by his wine merchant, he invited all his friends by circular to come and save him the trouble and expense of corks. The hogshead was rolled into the hall, fixed on a tressel, tapped, cocked, and set a-flowing into flagons, from which the glasses of the thirsty guests were continually replenished.

Indeed, a somewhat scandalous rumour prevailed, that the Colonel, in over-haste to test its excellency, never bottled his wine at all; but this calumny is refuted by a massy

silver screw, with his crest and name, which was once in possession of the friend to whom I am indebted for these Graham memories, and, many years ago, on his first visit to the old house, he was taken down to the cellar, and there in the midst was a spring of water, intensely cold, where the Colonel cooled his wine flasks in the hot summer evenings. In his calmer moments the Colonel would ride into the county of Tyrone to see his sister at Perry-mount, or, accompanied by his nephew, Edward Perry, he would proceed to Market Hill, and visit quietly at Lord Gosford's, who was his friend and kinsman.

Colonel Richard Graham died at Culmaine in the year 1761. His extravagance had been great—it was an hereditary failing; his father had, as I have said, at one time a rental fully equal to £8000 a-year; much of this had been dissipated both by sire and son, yet much still remained. Colonel Graham left his lady a life-interest in all his property. One fee-simple estate was sold to free the remainder from incumbrance. Another very large property, Derrynoose, in the county of Armagh, was held under the primate as church land, by renewable leases, which Mrs. Graham, who survived her husband for forty years, renewed annually and stately *in her own name*; and so it came to pass, that at her death, in 1801, this property passed to *her own* nephew, who was nothing of kin to the Grahams, in place of falling to the rightful successor, Mr. Perry, who was the Colonel's nephew, and next of blood, and whose descendants inherit nothing of all these broad lands, save Hector's old manor-house at Culmaine, and a few hundred green acres which lie

around it. With Richard Graham passed away the last of the direct stem of this singular family; the name is gone, but they are represented in blood by William Brooke, Q.C., Master in the Court of Chancery in Ireland, whose mother, Angel Perry, was grand-niece and heiress to Colonel Graham.

Another, and a younger, branch of this immediate family descends maternally from a Mr. Hector Graham, who is mentioned in Colonel Graham's will as his "kinsman."* This gentleman in 1778 was Secondary of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland; he married Miss Isabella Maxwell, a niece of the first Lord Farnham's, and their issue was the Rev. James Graham, and his sister Grace, afterwards married to Lord Norbury of judicial celebrity. This lady was created a peeress in her own right, under the title of Baroness Norwood.

Whether it is that the name Hector is uncommon, or that there is a certain music in it, or an air of romance about it, or that it is found high up among the ancient pedigrees of the house of Menteith and Stratherne; or that it possesses a classical charm connected with old Homer, and the noble husband of Andromache, the *κορυθαιωλος Φαιδιμος Εκτωρ*: whichever of these causes may operate, I cannot tell, but so it is, that Hector and Hector-Graham are to be found as Christian names among some of the best families of the kingdom, and all lineally descended from the old Castellan of Lea. The present Earl of Norbury bears the name: it is also in the family

* He was probably the son of Hector Graham's chivalrous brother, mentioned at page 173.

of Colonel Vandeleur, M.P., of Kilrush; and of Mr. Stewart of Ards; and his uncle, Mr. John Stewart, of Rock Hill, both of the county of Donegal: and from the same wild and ancient fountain we trace the name streaming musically among the Brownes of Browne Hall, county of Carlow; the Otway Tolers; and also in the family of Mr. Gurdon-Rebow, of Wivenhoe Park, M.P. for Colchester.

Probably some of their numerous kindred may take a pleasure in reading of the wild, strange deeds of their daring ancestors, the narrative of which, as given here, has at least the merit of authenticity, and of very truthful and careful compilation.

But it may be fairly asked, why resuscitate the deeds of a race who appear to have lived only for themselves, and were so little beneficial to others in their generation? and, morally speaking, "*cui bono*" is this memoir, which only presents a long catena of hereditary irregularities?

In reply I would say that even in the sacred writings the biography of the evil mingles with that of the good; the tares are found with the wheat; the one supplies a warning, the other an example. If evil were to be erased from the page of History because it is evil, we should know nothing of the character of Alexander the Great, Pizarro of Spain, or Catherine II. of Russia. True it is that the Grahams were violent, rapacious, and at times unprincipled, and, no doubt, a little mad occasionally; but then they were valiant, loyal, and most chivalrous. Possessing at one period great power and position, they were naturally subjected to equally great temptation; they had also the misfortune to live and flourish in a contaminating

time, when wickedness sat with an unblushing brow in high places; and when corruption, self-seeking, and want of truth seem to have leavened the masses from the king upon his throne down to the lowest grade of society. These Grahams were not literary men; the hand that wielded the sword so well was *maladroit* to handle the pen; they have left no journal, and transmitted no biography: we, perhaps, know too much of their failings, and too little of their virtues; their public deeds are on record, and "live after them;" their private worth may be "interred with their bones." As regards personal daring, they were brilliant and intrepid soldiers, "grand old cavaliers," Bayards in bravery, and without question "sans peur," though, alas! not "sans reproche."

Their biography, revealing as it does how shamefully Ireland was misgoverned during their day, may show us by a gratifying contrast the marvellous improvement which has taken place in modern times; and that happy and perfect liberty in whose light we now walk; as well as the advanced stride which social and domestic life presents in increasing sobriety, quietness, order, and refinement.

Lastly, the crimes they committed, which were justly punished by the extinction of their race and name, may serve as beacons on the headlands, to warn us off these dark cliffs where honour and principle lie shipwrecked: or may act as those terrific storm-bells, which are moored in narrow channels, and which, when the night is dark, or the fog thick, with their wild clang arouse and excite the mariner to a consciousness of his danger, as well as to a more watchful and active exercise of his duty.

A Tale of Magic on Lochlomonnd.

A.D. 1631.

“She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted,
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE following story, involving atrocious guilt, and accompanied by the most marvellous circumstances, is not more strange than true; and is to be found in all its details in two of the most interesting and curious works that have ever been written in illustration of Scottish history:—the memorials of “Montrose and his Times,” by Mark Napier, Esquire, Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, printed for the Maitland Club in 1848; and “Memoirs of Montrose,” by the same learned and gifted author, published in 1856. It is due to this distinguished historical writer to acknowledge the obligation which I owe to his pages; and it is no less due to myself and to my readers, to claim his testimony in behalf of details so singular, that without such authority, they might be banished into the regions of fiction. That authentic history contains facts more marvellous than the wildest romance, can be proved by the domestic annals of many families among the Scottish aristocracy, and nowhere more strangely and more sadly than by the fate of the Lady Catherine Graham.

No family of the Scottish nobility is more ancient than that of Colquhoun, and few have been more highly allied. Their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, and their descent can be clearly traced from a great baron, who held extensive domains on the banks of Lochlomond, in the reign of Alexander II., King of Scotland. His great-grandson acquired additional estates by marriage with the heiress of the house of Luss, whose ancestor was a powerful noble in the reign of King William the Lion, and her territorial designation became that of the family, which continues to this day to be called Colquhoun of Luss. The successive generations of this house intermarried with daughters of the Lords Erskine, ancestors of the Earls of Marr; the Lords Boyd, ancestors to the Earls of Kilmarnock; the Lords Somerville; the Earls of Lennox, ancestors of the later Stuart kings; the Earls of Montrose, ancestors of the ducal family; and the Earls of Glencairn. The fourteenth in descent of this great family was Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, the guilty hero of the following tragedy, who, in 1625, was created a baronet by King Charles the First, and who in an evil hour followed the example of one of his own ancestors by matching with the illustrious house of Montrose, into which he subsequently brought scandal and disgrace.

The former generation of the Colquhouns had been marked by one of those fearful tragedies which occur so frequently in the annals of Scottish families during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Sir John's uncle, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, in one of the later years of the sixteenth century raised his vassals to oppose the

lawless Clan MacGregor, who came down from their fastnesses upon the low country of Dumbartonshire, and committed terrible outrages and depredations. Both parties met in Glenfrune, where a bloody encounter took place. They fought with the utmost obstinacy until night separated them, after many brave men had been killed on both sides. Sir Humphrey retired from the field of battle into a strong castle, which he possessed in the immediate neighbourhood, and where on the same night he was cruelly murdered. There are different versions of the story. According to one account, the MacGregors pursued him closely, broke into the castle, and found him in a vault, where they immediately put him to death, with circumstances of peculiar ferocity. But there is some reason to believe that the Macgregors were made to bear the blame that should have fallen on a fratricidal assassin.

Robert Birrell notes in his diary that in the year 1592, on the last day of November, John Colquhoun was beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh, for murdering his own brother, the laird of Luss. It would thus appear that Sir Humphrey's next brother, whose name was John, availed himself of the confusion caused by the battle of Glenfrune, the retreat of the chief into his castle, and the attack by the MacGregors, and got rid of his brother by assassination, in the hope that the crime might be laid to the charge of the enemies of his family. However, his guilty ends were defeated by the hand of justice, and the third brother, Sir Alexander, succeeded. This chief resigned his estates to his son John some years prior to 1620, when he married the Lady Lilius Graham, who

brought him a fortune of £10,000. He was served heir to his father in June, 1625, and two months after, he was made a baronet by Charles the First.

John Graham, fourth Earl of Montrose, was a man of high birth and great possessions, and in 1626 was appointed President of the Council in Scotland; but he died in the month of November of that year. He had married the Lady Margaret Ruthven, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Gowrie, and sister of the two noted Gowrie conspirators, by whom he had a son James, afterwards celebrated as the hero of his age and country, as Marquess of Montrose, and five daughters:—I. Lillas, wife of Sir John Colquhoun of Luss; II. Margaret, wife of Sir Archibald Napier, afterwards first Lord Napier; III. Dorothea, wife of Sir James Rollo, afterwards second Lord Rollo; IV. Catherine, the unfortunate subject of this story; V. Beatrix, wife of David Drummond, third Lord Maderty.

The Countess of Montrose was said to have been addicted to the practice of magic. She belonged to a family who were noted for their proficiency in the black art. Her grandfather, Patrick Lord Ruthven, was declared by Mary Queen of Scots to use enchantments, and to have offered her a magic ring. And her brother, the last Earl of Gowrie, is said to have studied magic at Padua, during his long residence in Italy, and to have had secret charms dispersed about his person on the day of his conspiracy against King James, which ended in his own destruction. I mention these peculiarities in some of the leading members of the maternal ancestry of Lady Catherine Graham, as a curious coincidence when taken in connection

with her own subsequent fate, being ruined, and having vanished suddenly from her place in society, through the devilish arts of her destroyer, who is, in the legal judgment pronounced against him for his crime, styled a "Necromancer."

One of the means whereby he is stated as having accomplished his purpose, was by presenting his victim with an enchanted jewel, which, when worn upon her person, rendered her unable to resist his seductions.

The Countess of Montrose died in April, 1618, and on the anniversary of her funeral, in the following year, is dated the marriage contract of her second daughter, Lady Margaret, and Sir Archibald Napier, afterwards Lord Napier; and in 1620 her eldest daughter, Lady Lilies, became the wife of Sir John Colquhoun. Two months after this event, the Earl paid them a visit at their beautiful seat of Rosdhu, on the shore of Lochlomond, accompanied by the young Lord Graham, afterwards the heroic Marquess of Montrose, then a boy of nine years of age.

The Earl outlived his countess upwards of eight years, dying in the autumn of 1626, and leaving his son and heir, a youth of about fourteen, together with three unmarried daughters. The young Earl pursued his education at the University of St. Andrew's, and at the time that he was seventeen years of age, he became the husband of the Honourable Magdalen Carnegie, the youngest daughter of David Lord Carnegie, afterwards created Earl of Southesk. The Earl's two married daughters undertook the charge of their unmarried sisters. Lady Napier adopted her third sister. Lady Dorothea, also, in 1628, found a

suitable husband in Sir Andrew Rollo, while Lady Lillias Colquhoun took her fourth sister, Catherine, and her fifth sister, Beatrix, who were both at that time very young girls, to live with her in her husband's castle on the banks of Lochlomon. Little did she or the other members of her noble family imagine that the unfortunate Lady Catherine was almost from the moment of her entrance into her family surrounded by snares, and that she was speedily to be drawn to destruction by the villanous arts of her husband, who did not scruple to have recourse to the powers of darkness in order to accomplish his abominable purposes.

For some time after the arrival of these young girls in their sister's house, everything seems to have been outwardly peaceful and happy. From the family documents I find the young Earl of Montrose, when about sixteen years of age, in company with the baronet of Luss, his lady, and her two unmarried sisters, and various other friends, visiting and travelling together in a social and merry mood; and twelve months later, in the month of November, 1639, at the date of the young Earl's marriage, it appears that he was on the most cordial and familiar footing with his brother-in-law, who, as there is every reason to suppose, had even then succeeded in inflicting a deadly wound on the happiness and honour of his family.

My only knowledge of this infamous transaction, which involves the crimes of sorcery and incest, is derived from the judicial proceedings of the time: but these have been put into the shape of a clear and most interesting narrative by Mr. Napier, which I shall follow in the

subsequent account. And I am anxious for two reasons to acknowledge my obligations to him :—First, because it would be unfair, without such acknowledgment, to avail myself of the materials which his industry has rescued from oblivion, and his descriptive powers have made his own ; and secondly, because in rendering still more public a sad and strange tale, involving the honour of two distinguished and still flourishing families, though removed from the present day by upwards of two centuries and a half, it is well to show a warrant for its authenticity in the published record of a distinguished historian.

We can trace the different members of the families of Graham and Colquhoun associating together in harmony and cordiality in the month of November, 1629. But already the evil influences of magic and seduction were at work to blight their honour and happiness ; for the scandal was publicly divulged in less than two years after by the flight of the guilty parties, a step which must have been resorted to when concealment was no longer practicable. And there is every reason to believe that the virtue of Lady Catherine remained proof against all the ordinary methods of seduction, and that it was not until after these had been tried in vain, that she was at length overpowered by the force of influences which were at that time attributed to magic and sorcery.

In the month of September, 1631, Sir John Colquhoun, and his sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Graham, eloped from his castle of Rosdhu on Lochlomond. This event was no less sudden in execution than it had been secret in preparation. No one seems to have known, or even suspected

what was about to happen, except Sir John's valet, a German of the name of Thomas Carlippis, who was the partner of their flight. Then the whole miserable story became public, and the ruin of this unhappy lady, still in early youth, by the arts of her brother-in-law and guardian, was proclaimed to the world.

The preliminary course of justice in Scotland in the seventeenth century, at least where criminals of distinguished station were concerned, does not appear to have been rapid. The elopement took place in September, 1631, and it was not until the same month in the following year, that King Charles I. issued two mandates—one to the Earl of Menteith, Lord Justice General, and the other to Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, charging them to prosecute the criminal. We may imagine the horror which the scandal, with all its strange accompaniments of mystery, must have excited in the high society of Scotland at the time, and the indignation which must have been felt by the chivalrous young nobleman whose honour had been so grievously assailed. He was at that time in the second year of his happy union with Magdalen Carnegie, and he must have keenly felt the contrast between his own virtuous love and the wretched degradation of his young and beautiful sister. We know not when or how he brought his griefs and wrongs to the foot of the throne; but we may be well assured that they were listened to with indignant sympathy by the monarch, who, whatever were his political faults, and his errors as a ruler, was a pattern of domestic purity.

As all that I know of the story is derived from public

legal documents, to them I must have recourse. The mandate addressed by King Charles the First to the Lord Justice General of Scotland is dated from "our court at Wanstead, 13th September, 1632," and it states, "That the foulness of the crime committed of late by the Laird of Luss having justly moved us to have him tried according to the laws of our kingdom, and punished if found guilty, we have thought fit to recommend him unto you, as our Justice General, to have him duly tried and punished if found guilty," &c., &c., &c. The King's instructions of the same date to the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir Thomas Hope, are still more explicit as to the exact nature of the accusation, which was incest, accomplished by means of sorcery.

Another mandate from the King, of the same date, was addressed to the Lord Treasurer of Scotland, stating, "That having given orders to the Lord Advocate to prosecute Sir John Colquhoun for the crime of incest, although he can deserve no favour for himself, yet, having compassion on his suffering wife and children, the royal pleasure is, that if his escheat, life-rent, or lands, shall fall into our hands, you shall have especial care that the maintenance of his wife and children, and the standing of his house may be provided for, he only suffering in his own person all that by the course of our laws may be imposed upon him."

The royal commands, when at length issued, were promptly obeyed. The Lord Justice General was a relation and cadet of the house of Montrose, and I cannot doubt that both he and the Lord Advocate must have been

in frequent and painful communication with the youthful Earl on a matter which involved so nearly the honour of his family. Criminal letters, dated 23rd October, 1632, were raised by Sir Thomas Hope, the Lord Advocate, and directed against Sir John Colquhoun, of Luss, and his German servant, Thomas Carlippis; but the Lady Catherine was not included as a party in the crime. From her youth, and the magical arts which were employed in order to accomplish her destruction, she appears to have been regarded rather as an involuntary victim than as a criminal. The libel, or act of prosecution, is exceedingly curious; and as it is the document from whence I derive a knowledge of this strange story, I must give copious extracts from it, notwithstanding its technical dryness. It is laid upon two statutes, both inferring pain of death. First, an act of Mary, 1563, against witchcraft, sorcery, and necromancy. Second, an act of King James VI. against cohabiting within the forbidden degrees as contained in the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus; and it proceeds thus:—

“The said John Colquhoun, of Luss, albeit he was lawfully conjoined in marriage with Lady Lilius Graham, eldest daughter of John, Earl of Montrose, with whom he has procreated in the said marriage a great number of children; as also that the said Lady Lilius, after the decease of the said Earl of Montrose, her father, with consent of the said John Colquhoun, her husband, received within her house Lady Catherine Graham, her sister; the said John Colquhoun, void of the fear of Almighty God, unmindful of his divine and sacred law, his own solemn oath, and matrimonial promise, and of his bounden duty to

his honourable and chaste lady, and without respect to her noble blood and descent, resolving in his diabolical and damnable resolution [to seduce and dishonour] the said Lady Catherine Graham, her sister; he, in his crafty and politic manner, first insinuated himself, by subtle and enticing speeches, into the said Lady Catherine's favour * * and not being able by his craft and subtlety to prevail and ensnare her, he thereupon addressed himself to certain witches and sorcerers, consulted and dealt with them for charms and incantations, and namely with Thomas Carlippis, whom he kept as his servant, and procured from him, being a necromancer, certain philtrea, or poisons of love, or poisonable and enchanted tokens of love, especially a jewel of gold, set with divers precious diamonds and rubies, which was poisoned and intoxicated by the said necromancer; and had the secret and devilish force of alluring and forcing the receiver thereof to expose her body, fame, and credit to the unlawful will and pleasure of the giver thereof. Like as the said John Colquhoun, for accomplishing his devilish resolution, in the years 1629, 1630, 1631, or some time in one or other of those years, gave and delivered to the Lady Catherine, his sister-in-law, the aforesaid jewel of gold, set with diamonds and rubies, devilishly enchanted and intoxicate. After receiving whereof, she was so bewitched and transported, that she had no power to refuse John Colquhoun, of Luss. When through and from that time forth of her receipt of the enchanted and intoxicate jewel, [he exercised unlimited control over the person of Lady Catherine Graham]. Like as the said John Colquhoun, of Luss, not

being content therewith, he, accompanied by the said Thomas Carlippis, his servant and a necromancer, in secret manner, carried and took away Lady Catherine Graham from his own house of Rosdhu, in September, 1631, and carried and transported her to the city of London, where he has remained and kept company with her continually since in the horrible crime of incest, contravening our act of parliament made against the committers of the said crime. But also he, with the said Thomas Carlippis, necromancer, his devilish servant, by practising the said sorcery and witchcraft, of bewitching and intoxicating the said jewel, and by delivering the same to the Lady Catherine Graham to the aforesaid pernicious effect, and consulting with witches and sorcerers for that wicked intent, has contravened the tenor of our act of parliament made to the contrary, and has incurred and deserved the punishment of death mentioned therein, which ought and should be inflicted upon him with all rigour, to the terror and example of others."

Such is the legal document which came from the pen of the celebrated statesman and jurist, Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate of Scotland, one of the most highly esteemed ornaments of the Scottish bar in the seventeenth century. There are certain words placed within brackets which are substituted for expressions of Sir Thomas Hope, which are too coarse to be submitted to a reader of the nineteenth century.

But the magician and his vile abettor, along with his miserable victim, had betaken themselves to where the power of the Lord Justice General and Lord Advocate of

Scotland did not extend, and had fled far beyond the bounds of their jurisdiction. These criminal letters were, however, duly executed by a King's messenger in all form and with great solemnity, according to the usage of the law of Scotland.

The King's messenger made an open proclamation at the market cross of Edinburgh, and pier and shore of Leith, and said, "I duly, lawfully, and orderly denounce Sir John Colquhoun, of Luss, and Thomas Carlippis, his servant, his Majesty's rebels, and put them to his Highness's horn, with three several blasts of a horn, as use is; and ordain all their moveable goods and gear to be inbrought to his Majesty's use, for their contempt and disobedience." Thereafter, on the 11th of January, 1633, the parties having failed to appear, sentence of fugitation was pronounced against them. Besides outlawry, the baronet of Luss suffered the highest penalty that could be inflicted by the spiritual courts of Scotland for his crime, and was excommunicated.

But in some safe retreat, whither he and his accomplice had conveyed their victim, he equally despised the sentence of church and state. And the merciful provision which the bounty of Charles I. had directed to be made from the rents of his estates, for the maintenance of his deserted wife and children, saved the family, in the meantime, from sinking, in consequence of the atrocious villany of its head.

I am reminded by the enchanted jewel of gold, set with rubies and diamonds, of the ring with which Lady Catherine's ancestor, Lord Ruthven, attempted to win the

favour of Queen Mary, but which she rejected, from a suspicion of its magical properties. Sir Thomas Hope must have obtained most minute information as to all the circumstances of the Colquhoun family, in order to be able to bring his prosecution to issue on this statement of facts. Carlippis was probably a well-known individual on the banks of Lochlomond, and occupied an important place in the household of Rosdhu; and the ornament of gold, set with diamonds and rubies, may have been frequently seen in the unfortunate Lady Catherine's possession. It is a curious circumstance that, within the last half century, a jewel, a species of locket, made of filagree gold, of a singular and antique fashion, was found in Lochlomond, by a member of the Luss family. Could this have been the *intoxicated* jewel, divested of its precious stones, and thrown into the lake before the flight took place, possibly with a view to defeat the identification of those in whose possession so remarkable a trinket might be found? Such a supposition is most probable, and the marvellous history discovered by the researches of Mr. Napier in later years, adds an interest to the above-named treasure-trove, which its finder at the time little suspected.

All that I know of the circumstances of the strange tale is derived from the Lord Advocate's authentic legal document, which informs me of the fact of the unfortunate young lady having been secretly conveyed to London by her brother-in-law and his accomplice, in September, 1631, and being with him there when he was summoned, exactly a year after (1632), to answer for his crime. And I moreover learn that the acts by which he accom-

plished her ruin commenced in the year 1629, at a time when, from private documents, I find that the whole family were engaged in social and affectionate intercourse, and when the young Earl's nuptials were celebrated.

How Sir Thomas Hope, the Lord Advocate, could have proved his charge, if the culprits had stood their trial, or how he could have substantiated the accusation of magic, cannot now be known. The libel which accuses Sir John Colquhoun and his servant of magic, in order to enable the former to accomplish his diabolical purpose, expressly exculpates Lady Catherine from willing participation in the crime; for if she had been otherwise than a passive victim, she, too, as guilty of incest, would have been liable to capital punishment. But the magical arts of the seducer screened the seduced from actual blame. The Lord Advocate expressly declares that the virtue which had previously resisted Sir John's unaided attempts to subdue it by his subtle and enticing speeches, only succumbed to the force of enchantments, in the shape of an intoxicated or charmed jewel, set with diamonds and rubies. I cannot but regret, as well for the sake of the due punishment of crime, as for the purpose of eliciting evidence regarding the practice of sorcery in Scotland during the seventeenth century, that Sir John Colquhoun and his accomplice did not stand their trial. The fact that a man of his wealth, rank, and influence should have preferred exile, disgrace, and obscurity to a bold confronting of the charge, induces me to believe that some startling and damning facts would have been extracted from this wild story of enchanted and intoxicated diamonds and

rubies, prepared for the baronet by his confederate, Carlippis.

Mr. Napier very well remarks upon this extraordinary story, "This domestic Mephistopheles, being a German, may not unreasonably be suspected of having brought to such nefarious application some of those mesmeric arts and recondite properties of matter which are now attracting the attention even of the scientific world. Now-a-days, in proving such a statement as we find in the Lord Advocate's criminal charge against Colquhoun of Luss, the mind naturally recurs to the recent discoveries of the German chemist, Baron Reichenbach, relative to the mysterious powers and properties of crystallization. In advance of feeble and fettered research, and despite the bitter jealousies of scientific mediocrity, the so-called miracles of the material world, in their unfathomable connection with our spiritual nature, are now forcing themselves, by unlooked-for and constantly recurring facts, upon the conviction of every observing mind that is unbiassed by personal interests, and not a slave to professional dogmas and prejudices."

It is very remarkable that no contemporary chronicle has made mention of this extraordinary prosecution. In an age when party spirit ran high, and when it was accustomed to express itself in malicious gossip, as well as with more effectual violence, neither friend nor foe of the house of Montrose has even distantly alluded to this strange and wild tale.

The tragical deaths of Colquhoun's two uncles—the one by fratricide, and the other by the hatchet of the execu-

tioner—have been duly noted, but his own monstrous wickedness has been passed over in silence, and I owe my knowledge of it to the dry narrative of the public prosecutor, in a legal document.

We cannot suppose that Sir Thomas Hope, able statesman and profound lawyer though he was, could have thrown much valuable light upon the phenomena of nature which may have lurked behind this wickedness, but details might have been recorded, which would have illustrated the development of these mediæval mysteries of enchantment and magic, towards which the clearer light of science in our day seems to be advancing. There can be little doubt that the enchanted, or, as Sir Thomas Hope calls it, "intoxicated jewel," was a formidable weapon in the hands of Sir John Colquhoun; but the only probable result of the Lord Advocate's treatment of the case would have been, to add another to the many condemnations for witchcraft, by which the legal proceedings of the seventeenth century in Scotland are distinguished.

The last notice that I have of this young and beautiful lady, Catherine Graham, is that, in September, 1632, she was living with Sir John Colquhoun in London, whither he had conveyed her when he took her from Rosdhu in the preceding year. I have no further clue to the incidents of her sad story. Sir John Colquhoun himself, after many years of exile, reappeared on the scene in his native country, which he found under a very different condition of things from those that existed when he abandoned it. But of his victim and his confederate there is

no further notice. It is not probable that Sir John, on his tardy return to Scotland, was very communicative as to the events of his exile ; and no traces of the subsequent fate of Lady Catherine have been discovered in any of the Marquess of Montrose's correspondence. It is sad to reflect on the misery of her blighted youth, beauty, and high birth. As Sir John Colquhoun was an unprincipled and profligate scoundrel, it is most probable that he deserted her as soon as he tired of her, or found that the scanty pecuniary supply which reached him in his exile made it inconvenient to maintain her. Unless she hid her shame and sorrows in an early grave, it is too probable that before his return to his own country, he had abandoned her to his confederate, Carlippis, the necromancer. I would gladly, however, adopt the idea with which Mr. Napier concludes his remarks upon her story. "All knowledge of her, the very memory of her, appears to have been at once obliterated in her own country. But as the young Earl, her brother, quitted Scotland immediately after the outlawry of his brother-in-law, we must cling to the hope that he had made a point of discovering his ruined sister, and had provided some safe, but secluded retreat for her abroad."

Just sixteen years after his disgraceful flight (in 1647), Sir John Colquhoun was induced to venture to revisit his own country by the total change which had been effected in its political relations. The Solemn League and Covenant had become the law of the land. The Presbyterian Kirk had become the government, and Argyle had become the dictator. Montrose was in exile, and under sentence of

death and forfeiture. Moreover, Sir John's former prosecutor, Sir Thomas Hope, had resigned the office of Lord Advocate to the gloomy and fanatical demagogue, Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warriston. This total upheaving of all the former authorities, and the implacable enmity which the ruling powers entertained towards the Marquess of Montrose, doubtless seemed a promising conjuncture for Sir John to reappear on his native soil. For, if Kirk and Covenant, Argyle and Warriston, may be presumed, even by those who love them the least, to have been opposed on conscientious grounds to the crimes of sorcery and incest; yet sorcery and incest, if practised to the ruin and dishonour of any one bearing the hated name of Graham, must have lost much of their blackness. The diabolical seduction of a sister of Montrose would scarcely, under the then existing circumstances of church and state, be considered as a hanging matter. Indeed, Sir John judged correctly, as he found his crime by no means difficult to atone, for he had no sooner returned than he was freed from his sentence of excommunication, and received into the bosom of the Presbyterian Kirk.

In the records of the Presbytery of Dumbarton, on the 20th of April, 1647, a petition is presented on his behalf, stating that, "having returned, like the Prodigal Son, he had only just become aware of the sentence of excommunication pronounced against him when he was out of the country; and he now prayed that some of the brethren might confer with him thereanent. The brethren did confer with him according to his request, and on the 11th of May, 1647, they report to the Presbytery 'that the

Laird of Luss, with many tears, did regret and bemoan his case, and wished nothing more than to be received again into the bosom of his mother Kirk, where he was bred, born, and baptized, and where the ordinances of God were so pure. But he did somewhat decline a plain and free confession of the sin of incest with his sister-in-law, Lady Catharine Graham, until he had settled his estate in the world.'” Here, as Mr. Napier aptly remarks, “no expression of indignation or severity accompanies the report. No austere, uncompromising sentence follows. The clerical tribunal, which raked the gutters of their language for opprobrious terms against Montrose, seems willing to take at his word the man who had seduced by the vilest of arts his own ward and sister-in-law,” and, it might be added, who had actually leagued himself with the powers of darkness; for a belief in witchcraft and sorcery was as universal in the Scottish presbyteries in 1647, as in the Scottish law courts in 1632.

But any crime was regarded as pardonable when committed against a political and religious adversary or his house; and no sins, however heinous, might not be atoned for by an abject and hypocritical submission to the ruling fanaticism of that day.

It is probable that the villanous career of Sir John Colquhoun was cut short by death soon after his return to Scotland and restoration to the good graces of the Presbyterian Kirk.

I find that in 1648, as stated in the record of the Presbytery of Dumbarton, the Laird of Luss was married to Margaret Baillie, a daughter of Sir Gideon Baillie of

Lochend. Sir John Colquhoun, the husband of Margaret Baillie, was the son of the infamous subject of the foregoing narrative ; and this lady, although not of the blood of Montrose, was a grand-niece of his wife, her mother having been the Hon. Magdalen Carnegie, daughter and coheir of David Lord Carnegie, the Countess of Montrose's eldest brother. Consequently Sir John Colquhoun, the magician and outlaw, must either have died within a year of his return to his native country, or he must have resigned his estates to his son, who is in 1648 designated as "Laird of Luss."

Strange and wild as is this story, an examination of the domestic annals of Scotland would disclose not a few equally extraordinary. The peculiar feature in the present case is that it is in no particular derived from gossiping chronicles or family tradition, but is entirely based upon the most authentic of all evidence, the documents of contemporary judicial proceedings.

Tragedy of Corstorphine.

A.D. 1679.

IN no country and in no age were the manners of the people of all classes more ferocious and licentious than in Scotland, between the periods of the Reformation and the Union; and the annals of the most distinguished Scottish families are frequently stained by hideous exhibitions of the passions of cruelty and lust. The following story is only one, among many instances, of the unscrupulous disregard of moral duty, and of the vindictive fierceness in avenging injuries which were characteristic of that most lawless state of society.

George Forrester, of Corstorphine, was descended from a very ancient and respectable family, and possessed a fair estate within three miles of Edinburgh. In 1628 he was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, and in 1633 he was raised to the Peerage, by King Charles the First, as Lord Forrester of Corstorphine. By his wife, Christian, daughter of Sir William Livingstone, of Kilsyth, he had five daughters, but no son. The eldest daughter was married to the

ninth Lord Ross; the second to Schaw of Sornbeg; the third to Sir James Hamilton, of Grange-Breich, in the shire of West Lothian; the fourth to James Baillie; and the fifth to William Baillie, the younger brother of the said James. Of the two elder daughters we need take no account; but the three younger and their descendants are intimately connected with the following narrative.

Lord Forrester, having no male issue, followed the custom so prevalent among the Scottish nobility, and which renders the right of succession to the peerage of Scotland, in many cases, so difficult to trace, of resigning his honour to the crown, and obtaining a new patent, with an entirely different series of heirs; at the same time preserving the original precedence. In this way, titles which were originally destined to heirs male, frequently become vested in heirs general, and *vice versa*; and in many cases, the most arbitrary and capricious selection is made of some favoured member of a family, who becomes heir to titles which, according to hereditary right, ought to have passed to a different branch. Thus it was in the Forrester peerage. The first lord preferred his two younger daughters and their husbands, and obtained for them the favour of the crown, to the exclusion of the three elder. These two youngest daughters, Johanna and Lilius, had married two brothers, James and William, the sons of Lieutenant-General Baillie, son of Sir William Baillie, of Lamington, but born in adultery, while his father's first wife, the Dowager Countess of Angus, was alive; so that he could not be legitimated by his father's subsequent marriage with his mother. However, notwithstanding this stain, Ge-

neral Baillie was a man of considerable account in Scotland. He was a good officer, and had served with credit under Gustavus Adolphus, and was afterwards called to take a high command in the Covenanting army in his own country. He was also proprietor of the estate of Torwoodhead. He and Lord Forrester agreed to make a settlement of their respective estates of Corstorphine and Torwoodhead on James Baillie, and the issue male of his marriage with the Honourable Joanna Forrester; which failing, on the younger son, William Baillie, and the issue male of his marriage with the Honourable Lilius Forrester; which failing, to their respective heirs-general. And Lord Forrester at the same time resigned his peerage, in 1650, into the King's hands, and obtained a new charter to himself for life; and then to his son-in-law, James Baillie, with the succession, to be regulated according to his agreement with General Baillie, concerning the heirship of the estates.

I have been particular in noting this order of succession, as it is in virtue of being heir-general of William Baillie and the Honourable Lilius Forrester (the heirs male of both sisters having failed) that the Earl of Verulam is now representative, in the female line, of the Baillie Forresters, and holds the Scottish peerage of Forrester of Corstorphine. In this arrangement a manifest injustice was done to the three elder daughters, who cannot be supposed to have seen with equanimity the honours of their father's ancient family devolve on an alien, whose connection with them and their house was speedily dissolved by the early death of Joanna Forrester: but who

nevertheless continued to retain in his firm grasp the title and estates of his father-in-law. This feeling of dissatisfaction was more particularly nourished by the third daughter, Lady Hamilton, of Grange-Breich, whose husband's property of Grange-Breich, situated near Borrisonness, was not very distant from Corstorphine, and who was consequently more frequently offended than the other and more distant sisters by the sight of the intrusion of a stranger into the home of her ancestors. Sir James Hamilton, her husband, was moreover in circumstances far from affluent; and she deeply regretted that her own sons and her handsome daughter were thus deprived of what she regarded as their birthright.

George, first Lord Forrester, died in 1654, just four years after he had made the family compact with General Baillie; and his son-in-law, James Baillie, succeeded him as second Lord Forrester, and proprietor of the estate of Corstorphine. He accordingly took up his abode at the family seat of Corstorphine Castle. He was at this time a young man of twenty-five. Lady Hamilton was about the same age, and was already the mother of several sons and an infant daughter. Joanna, his wife, was about a couple of years younger, and Lilius, his brother's wife, who had been married before she was sixteen, was barely twenty. It was not long before death made a breach in this family circle. The young Lady Forrester died, and left no surviving issue. She had had a son born in 1652, who died in infancy, and the youthful heiress speedily followed her child and her father to the grave. The great inconvenience of the family arrangement now became apparent. A young man, six-and-twenty years of age,

was intruded into a title, a large estate, and a family mansion, with which the only tie that connected him had ceased to exist, to the exclusion of all the natural heirs. His second marriage soon widened the breach between him and the Forrester family; for very soon after his first wife's death he wedded another, viz., Lady Jane Ruthven, the second daughter of Patrick Ruthven, Earl of Forth and Brentford, by whom he became father of a numerous family, (his eldest son was born in 1661,) who all took the name of their mother, and were called Ruthven, she being eldest co-heir of the Earl of Forth, his eldest daughter having no issue. These Ruthvens, however, had no claim to the Forrester peerage, which was destined to the issue of Lilius Forrester by William Baillie. Lord Forrester and his second wife, and his family by her, lived in great affluence at the castle of Corstorphine, and fully enjoyed the wealth and honours which he had thus singularly acquired, and cumbered themselves but little about the feelings or the necessities of the race who had been thus supplanted. And as Baillie's interest in these good things was only for his life, he did not stint himself in their use, but made the most of them.

The family of Lady Hamilton, in the mean time, were growing up, and her daughter, Christian, was a girl of rare beauty and high spirit. • Her mind was ill-regulated, and her passions were strong; and she no sooner had attained to a marriageable age, than she wilfully made a love match with a young man of the name of James Nimmo, the son of a merchant in Edinburgh, contrary to the wishes of her mother and her family.

After his marriage, Nimmo settled in mercantile business in Edinburgh, and resided there with his handsome young wife, whose eyes soon became open to the false step she had made in marrying beneath her degree. Although Lord and Lady Forrester had kept up small acquaintance with the Hamiltons of Grange-Breich, the report of Mrs. Nimmo's beauty induced the former to wish to cultivate her intercourse; and he soon felt a powerful attraction to the house of the fair Edinburgh bourgeoisie, which he was able to justify to the world on the score of near relationship as niece to his first wife, and her immediate descent from him whose honours and wealth he had inherited. Such were the antecedent circumstances necessary to be known, in order to explain the horrible tragedy which made the castle and garden of Corstorphine the scene of scandal and crime in the year 1679.

At that time Mrs. Nimmo must have been a woman of about six-and-twenty years of age, and, as is universally the case after such romantic mistakes, had long outlived the illusions which led her to make an ill-assorted match with one so much her inferior in station. She contrasted her present condition with that to which her birth entitled her, and in her fickle heart, and violent and excitable mind, she cursed the bond which connected her with a man whose social position she despised, and whose occupations she scorned. She looked with an envious grudge at the noble inmates of Corstorphine Castle, to the possession of which she regarded herself as much better entitled than they were. And it was with very mixed feelings that she at first received the attentions of him

who claimed her as his niece; and, professing for her unbounded admiration, sought every opportunity of cultivating her intercourse. At first she regarded him, his wife and children, with hatred, as those by whom she had been supplanted. She contrasted their high social position with her own mean condition, and their luxurious living with her own mediocrity. Lord Forrester soon became thoroughly acquainted with her violent and ill-regulated temper, which he soothed, and her vanity, which he flattered; he called the resources of wealth to his aid, and took care to give his intended victim as many opportunities as possible of comparing his own high breeding and courtly manners with the want of polish of her husband. Although not far short of double her age, he was still a handsome man, and by an artful union of bribes, blandishments, and flattery, he gradually accomplished the ruin of this unhappy young woman, and made her the victim of his vile arts of seduction.

Although a licentious and unprincipled man, Lord Forrester made some pretensions to religious zeal. He sided with the Presbyterian party, and was active enough in their cause to build a Meeting-House for their worship. He possessed a tolerably fair character with the world, and lived creditably in his castle of Corstorphine, where he exercised much hospitality, surrounded by his numerous family by his second wife, some of whom, at the period of the catastrophe which I am about to mention, were approaching man's estate. His eldest son had just obtained a commission in the army, and when he died, three years after his father's murder, he left a widow. But while

thus making this respectable outward show, he was carrying on his shameful intrigue with the unhappy young woman whom he had seduced. It was not long, however, before the common result of such criminal connections took place in the intercourse of Lord Forrester and Mrs. Nimmo—satiety on his side, and wounded pride, jealousy, and despair on hers ! She was a woman of violent character, accustomed, as it was said, to carry a dagger under her clothes. It was obvious that such a high-spirited and vindictive woman was not to be offended with impunity. Lord Forrester, however, having got tired of her, wished to break off his connection with her, and was so cruel and base as to speak of her openly in the most opprobrious manner. He publicly alluded to her criminal connection with him, using the most reproachful language concerning her ; and he even spoke of her personal attractions in contemptuous and disparaging terms. As he was much given to conviviality, Mrs. Nimmo was the frequent theme of discourse in his orgies with his boon companions, and he neither spared her reputation nor her person. This fact soon came to her knowledge, and inflamed her passion to the uttermost. All her love was turned into hate. She proceeded one afternoon to Corstorphine Castle, for the purpose of reproaching him ; whether she had any bloody intention, it is impossible to say. It is more probable that she had no distinct plan, but wished to have a violent scene with her inconstant seducer. Lord Forrester was at the time drinking with a convivial party at the village tavern. This was a common practice with men of the first quality in Scotland at that time, and for a century

after, as we learn from the very interesting autobiography of the late Lord Cockburn. Mrs. Nimmo requested that his lordship should be summoned from the tavern, in order to speak to one who had particular business with him. Lord Forrester left the tavern flushed with claret, and met the infuriated woman in the garden of the castle. The altercation between them soon became violent; loud and bitter reproaches were uttered on the one side, and contemptuous sneers on the other. At length the unhappy woman was provoked to frenzy, and stabbed her paramour to the heart with his own sword. He fell under a tree near the pigeon-house, and died immediately. There was no actual witness to the deed, and the murderess immediately hurried from the garden, entered the castle, and took refuge in a distant turret, where she attempted to hide herself. She was, however, speedily discovered—it is said in consequence of one of her slippers falling through a crevice of the floor of the old room in which she was secreting herself. She was seized and taken before the sheriff of Edinburgh, where she made a full confession of her crime, although she urged every possible argument in extenuation of it. These, however, were necessarily unavailing in so clear a case of guilt, and in the course of two days, she was tried, and sentence of death was passed upon her. She, however, took advantage of the humanity of the law, declaring that she was with child by her seducer; and by means of this deception she succeeded in postponing the execution of her sentence for between two and three months. During this interval she contrived to elude the vigilance of the keepers of the Edinburgh toi-

booth, where she was confined, and she succeeded in making her escape in the disguise of a young man. However, she was pursued and captured at the mill of Fala on the day succeeding her flight, when she was brought back to prison, and kept with more vigilant care until her day of doom.

The 12th of November, 1679, was fixed for her execution, and on that day she was brought out to the Cross of Edinburgh, where a scaffold was erected, the mode of death to which she was sentenced being decapitation. Mrs. Nimmo appeared in deep mourning, covered with a large veil. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and putting aside her veil, she showed an undaunted face to the assembled crowd. With her own hands she bared her neck and shoulders, and laid her head down upon the block with unflinching courage. Thus ended the Corstorphine tragedy.

A curious circumstance is recorded to have taken place concerning the succession to Lord Forrester's property. His children had no just claim to the Corstorphine estates, which were destined to devolve, along with the peerage, on his brother, William Baillie, husband of the youngest daughter of the first lord, and on his heirs. Corstorphine Castle, however, was in possession of the Ruthvens, the family of the murdered lord. In that day, nothing was more common than the crime of violently seizing and secreting or altering legal deeds connected with territorial inheritance. Being well aware of this, William Baillie dreaded lest the young Ruthvens might use foul play with their father's charter chest, so as

to favour their succession to the prejudice of himself and his family. He therefore went with a band of friends to the castle, of which he took forcible possession while the body of the murdered lord still lay there before his burial. The object of their violent intrusion was to take care that no documents or charters should be made away with or stolen. This conduct was afterwards the subject of a legal trial, when the lords condemned the wife and son of William Baillie to be put in prison during their pleasure; but, at the same time, they took measures to secure the charter chest.

William Baillie was *de jure* third Lord Forrester; but during the two years which intervened between his brother's murder and his own death, he never assumed the title. It was, however, taken up by his son William, fourth Lord, in 1698, by whose descendants it has ever since continued to be held. It now forms one of the titles of the Earl of Verulam, whose grandfather, James, third Viscount Grimstone, married Harriet, daughter of Edward Walter of Stalbridge, by the Hon. Harriet Forrester, daughter of George, fifth Lord Forrester.

Rise of the Strutts of Belper.

“Hic patet ingeniis campus : certusque merenti
Stat favor : ornatur propriis industria donis.”

CLAUDIAN.

It has long been the just boast of our country, that the highest honours are open to the humblest of her sons. In the roll of the British Peerage will be found seventy names ennobled by the successful practice of the law. Trade and commerce have been prolific sources of nobility. The Dukes of Leeds trace back to a clothworker, the Earls of Radnor to a Turkey merchant, the Earls of Craven to a Merchant taylor, and the Earls of Coventry to a London mercer. The families of Dartmouth, Ducie, Pomfret, Tankerville, Dormer, Romney, Dudley, Fitzwilliam, Cowper, Leigh, Darnley, Hill, and Normanby were all founded by merchants or citizens of London. In our own times commerce has added Lords Ashburton, Carrington, and Overstone to the Upper House, and the Peerage is not less noble, but more honoured and more useful, because it is occasionally recruited from the ranks of honourable industry.

Mechanical invention, which is, perhaps, the basis of our pre-eminence as a commercial nation, has less frequently led to wealth and honours, either to inventors themselves or to their descendants, than the successful

pursuit of the commerce that has resulted from it. Indeed

“Tulit alter honores”

has been as applicable to the inventor's case as to that of the Roman poet.

The combination of mechanical invention with commerce laid the foundation of the “rise” of the justly honoured family now under notice.

In the retired village of South Normanton, near Alfreton, MR. WILLIAM STRUTT was, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, the occupant of two farms. He was a member of a yeoman family who had for several generations held lands at that place and in the neighbouring parish of Blackwell; one branch of the family residing at the old mansion called Newton Hall, in the latter parish, while another occupied an ancient manor-house near the church, the site of which can still be traced.*

Mr. William Strutt had three sons—Joseph, born in 1724; Jedediah, in 1729; and William, in 1730. The early years of these youths were spent in assisting on the farm, and in acquiring such an education as a superior village school could offer. It is said that Mr. Strutt was indifferent to his sons' education, and was more anxious they should obtain a thorough knowledge of agriculture, than spend much time in what is termed “schooling.” If, however, their education, in the common acceptance of the term, was somewhat neglected, it is evident, from letters still carefully preserved by the family, that Jedediah, at

* The author has to acknowledge his obligations to the Rev. Howard Frizzell for valuable information on the early history of the family.

least, had acquired, either by training or self-culture, powers of composition not very usual in farmers' sons of that time.

That is not always education which passes under the name. Important lessons for the real business of life are often learnt under circumstances apparently little calculated to impart them; and perhaps the usual occupations of these youths formed no unfitting preparation for the career which one of them was destined to pursue.

JEDEDIAH, at an early age, evinced a taste for mechanics. Tradition says he constructed miniature watermills on the little stream that ran through his father's farm, and adopted many contrivances for improving the rude agricultural implements of the period*—indications of that mechanical genius which was afterwards to render such important services to his county and country. He had scarcely reached manhood, when, on the death of an uncle, he succeeded to one of the farms at Blackwell that had long been in the tenure of the family. To this he removed in 1754, and while devoting much attention to the cultivation of the farm, still continued to employ his leisure in his favourite pursuit.

About this time he formed an acquaintance with Miss Woollatt, the sister of a respectable hosier at Derby, to whom he was married at Blackwell, in 1755, when he was in his twenty-sixth year. Miss Woollatt was a person of well cultivated mind, and in age and station, and indeed in every respect, well suited to him. The marriage was a happy one for both parties, and led, no doubt, to the important invention with which Mr. Jedediah Strutt's name has ever been so honourably associated.

* Amongst others, may be named the wheel-plough.

Mr. Britton, in "The Beauties of England and Wales," thus describes the origin of the invention, on the authority, it is believed, of a member of the Strutt family:—"Some time after his marriage, being informed by his wife's brother, who was a hosier, and well acquainted with the stocking frame, of some unsuccessful attempts that had been made to manufacture *ribbed* stockings, his curiosity was sufficiently excited to induce him to investigate the operations of this curious and complicated machine, with a view to effect what others had attempted in vain. In this design, after much time, labour, and expense, he at length succeeded, and, in connexion with his brother-in-law, obtained a patent for the invention, and removed to Derby,* where he established an extensive manufacture of ribbed stockings."

The ingenious new machine, remarkable for its simplicity and beauty, soon gave fresh impulse to the hosiery trade, and under the name of the "Derby Rib," its product soon came into general favour.

A residence at Derby was, however, absolutely necessary to the successful working of the plans to which the invention gave birth; it had also the advantage of placing him in the immediate neighbourhood of his wife's family, and in more frequent intercourse with minds congenial with his own. The manner in which Mr. Jedediah

* Some writers have stated Mr. Strutt's removal to have taken place in 1756, but as letters of his are extant dated "Blackwell, 1758," it cannot have been so early. Possibly, however, he retained Blackwell for some time after the completion of his invention, and occasionally resided there, for he was strongly attached to the place and to rural pursuits.

Strutt secured the benefits to be derived from his invention, speaks as well for his prudence, as the invention itself speaks for his genius.

The patent having been secured, he entered largely upon the manufacture of the ribbed stockings, from machines constructed on the new principle; but he did not, as has been erroneously asserted, erect any *factory*, such work having, till very recently, always been carried on in private dwellings. His brother-in-law, Mr. Woollatt, and Mr. Need of Nottingham, were now afterwards associated with him in partnership, and the firm carried on the hosiery trade with eminent success.

About this time Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Arkwright, being in want of capital to carry his invention for cotton spinning into effect, applied to Mr. Need. The latter consulted his partner, Mr. Strutt, as possessing the requisite mechanical knowledge for testing the value of the Arkwright inventions. Mr. Strutt soon satisfied himself of their extraordinary importance, and in 1771 he and Mr. Need joined Mr. Arkwright as partners. In that year the first cotton-spinning mill was erected at Cromford, the funds for which, as well as for securing the patent, having been found by Mr. Strutt, or through his instrumentality, Mr. Need having very early withdrawn from the partnership.*

About this time Mr. Strutt suggested to Mr. Need the

* The partnership between Mr. Strutt and Sir Richard Arkwright continued till 1781. Upon its dissolution the former retained the works at Belper and Milford, and the latter those at Cromford.

desirableness of trying the *weaving* of calicoes. The idea was eagerly embraced, and the two friends, in 1773, made the first successful attempt at weaving cotton ever made in this country.*

Rightly, therefore, does Lysons, the historian, claim for Derbyshire the honour of being the cradle of the most important branches of the cotton manufacture; a portion of our national industry that now gives employment to five or six millions of our industrial classes, and forms a large part of our commercial greatness. The incalculable benefits conferred on the country by cotton spinning and cotton weaving may, then, without injustice, be mainly ascribed to Mr. Strutt's invention of the ribbed stocking machine.

It may be stated, too, on the authority of an eminent writer, manufacturer, and mechanic, Mr. Alderman Felkin of Nottingham, that Mr. Strutt's "new principle eventually formed the foundation of the lace frame."†

* Calicoes had been previously manufactured composed of linen warp and cotton weft. Calicoes *wholly of cotton* were first manufactured by Messrs. Strutt and Need. These were found to be liable to double duty, that is, to a duty of sixpence a yard, instead of threepence. After much opposition from other manufacturers, Messrs. Strutt and Need succeeded in obtaining an act to repeal this discriminatory duty.

† By Mr. Jedediah Strutt's patent of 1759, for apparatus for making "Derby Ribbed Hose," a variation of the plain looped work of the stocking frame was shewn to be possible, and might be made extensively applicable. This was effected by machinery which applied points to such of the hooks ("needles") as held the loops it was desired to operate upon, and by removing them, to cause an alteration in the face of the work, and if repeated, would produce an interstice.

It is gratifying to be able thus to trace the origin and brief history of a simple but beautiful discovery, which has been pregnant with such immense benefits to the ingenious discoverer, his family and his country.

In 1775, Mr. Strutt's energetic mind was directed to a wider field of enterprise. In conjunction with his brother William, who had for some time been one of the partners in the hosiery trade, he erected the first of the four splendid cotton mills at Belper. The site on the river Derwent was judiciously chosen, and the structure and the machinery of this vast fabric again called for the exercise of his inventive powers. The genius which had, in his boyhood,

The principle of this invention, though very simple, required skill in its application by Mr. Strutt; for it involved entire control of any loop, and consequently over the use of every individual hook across the frame.

This principle lies at the basis of Morris's patents of 1763 and 1781, whereby eyelet-hole work was produced, and by various modifications produced the "Knotted," "Frilled," "Stump," "Mesh," and "Point Net" machines. In 1780, Frost, by means of a perforated hollow square roller affecting the working of any hook (needle) at pleasure, produced the first useful imitation of fancy lace. The "warp" machine is constructed on the principle of operating on every thread. Dawson patented this in 1791. No doubt the idea of selection and control in the Derby rib, together with the success of Mr. Strutt in its working out, led to these extraordinary and skilful variations and additions to the original stocking frame. The result was, the large "pin," "point," and "warp" lace trades of Nottingham, Lyons, and Vienna, indirectly leading to the still more extensive bobbin-net manufacture of this country and the continent. See account of the hosiery trade, 1844, as given in Muggeridge's report to parliament, 1845—and account of lace trade in Society of Arts' Transactions, 1856—each by Mr. Felkin.

constructed miniature watermills in his native streamlet, was now to be exerted in raising and supplying with mechanical power an edifice destined to be the parent of others, and, eventually, to be the means of converting a straggling hamlet into the second town of the county.

There will be an opportunity of again referring to the philanthropy which for three generations has been exercised at Belper by this excellent and united family. At present it seems best to pursue the simple narrative of their gradual "rise." In Mr. Jedediah Strutt's case, and in that of many other remarkable men and public benefactors, the record of their lives is to be found written in their works, and not in their words.

Mr. Strutt appears to have been singularly devoid of ambition for worldly distinction ; he was only

" Ambitious of the blessing
That follows duty done."

To promote the welfare of his family, to encourage the trade of which he had been the founder, and to fill with honour the station to which his talents, energy, and integrity had raised him, were the objects at which he aimed. These he attained in an eminent degree, and the family motto, "*Propositi tenax*," had rarely ever a more correct application.

During the latter part of his life, he resided at Milford House, near Belper, a handsome structure of his own erection ; but shortly before his death he removed, in consequence of his illness, to Exeter House, Derby, where his useful life was terminated in 1797. He was in his sixty-ninth year.

It may be added here, in order to avoid interrupting the continuity of the narrative, that Mr. Joseph Strutt, his elder brother, died at Rickmansworth, in 1794; and Mr. William Strutt, the youngest brother, died a bachelor at Derby, in 1800, aged also seventy.

Mr. Jedediah Strutt left by his first marriage (he formed a second with Mrs. Daniels) three sons—William, George Benson, and Joseph; and two daughters—Elizabeth, married to William Evans, Esq., of Darley Abbey, near Derby; and Martha, to Samuel Fox, Esq., of Thurlston Grange.

MR. WILLIAM STRUTT inherited, in a great degree, his father's mechanical genius. Amongst a great number of his useful inventions adapted to manufactures and other purposes, he invented a self-acting mule, the complete success of which was only prevented by the mechanical skill of the times being unequal to its manufacture.*

Devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, his society was eagerly sought by many distinguished persons of his time. He was the intimate friend of Dr. Darwin, the author of *Zoonomia* and the *Botanic Garden*, who paid, in the latter work, a striking compliment to the machinery in whose production the Strutt family had so large a share.

Becoming possessed of St. Helen's—a handsome mansion erected by the Gisbornes—he enriched it with a noble collection of paintings and works of art, and here he had

* A system for warming and thoroughly ventilating large buildings and factories—improved modes of cooking, washing, and drying—and the construction of the first fire-proof building on a large scale, with several other inventions for manufacturing or domestic purposes, were also due to Mr. William Strutt.

often the satisfaction of receiving as guests many distinguished foreigners, as well as Englishmen of mark. To the improvement of the town of Derby he long devoted a large portion of his time, and to his zeal and liberality many of its best institutions and public works may be ascribed. He planned, and was mainly instrumental in erecting, the Derby Infirmary, and the great improvements which his inventions introduced into it, rendered it the model for many other Infirmaries.

Nor, while nobly sacrificing so much time and money in the promotion of public objects, was Mr. Strutt regardless of his private duties. In these, as in every relation of life, he was exemplary.

Mr. Strutt was a Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Derby, and F.R.S.

He died Dec. 29, 1830, at the age of seventy-four, universally regretted for his public usefulness and private virtues. By his marriage with Barbara, daughter of Thomas Evans, Esq., of Darley, he left an only son, EDWARD, of whom, as the present head of the family, further mention will be hereafter made—and three daughters.

Mr. George Benson Strutt, of Bridge Hill House, Belper, the second son of Jedediah, was born in 1761. On him chiefly devolved the management of the extensive manufactories at Belper, in the superintendence of which he was most assiduous and successful; and he acquired, in a remarkable degree, the respect and confidence as well of the work-people, as of his friends and neighbours in the county. During the latter part of his life, he was an active county magistrate. He was also a Deputy Lieutenant.

By his marriage with Miss Radford, of an old county family, he left three sons, the second of whom, Mr. Anthony Radford Strutt, still survives ; also his grandson (the only son of his eldest son), the present Mr. George Henry Strutt, of Bridge Hill, Belper.

Mr. Joseph Strutt, (the third son of Jedediah), of St. Peter's, Derby, was a deputy-lieutenant, a liberal patron of literature and art, a most amiable man, and a valued member of society. By his urbanity of manner, and princely liberality, he won the esteem of his townsmen, and after the passing of the Corporation Reform Bill, was elected their first mayor. He took great interest in the success of the Derby Mechanics' Institute, of which his brother William was the chief founder, and was the leading promoter of the Exhibition of 1838, which greatly conduced to its financial prosperity. In 1840 he presented to the town the beautiful Park or *Arboretum*, which he vested in the municipal council for the benefit of the inhabitants and the public. This noble gift cost the donor upwards of ten thousand pounds, and has not only been the source of great enjoyment and advantage to his native town, but the origin of all other similar benefactions from private persons and municipal bodies. "It has often been made a reproach to our country," he gracefully observed in his speech on the opening day, "that in England collections of works of art and exhibitions for instruction and amusement cannot, without danger of injury, be thrown open to the public. If any ground for such a reproach remains, I am convinced that it can be removed only by greater liberality in admitting the people to such

establishments; by thus teaching them that they are *themselves* the parties most deeply interested in their preservation, and that it must be the interest of the public to protect that which is intended for the public advantage. If we wish to obtain the affections of others, we must manifest kindness and regard towards them; if we seek to wean them from debasing pursuits and brutalizing pleasures, we can only hope to do so by opening to them new sources of rational enjoyment.

“It is under this conviction that I dedicate these gardens to the public; and I will only add, that, as the sun has shone brightly on me through life, it would be ungrateful in me not to employ a portion of the fortune I possess in promoting the welfare of those amongst whom I live, and by whose industry I have been aided in its acquisition.”

Such sentiments, coming from such a man, might well touch the hearts of the audience, and at night a delighted multitude sung “*The Fine Old English Gentleman*” before the house of the speaker and generous donor.*

Mr. Joseph Strutt married Isabella, daughter of Archibald Douglas, Esquire, and by her had issue an only son, who died at Constantinople, while travelling on the continent, and two daughters—Isabella, married to John Howard Galton, Esquire; and Caroline, to E. N. Hurt, Esquire, of the ancient family of Hurt of Alderwasley and Wirksworth.

All the three brothers had been associated with their father in his vast manufacturing and commercial concerns,

* *Leisure Hour*, p. 701.

which they afterwards conducted with progressive enterprise, intelligence, and success. All were distinguished for literary taste and liberality of feeling, and it was their high privilege to use the power, will, and opportunity to do good in a manner rarely ever surpassed by one family. Derby, the centre of their commercial operations, and Belper that of their factories, exhibit in every direction monuments of their munificence. Their kind solicitude for the moral and mental advancement of their numerous workpeople at the latter place was a distinguishing trait in their character. The comfort and well-being of the large population which their mills had congregated around them, seem, indeed, always to have been uppermost in their thoughts. Churches, chapels, institutes, rose through the liberality of this united family, whenever such structures became a requirement; and there is not, perhaps, in England, any example of a town created by the invention and energy of one man, and augmented by the same properties in his sons, which exhibits a more satisfactory social condition than Belper. Perhaps, however, this remark might require some qualification with respect to the nailers and stocking-makers, who are not connected with the factories of the Messrs. Strutt.

It is gratifying to be able to state that this responsibility for the well-being of the operatives in these large concerns is fully recognized and acted upon by the present representatives of these eminent men.

Reference has already been made to the literary tastes and associations of the Strutts. The three brothers enjoyed the friendship of many of the leading men of their times.

When Moore the poet was residing near Ashbourne, from 1813 to 1818, he was a frequent and favoured guest at St. Peter's and St. Helen's. Mention is made of these visits in Lord John Russell's life of the poet. In a letter to a friend, in 1813, Moore writes thus: "Bessy and I have been on a visit to Derby, for a week, at Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four for us, and back again with us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. Bessy came back full of presents, rings, fans, &c., &c. My singing produced some little sensation at Derby."

In the following year Moore writes:—"You have heard we have been to Derby, and a very pleasant visit we had of it. I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it is not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl—a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed they have quite a nest of young poets in that family; they meet once a week, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised in my life, than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins, after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably amongst them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents."

To these brief notices of the leading members of the family it seems desirable to add a more extended one of the present representative and chief.

EDWARD, only son of William Strutt, F.R.S., was born at Derby, in 1801. After receiving a careful private education, he entered the University of Cambridge, and graduated in 1823. On leaving college he soon began to take an active part in the municipal and political concerns of his native town.* The respect which his father had so justly earned was maintained by the honesty and integrity of the son, who was invited by his fellow townsmen, in 1830, to represent the borough in the Liberal interest. Returned to Parliament, he made no startling, sudden, or brilliant display, but gradually earned the character of a clever business man, of strong sense and sterling worth. He continued to sit for Derby till 1848, when he was unseated on petition. In 1851 he was returned for Arundel, in the place of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

At the general election of 1852 he was returned, in conjunction with Mr. John Walter, for Nottingham, for which place he continued to sit while he remained in the Lower House.

When Mr. Strutt first entered Parliament, the House was occupied for nearly two years with the Reform Bill, to

* At a public meeting convened at Derby, in 1826, in condemnation of the Corn Laws, Mr. Strutt delivered a speech which showed a remarkable acquaintance with the subject in so young a man, and elicited the warm approbation of the meeting and the public press.

which he gave his strenuous and consistent support in all its stages. On the 10th of May, 1832, when the Reform Ministry had resigned (in consequence of an adverse vote of the House of Lords), and the Reform Bill was in jeopardy, Mr. Strutt seconded Lord Ebrington's motion for that address to the Crown which had the effect of re-instating the ministry, and securing the passage of the Reform Bill through the House of Lords. After the passing of that Bill, he supported, in succeeding parliaments, all those important measures for which it had paved the way—Municipal Reform, the Abolition of Slavery, the Corn Laws, the removal of the grievances of Dissenters and of the restrictions on Trade. He served on many of the most important committees, and took an active part in the management of the private legislation of the House.

His great usefulness in his parliamentary capacity recommended him to the leaders of the great Whig party, and in 1846, when it was deemed advisable to constitute a separate Board for the management of railways, Mr. Strutt was selected as the President of the commission, and sworn on the Privy Council. He retained that office till 1848, when he lost his seat for Derby.

On the downfall of Lord Derby's ministry in 1852, Lord Aberdeen recommended Mr. Strutt to Her Majesty for the honourable office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which he held till June, 1854, when, in order to facilitate a new disposition of places among the Cabinet, he resigned it, and was succeeded by Lord Granville, and was appointed a permanent member of the Council of the Duchy.

In 1856 Her Majesty intimated to Mr. Strutt, through Lord Palmerston, her intention of conferring upon him the honours of the peerage.

In making the offer, Lord Palmerston stated that "the Queen was desirous of marking the interest which she took in the great manufacturing industry of the country, and that she had observed that this important element of national wealth had not, as yet, been suitably represented in the Upper House." The important benefits which had accrued to the commerce of the country from his ancestor's creation, and from his family's successful promotion of the cotton trade, well merited such a distinction, and Mr. Strutt's personal services in parliament had been considerable, so that few modern peerages had been better earned, and none, perhaps, was more generally acceptable to the country.

It was a just and graceful compliment to the town which had risen from his family's exertions, and had long been the scene of their commercial enterprise and prosperity, that Belper was selected as Mr. Strutt's title.

LORD BELPER took his seat in the House of Peers February 3rd, 1857, having been introduced by Lord Glenelg and Lord Overstone.

His Lordship married, in 1837, Emily, youngest daughter of the Right Reverend Dr. Otter, Bishop of Chichester, by whom he has three surviving sons, the eldest of whom, the Honourable Henry Strutt, attained his majority in 1861.

The present family seat is Kingston Hall, Nottinghamshire. This fine estate, which was purchased of the Duke

of Leeds in 1796, was formerly part of the possessions of the Babingtons : and here the present noble owner erected the mansion which forms so striking an object from the Midland Railway, near Kegworth. Its style is Elizabethan. The site, which is not that of the ancient mansion, was judiciously chosen, and extensive improvements and planting have rendered Kingston Hall one of the most complete country seats in the locality. That attention to the welfare of those around him, which, as has been said, is a family characteristic, led the proprietor to rebuild the cottages on the estate, and to restore the church, and Kingston has been deservedly styled, "a model village." It should be added that from his first location in Nottinghamshire, Lord Belper at once identified himself with the public business and interests of that county, of which he was appointed High Sheriff in 1850. His Lordship is likewise a Justice of the Peace, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and has been for many years a Deputy Lieutenant for the counties of Derby and Nottingham. In 1860, during the Duke of Newcastle's absence, when his Grace accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit to America, Lord Belper acted as Vice-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and LL.D. of the University of Cambridge.

The Parkyns Family.

“Rancliffe! Shalt thou unnamed, unnoticed be?”

THE introduction of railways has withdrawn many of our finest country seats and places of celebrity from the public view. Bunny is one of these. When fifteen coaches a day passed along a road that now has not one, no stranger ever gained the summit of Bunny Hill without feeling that the prospect repaid the toil of climbing. Some thought the road must have been constructed over such an eminence for the sole purpose of affording passengers the treat of the magnificent prospect. Grongar Hill has not half so many charms to exhibit. On ascending the hill either way, the male passengers were always expected to dismount, and tales are told of several having been so lost in admiration as to have allowed the coach to pass on without them.

On ascending the south side there was the quaint-looking old mansion of Highfields, so often mistaken for a monastic ruin; and when the crown of the hill was reached, there was that expanse

“Of grove, and lawn, and mead,”

with Nottingham in the distance, which is, perhaps, unrivalled as a champaign view.

Bunny is the *beau ideal* of an English village. A vene-

rable church, an ancient Hall, a free school, an almshouse, an old hostelry, and substantial farmhouses and snug cottages, make pleasant pictures whichever way one looks. The Hall, since I saw it, has been modernized, but one portion of the old mansion, the hawking and hunting tower, has fortunately been preserved. Since the time of Queen Elizabeth the Hall had, till recently, been the seat of the Parkyns family, and I shall in the course of this narrative show how it became alienated.

Colonel ISHAM PARKYNS was a faithful adherent of Charles I. He gallantly defended the garrison of Ashby-de-la-Zouch against the Parliamentarians, and spent a good estate in his royal master's service. In consideration of the father's devotedness and losses, his son Thomas was created a Baronet in the thirty-second of Charles II. Sir Thomas married Jane, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas Cressy, Esq., of Byrkin, and had, among other children, Thomas, his successor, and Katharine, married to Carew Weests, grandson of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The second baronet was a remarkable person: He was educated at Westminster, under that famed Orbilius, Dr. Busby. He was afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied for eight years at the Inns of Court. Succeeding to the Baronetage, he gave up the law, and retired to his ancestral seat, which he greatly improved and adorned. He re-edified the Hall, and inclosed a park three miles in circumference with a wall built on arches, the first ever built on that principle in this country. He restored the beautiful church, rebuilt all the farm houses, founded the free-school, clothed the hills with woods,

formed an aqueduct and a decoy, and built the hunting and hawking tower of which we have spoken. Architecture, mathematics, hydraulics, and classical literature were his relaxations. His business was the introduction of what he termed "the noble science of wrestling." For this purpose he founded an annual wrestling match, "open to all England," which has only been discontinued during the present century. In recommendation of this "science" he wrote a work entitled "The Cornish Hug," a copy of which he sent, with a very clever MS. dedication, to King George I., and received his Majesty's most gracious thanks and acknowledgments for it. This royal letter was among the family papers at Bunny, and was preserved, wrapped up in crimson silk, in a box apparently specially made for it, and lettered, in silver studs, "originell letter from King George to Sir Thomas Parkyns." It is certain, however, that "GEORGE R." was the only portion of the letter written with the royal hand. Every famous athlete in the kingdom was made welcome at Bunny Hall, but a preliminary condition to the *entrée* was that he should "try a fall" with the baronet himself, who was invariably the victor in the trial. Sir Thomas was anxious that every village in the kingdom should, like Bunny, have its wrestling ring, believing that the manly character of the people would be greatly promoted by it. He further perpetuated his attachment to the science which he considered made Homer and Virgil's heroes, by having his statue* in

* Round the shoulder of the figure is a label with the words "*Artificis status ipse fuit*," the true meaning of which has been disputed.

marble executed in his life-time by his own chaplain, as the appropriate embellishment of his tomb!

This statue, which represents him in a wrestler's cap and dress, in the attitude of a wrestler, and with Death for his opponent, still forms the chief portion of his monument in Bunny church. The following lines from his own pen are appended:—

“ Quem modo stravisti longo certamine, Tempus,
 Hic recubat* Britonum clarus in orbe pugil:
 Nunc primùm stratus; præter te vicerat omnes;
 De te etiam Victor, quando resurgat, erit.”

In the stage-coach times it was not seldom that travellers, aware of the existence of this singular monument, would take advantage of the change of horses at Bunny, and run into the neighbouring church to obtain a view of it. Lord Byron, who rarely betrayed any interest in church sculpture, once rode from Newstead on purpose to see it.

Sir Thomas Luctorator, as he usually designated himself, married, firstly, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of John Sampson, Esquire, of Breaston, in the county of Derby, whose surname was said to have had a great charm for him. By her he had two sons and two daughters, Sampson, Thomas, Anne, and Harriett. Both these sons pre-deceased their father. Sampson married, and left issue. Thomas died at nineteen, a most promising young man.

Sir Thomas married, secondly, in 1727, Jane, daughter of Alderman Barnat, of York, by whom he had two sons,

* The “*recubat*” is at variance with the statue, which is erect and “full of lusty life;” while *Mors* or *Tempus* is prostrate.

Thomas, his successor, and George, an officer in the army.

The great patron of wrestling, the accomplished scholar, the upright magistrate, died in 1741, at the age of seventy-eight, and was succeeded by his son,

SIR THOMAS, the third baronet, whose three marriages present features of great irregularity.

He married, firstly, in 1747, his *great niece*, viz., Jane, daughter of Thomas Parkyns, Esquire, son of his brother Sampson; secondly, in 1765, Sarah, daughter of Daniel Smith, a cottager of Bunny; and thirdly, in 1795, Miss Jane Boulton, the governess of the children of the second marriage.*

THOMAS BOOTHBY PARKYNS, the eldest son of the first marriage, born in 1755, was made an Irish peer in 1795, by the title of Baron Rancliffe. He married the daughter and sole heir of Sir William James, of Eltham Park, who took the castle of Sevendroog, in the East Indies, and erected a model of it on Shooter's Hill. By this marriage he had George-Augustus-Henry-Anne, the second Lord Rancliffe, and three daughters, the eldest of whom married Sir Richard Levinge, Bart., and left with other issue the present Sir RICHARD LEVINGE, Bart., M.P., senior representative of the Lords Rancliffe; the second daughter married Sir Wm. Rumbold, Bart.; and the third (when widow of the Marquis de Choiseul) married Prince Polignac. The second Lord Rancliffe married Lady Betty Forbes,

* By his second marriage Sir Thomas had two sons, who died *s.p.*, and three daughters, all of whom married and had issue. The present Countess Metaxa is the issue of one of these marriages, and the Rev. T. Parkyns Dodson of another.

daughter of the sixth Earl of Granard, the niece of his guardian, the first Marquis of Hastings. This alliance did not prove a happy one; and, a separation having taken place, Lord Rancliffe formed a *liaison* which continued uninterrupted for nearly thirty years. The godson of George the Fourth, and the ward of Lord Hastings, Lord Rancliffe had been very early introduced to fashionable life. Soon after attaining his majority he was returned M.P. for Minehead, and he subsequently represented Nottingham in several parliaments. A thorough-going liberal when liberals were but few, he was the idol of his Nottingham constituents.

Few men would address a crowd more pleasantly or more ably. He was a brilliant small-talker, rich beyond most men in anecdote, which he always told with exquisite grace. In the hunting field it was a general practice to form a group round Lord Rancliffe at the cover side, to listen to his sparkling *persiflage*. Fox-hunting was his glory and delight, and the author of the *Meltonians* paid him the following tribute in a poem which records the celebrities of the metropolis of fox hunting.

“RANCLIFFE, shalt thou unnamed, unnoticed be?
 I name not Hunting if I name not thee,
 Pride of the country! thine the liberal board,
 And liberal hand with bounties ever stored.
 What hungry hunter ever passed thy hall,
 And found no warder answer to his call?
 Thy chat's as sparkling as thy cheer is good;
 Foxes ne'er fail us in Old Bunny Wood,
 And dull is sport, however good the day,
 Or good the pace, if RANCLIFFE is away.”

In early life Lord Rancliffe had been intimate with Lord

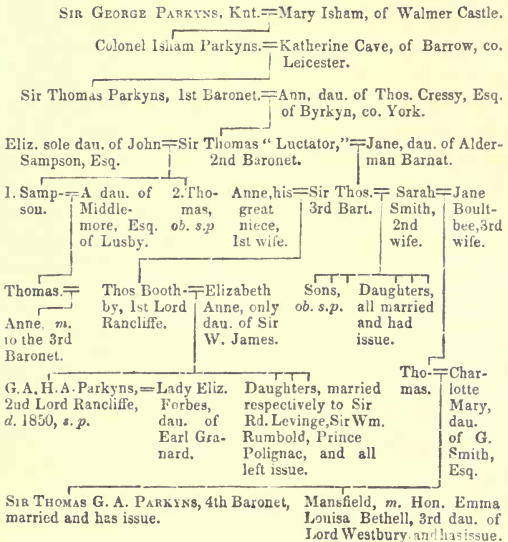
Byron, and when the latter noble lord's remains were brought to England he assembled his tenantry on horseback, and followed the funeral procession to Hucknall church. Moore was often his guest at the hall, and the evenings then were always *Anacreontic*.

His lordship died in 1850, and the beautiful domain, including Bunny, Bradmore, and the Manors of Keyworth, Wysall, Costock, and Leake, passed, in fee simple, under his Will to Mrs. Harriet Burt, who, after Lord Rancliffe's death, became the wife of G. A. Forteath, Esquire. Ten years after she had been in possession, and when she had considerably improved the estate, an attempt was made by Sir Arthur Rumbold, the late lord's nephew, to invalidate the will. The case came on for trial at the Nottingham assizes in March 1861, but the plaintiff signally failed, the judge declaring that he had never in his experience seen a contested will more clearly and more satisfactorily established. The evidence of Mr. Horace Rumbold, and other witnesses for the plaintiff, told quite as strongly in Mrs. Forteath's favour as that of her own witnesses. It is generally believed that this suit will alter some generous intentions which the present owner of the property is known to have entertained with regard to its future disposal.

The Irish peerage became extinct on the death of Lord Rancliffe, but the baronetcy, inherited by his father and himself, descended to the eldest son of the late lord's uncle, who was many years his lordship's junior. It will be recollected that the third baronet married late in life a third wife, Miss Boulton. By her he had a son, Thomas Boulton, who married Miss Smith of Edwalton, and dying,

left issue two sons, Sir Thomas George Augustus Parkyns, the present baronet, and Mansfield, the celebrated author and traveller. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns is married to a daughter of Lord Westbury, the Lord Chancellor.

I have thus endeavoured to present a clear and concise view of the remarkable history of a remarkable family, which contains in it so many singularities and intricacies of descent that it is often very imperfectly understood even in the locality to which that family long gave celebrity. A pedigree which I append may, perhaps, clear up some obscurities that occur in my narrative.



Fate of the Earls Marischal.

Sævius ventis agitur ingens

Pinus : et celsæ graviore casu

Decidunt turres ; feriuntque summos

Fûlgura montes.—HORACE.

THE rapid downfall and total extinction of this illustrious family may be added to the long list of startling instances of the temporal punishment with which the sin of sacrilege has been visited.

One of the most eminent of the Scottish nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal. He was sprung from two illustrious lines of ancestors, his father being William, Lord Keith, son and heir to the fourth Earl Marischal ; and his mother, Lady Elizabeth Hay, being daughter to the sixth Earl of Erroll. He was three times descended from James I., King of Scotland, and Queen Jane Beaufort. He was born in 1553, and succeeded his grandfather in his Earldom and immense estates in 1581. He was a man of great natural talents, expanded by travelling and by study. In 1589, he was sent Ambassador to Denmark, to espouse the Princess Anne, in the name of his master and kinsman, King James VI. ; and he transacted that important business in a manner honourable to himself, and satisfactory to the Scottish and Danish crowns. In 1593, he

founded the College at Aberdeen, styled from him "The Marischal College," a noble specimen of his munificence and love of learning. He was appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish parliament in 1609, and he died, in his seventieth year, at his Castle of Dunottar, full of honours, in the year 1623.

From this rapid sketch of his history, it is evident that the Earl Marischal had engrafted upon his royal blood, his far-descended ancestry, and his illustrious rank, the highest personal elevation as a courtier, diplomatist, statesman, and patron of letters; and yet, to this great man may be traced the beginning of the downfall of his house. The revenue of the Earldom of Marischal, at the end of the sixteenth century, was enormous, amounting to two hundred and seventy thousand marks yearly. The Earl is said to have been able to enter Scotland at Berwick, and to travel through the whole length of the kingdom to John o' Groat's house, without ever eating a meal, or taking a night's rest, off his own lands. He made a noble and generous use of his wealth, as his foundation and endowment of Marischal College, in Aberdeen sufficiently testify. Yet a blessing did not rest upon his riches and honours. Before many generations the former were scattered to the winds, and the latter were attainted, while the male line of his descendants became extinct in exile.

The singular fate of his family has justified the opinion that was entertained by some of his cotemporaries, that he had done evil in defiling his hands with the plunder of an ancient Cistercian monastery.

The Abbey of Deir was a religious house, belonging to the Cistercian order, situated on the small river Ugie, in Aberdeenshire. Its wealth was great; for in 1565, its rental amounted to £572 8s. 6d., a very large sum three hundred years ago. The temporalities of this religious house, which, like other similar baits to cupidity, sharpened the zeal of the Scottish nobles in the cause of reformation, fell to the share of a son of the fourth Earl Marischal, Robert Keith. The estates of the Abbey of Deir were erected into a temporal Lordship in his favour, with the title of Lord Altrie, in 1587, with remainder, after his death, to his nephew, George, fifth Earl Marischal. Lord Altrie died in 1593, when the temporalities of the Cistercian Abbey came into the possession of the head of his house.

It was not, however, without a solemn warning, that the Earl yielded to the temptation of a large addition to his annual revenue. Like Pontius Pilate, he had a faithful monitor by his side, who was warned in a dream of the ruin which impended over him; but he disregarded the admonition, and sealed the fate of his house. The Earl's first wife, Margaret, daughter of Alexander, fifth Lord Home, was a woman of a noble spirit and a tender conscience, and used all her influence to prevent her lord from introducing such a consuming moth into his house, as was the sacrilegious meddling with the wealth of the Abbey of Deir. She had a remarkable dream, which she did not fail to communicate to her husband, and which the fate of the subsequent generations of their race has proved to be prophetic. She lay asleep one night in the

Castle of Dunottar, the chief seat of the family—a mansion perched on a tremendous rock, overhanging the German ocean, and which, as well from the extent of its ruins, as its picturesque position, is one of the most remarkable objects in the north of Scotland. In her sleep she saw a long procession of ecclesiastics, clad in the habit of the Cistercian order, issuing from the Abbey of Deir, and advancing to the strong and steep rock on which Dunottar Castle is situated. She saw them set themselves round the foot of the rock, and taking penknives out of their pockets, begin to pick and cut the hard rock, as if with the intention of demolishing it. The Countess, in her sleep, wondered at the folly of these poor monks, who were attempting so great a work with such inadequate instruments, and she went to call her husband, in order to join with her in deriding them, and in calling on them to cease their fruitless labour. When, full of mirth, she brought him along with her to see the poor monks at their foolish work, behold, the entire rock, with the strong and stately castle, had already been undermined by the work of their penknives, and had toppled over into the ocean; so that there remained nothing but the wreck of their rich furniture and tapestries floating on the waves of a raging and tempestuous sea. Dunottar had sunk, and the very place on which it stood had perished for ever.

The Earl mocked the popular superstitions, and his wife's foreboding vision. He inscribed on a tower which he built at the Abbey of Deir, this defiant motto—

“ They have said; what say they, let them say.”

He seems to have regarded his munificent foundation of

Marischal College, in Aberdeen, with its principal and four professors of philosophy, whom he richly endowed, as a sort of salve to his conscience for the church lands which he had acquired. He founded this college immediately after he had become possessed of the Lordship of Altrie, with the Cistercian temporalities, and he repeated the same legend that he had inscribed on the abbey tower, on the walls of his new college. The riches and grandeur of the house of Keith-Marischal probably appeared to the Earl to be as firmly established as the Castle of Dunottar on its lofty rock beetling above the North Sea. What would he have thought, if he could have foreseen that in little more than ninety years from the time of his death, his descendants would be deprived of their lands and titles, and were to be wandering exiles in a foreign country; and that in somewhat more than half a century later, the last male descendant of the Earls Marischal was to close his long, lingering existence in the service of a German prince, leaving behind him no direct heir male of his illustrious family to claim even the empty honour of representing the house of Marischal: while the ancient and strong fortress of Dunottar should stand roofless and grass-grown, and, except as a melancholy landmark to the ships sailing beneath its walls, might as well be crumbled beneath the waves that beat against the cliffs on which it is reared.

The two next generations of the family of Keith matched with the houses of Marr and Kinnoul. William, ninth Earl Marischal, the great-grandson of the fifth Earl, married the eldest daughter of James, Earl of Perth, Lord High Chancellor, created Duke by the exiled monarch at

St. Germain, by whom he had, with a daughter who carried on the blood of the family, two sons, the last of their line—George, tenth Earl Marischal, and James Keith. These two brothers achieved an European reputation through their own merits, and were even more conspicuous in exile than they might have become in possession of their hereditary lands and honours. A rash participation in the Stuart rising in 1715, deprived them of their family inheritance, and sent them into a life-long exile. They, however, prospered in a foreign land, and rose to high consideration in the Prussian service, where the Earl Marischal became one of the most intimate friends and trusted diplomatists of Frederick the Great; and James Keith was his most distinguished Field Marshal. The former died at Potsdam, aged eighty-six, in 1778, and the latter was killed twenty years earlier, at the battle of Hochkirchen.

Neither of these distinguished brothers having been married, the great house of Keith Marischal ended in them; for although several Scottish families of Keith are derived from cadet branches of this great house, their descent is remote, and the representation of the Earls Marischal devolved on Lady Clementina Fleming as their heir general. She was daughter of John, sixth Earl of Wigton, by Lady Mary Keith, elder sister of the last Earl, and of Field Marshal Keith. This lady possessed the purest blood of the highest aristocracy, unmixed with even a drop of minor nobility; her eight great-great-grandfathers being Earls or Marquesses, and her eight great-great-grandmothers being the daughters of Earls or Marquesses. She was heir of line, or heir general, of the Earls of Wigton, Marischal,

and Perth ; and she carried this high descent, by marriage, into the family of Elphinstone, in 1735. She died in 1799, leaving issue—

I. John, eleventh Lord Elphinstone, grandfather of John, thirteenth, and John, fourteenth Lords Elphinstone, and of Clementina Viscountess Hawarden, now heir of line of Elphinstone, Wigton, Marischal, and Perth.

II. William, grandfather of William, present and fifteenth Lord Elphinstone.

III. George, a distinguished Admiral, created Viscount Keith, father of Margaret, Baroness Keith and Nairne, wife of Count de Flahault, and of Georgiana, wife of the Honourable Augustus Villiers.

I. Elcanor, wife of the Right Honourable William Adam, Baron of Exchequer, and Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Kinross, mother of Admiral Sir Charles Adam, K.C.B.; the Right Honourable General Sir Frederick Adam, G.C.B., Governor of Madras, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles ; and of Clementina, wife of John Anstruther Thomson, of Charleton.

II. Clementina, wife of James Drummond, Lord Perth, mother of Clementina, heiress of the Perth estates, wife of Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

Self-Reliance.

“L’histoire que je vais vous conter est simple, tellement simple, que jamais plume peut-être n’aborda un sujet plus restreint. La vérité des faits est toute sa valeur.”—DUMAS.

MR. MANSERGH, of Macronev Castle, a country gentleman of the South of Ireland, has communicated to me a very interesting instance of the fall of a distinguished family which came within his own immediate knowledge; and he has accorded me the permission to publish his letter, which tells the simple story so clearly and so feelingly, that I am sure my readers will value it the more, as coming directly from the person to whom all the circumstances are familiar.

Macronev Castle, Kilworth,
June 12, 1861.

DEAR SIR,

About twenty years ago, I was intimate with a gentleman of whose name I must, for obvious reasons, be excused from giving more than the initial.

Mr. C—— was a man of high position in his county; he was a magistrate and deputy lieutenant, and represented

his barony on the grand jury at the assizes. His property was variously estimated at from £2500 to £3000 per annum. He was better educated than the generality of country gentlemen, and had been at Oxford. He was not, however, a person of any great intellectual powers, either natural or acquired, nor at all studious; his reading, when I knew him, never went beyond the daily newspapers, and not much of them.

But he was the vainest and most ostentatious man I ever met. Fond as he was of every species of luxury, there were no bounds to his extravagance. He kept a numerous retinue of useless servants in every department: not only servants, but servants' servants. His equipages, horses, carriages, &c. were splendid; and although I do not believe he ever rode a fox-hunt in his life, his hunting stud might well vie with any at Melton Mowbray. His stables were filled with first-rate horses. Many a mount he gave me at a time I could not afford to keep a horse for my own amusement.

His wife, Mrs. C——, was an exceedingly amiable and lady-like person. She brought him a fortune of some £10,000, and was connected with the peerage. This lady died shortly after I became acquainted with the family, which then consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C——, two sons and two daughters. The boys had been at Eton, where they were in due time removed to Oxford, but did not either of them graduate. They both entered the army—one the Seventh, the other the Tenth Hussars, in which regiments they were considered the fastest of the fast. They rose by purchase to the rank of captain; but

after an extravagant course of some years, were obliged to sell out to raise money to pay debts, mostly gambling.

The daughters had been during their mother's life educated at home, partly by Mrs. C—— herself, who was fully competent to instruct them, and did it well. They had also the advantage of being taught the continental languages by an accomplished French lady, their resident governess; and in Dublin every winter they had the best masters in music, drawing, dancing, &c., &c. In short, there was no expense spared upon them. The young ladies were then sent to an expensive boarding school in England, not so much to finish their education, as to enable them to form intimacies with people of distinction and fashion; an object Mr. C—— was always hunting after, as well for his sons as for his daughters.

The Misses C——, without being what are called regular beauties, were well-looking, and of very agreeable manners. They might have been married, and comfortably settled, but for their father's arrogant repulsiveness. He had no money to portion them off, and there was nothing he so much dreaded as that the actual state of his affairs should be known. He was aware that he was insolvent, and yet by a thousand and one contrivances he managed to keep up appearances so well that he was considered a man of wealth. Cunning enough to see the necessity of constantly having a balance at his bankers, he invariably paid even the smallest account by a cheque, and never borrowed near home; at the same time he was reckless of what amount of commission he paid for the use of money. Things went on wonderfully well until the panic

in Ireland consequent upon the failure of the potato crops. The money-lenders had their eyes opened. The cry was "Sauve qui peut." A petition was filed in the Encumbered Estates Court, and the entire of Mr. C——'s landed property was sold, not a single acre left. The proceeds did not produce more than what was sufficient to satisfy about two thirds of his debts. The personal property had previously melted away, that is, it was sold privately from time to time piece-meal, as wants became pressing, until at last, by way of *coup de grace*, an execution was put into the hands of the sheriff, who cleared off almost every remnant left.

Mr. C—— did not long survive his degradation; he literally died of a broken heart in a small country town in which he had taken a furnished lodging, when turned out of his former palatial residence. For some months before his death, the poor man had become almost idiotic, in a constant state of lethargy, out of which it required the strongest stimulants to rouse him.

The two young ladies never deserted him; they were with him most assiduously up to the last moment of his existence: nothing could exceed their affectionate attention.

Immediately after the funeral, collecting whatever little effects had escaped the sheriff's bailiffs, the two sisters went off by night, nobody knew where; nor, indeed, was there much inquiry made. They had lived after their father's fall in perfect seclusion, neither visiting nor being visited. They had but few friends and acquaintances. Thus in a very short time they were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

The brothers, as I have already stated, had in their father's time sold out of the army. The elder went to Australia, and became an officer in the mounted police. He quitted that service, and turned miner at the diggings, with what success I never learnt. The second was for several years after he had sold his commission a man about town, well known at the billiard tables, gambling houses, and horse auctions of London, living without any visible means of support ; but at length becoming too *blazé* in the Metropolis, he went to the Continent, and, when last heard of, was croupier at a rouge-et-noir table.

Now for my story :—I was in London in August, 1856, on private business of importance ; and while I was stopping there I called on an old and esteemed friend, an extensive merchant, having his place of business in Milk Street, Cheapside, but his residence with his family in the country—an arrangement much the custom with city men. My friend invited me to pass a day with him at his country house, which was near a railway station. I went accordingly, and had to walk along a bye road or lane for half a mile from the station to reach the house. As I was proceeding, and had got about half-way to my friend's place, a heavy shower of rain suddenly came on. Seeing a neat-looking cottage by the road side, having a porch or pent-house over the door, I ran forward to it for shelter. I stood within it a short time, when the door of the cottage was opened from the inside by a respectable matronly woman, who kindly asked me to enter, and wait until the storm should be over. I thanked her, walked in, and took a seat. I was not long there

when a younger woman came in from a back room. I did not notice her much upon her entrance, nor until, upon her asking the old woman some question, I recognized the voice as one I was familiar with. It was decidedly Irish, but without the least brogue. The tones were those of the upper class of my countrywomen. I turned about, and, to my utter astonishment, beheld Miss C——.

There she stood, and I had no doubt of her identity. She was clad in a short dress of blue cotton, reaching down to her knees, over a black petticoat. The sleeves were very short. The costume was that of a servant girl of all-work.

She appeared to be equally astonished at seeing me. She was almost paralyzed, unable to speak or move, and I must confess I never felt myself in so great a perplexity as to what I ought under the circumstances to do. I feared my recognition of her might be displeasing, and yet if I should pretend not to know her, I might have offended her still more. I had fortunately the presence of mind to remain quiet.

After staring at each other in mutual silence for some minutes, Miss C—— burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Ah, Mr. Mansergh, am I so altered that you of all men don't know me?"

I instantly started up, and, clasping both her hands, wet and reeking with soap-suds just out of the wash-tub, "Indeed, Miss C——," I exclaimed, "I do know you, and happy I am to see you once more. Now that I have so accidentally found you, come tell me how you are. How and where is your sister Harriet?"

“We are both of us, thank God, in good health, and both reside in this house with this kind-hearted woman, who is to us a second mother. Since you knew us first, we have had many a bitter trial, and passed through strange vicissitudes. We have been compelled to descend from the rank of gentlewomen to a very humble position indeed. But, God be praised! we are now able to earn a livelihood by honest industry. I trust the worst is passed, but to suppose that we can ever regain our lost rank in society ‘would be to hope against hope.’ Our lot is cast, so we must needs be contented with it. Sad as has been our reverse of fortune, it is happiness compared with the mental torture we suffered while anticipating what we well knew was inevitable. Although my poor father contrived for a long time to conceal generally the actual state of his affairs, we, for several years before the crash came, were perfectly well aware that he was irretrievably ruined, and only wondered how he managed so long to keep up appearances.

“Often when at —— Park you used to ask us to play and sing for you. We remembered the daughters of Israel by the waters of Damascus, and compared our state with theirs.

“My spirits were so broken and my feelings so blunted that, in truth, when the lands were all sold, and we were turned out of the house we were born and reared in, I scarcely suffered at all from the change. I really believe there is a point even in the most intense anguish at which the sufferer becomes insensible. I found it so.

“You are naturally curious to learn what we are at

present. I shall not attempt to deceive you. We are partners with Mrs. Buckworth here (to whom I must introduce you) in a public laundry. We are nothing more or less than laundresses."

"Rather a laborious occupation," I ventured to remark, "for two young ladies so delicately brought up as you and your sister were."

"Yes," said she, "so it is, but not so much so as you may think; and, although laborious, it is not unhealthy. I believe that women in our occupation live longer, and are less liable to disease than any other class of working females. Besides, consider that we are *mistresses*, and, therefore, not compelled to labour more than we are fully equal to. We employ journeywomen under us to do the heavier part of the work. We keep as many as eight of them constantly in our employment. Harriet and I are but seldom idle. Mrs. Buckworth does all the outdoor part of the business, such as collecting the clothes from, and distributing them again among the customers, going to market, cooking, &c., &c., which fully occupies her time, and leaves us more leisure to attend to the concern at home."

While we were thus conversing, Mrs. Buckworth stood up, and said she would let Harriet know I was there. She did so, and Harriet entered the room. She filled up at first, and could not restrain a few tears, but becoming calm by degrees, we shook hands, and she appeared delighted to see me. The rain had by this time ceased, and, recollecting that my friend the merchant might be waiting dinner, I rose to take my leave, first asking was

there anything in which they thought I could be useful to them; for, if it were practicable, I would strive and serve them.

They both thanked me, and said they had nothing to ask for, except that I would pledge my word not to betray their incognito. That they had changed their names, and assumed that of the good woman with whom they lived, and whose daughters they were supposed to be—so that in future I must call them Maria and Harriet Buckworth. That if I could find time to visit them the following Sunday they would consider it a great favour—a great condescension.

“Oh! fiddlestick with your condescension. To be sure I will come, and glad to be asked,” said I.

“Come, then, at six on Sunday evening, and drink tea with us,” they both cried. “We have a thousand questions to ask, and much to learn respecting people in Ireland, particularly about an old lady residing in Dublin, a cousin of my father’s, not that we ever knew much of her, as she and my father many years ago unfortunately quarrelled about money matters. She filed a bill in chancery against my father, which he contested to the last, and all we know of the result is that he was compelled to pay a very large sum of money, and that neither of the litigants ever forgave each other. The lady is wealthy, without children, and now far advanced in age. Although we have no right to expect anything from her, yet, perhaps, when you return to Dublin, it would do no harm to let her know that such persons were still in existence.”

I promised to be with the sisters punctually at the

time appointed and answer all their questions, and give all the information in my power; but, in return, I would expect a full, true, and particular account of every thing that occurred to them since Mr. C——'s death.

I then took leave, and hastened to my friend's.

On the following Sunday evening, I left London by the five o'clock train, so that I might arrive at the cottage before the time appointed, as I knew my doing so would show the girls how anxious I was to keep up my acquaintance with them. It had the intended effect. They took it as a compliment, and told me so, saying it was a consolation to think one, whose good opinion they wished to deserve, did not after all look down upon them in their adversity. Every thing was ready when I arrived at the cottage, although it was half-an-hour before my appointment. The young ladies, Maria and Harriet, were dressed very neatly, in well-made and most becoming printed muslin gowns, plain, and without the slightest attempt at ornament, more than what the most artistic clear-starching and ironing could effect (the making up, I believe it is called)—that was perfection. I laughingly observed, I supposed they intended their present costume as a kind of walking advertisement of what the * * * * laundry could turn out.

"I confess," says Harriet, "I did take more than ordinary trouble yesterday with these dresses, to convince you that, although I was not originally bred to the business, I am not so bad a hand at it as you seemed to suspect last Thursday. Nobody knows what they can do until they are compelled to it."

Maria here interposed ; “ Perhaps you would like, while the kettle is boiling, to see our establishment, work-rooms, garden, drying ground, and the whole concern.” “ By all means, if you will be so kind as to show it to me,” said I. Accordingly they took me through the establishment. I was greatly pleased with the cleanliness and regularity of all I saw ; there was a place for everything, and everything in its place. I should mention that Mrs. Buckworth had gone out to a neighbour, I suspect purposely, that we might converse together more freely, although in truth that precaution was unnecessary, for the girls had no secrets from her—she knew their history as well as they did themselves ; but before she went she did not forget to leave us a plentiful supply of hot slim cakes to eat with our tea.

Immediately tea was over, I requested Maria to give me a full recital of everything which occurred to them after their father’s death. “ Well,” says she, “ as we look upon you as one of our only friends, we shall confide all our secrets to your keeping, being fully confident you will not betray them.

“ After the funeral, we collected together whatever remained that we could honestly call our own, and sold them privately for, I believe, fully as much as they were worth, by the assistance of the people of the house we had lodged in. Our debts were mere trifles, for this good reason, that after my father’s fall, nobody in the town of —— would give us credit ; what little we bought, was for ready money.

“ We hired a covered jaunting car and quitted —— at four in the morning, so as to reach Monasterevan in time

for the seven o'clock Canal Boat to Dublin, taking with us some diamonds, which had been my mother's before her marriage, and our usual wearing apparel. We stopped in Dublin only one night and part of the next day, when we engaged berths in one of the British and Irish Steam Ship Company's vessels for London, as being the cheapest mode of travelling to that great metropolis, where we had determined to go and seek our fortune.

"The weather was calm, and the sea as smooth as a canal, so that the coasting along from the Land's End to the Downs would, under any other circumstances, have been delightful. One of our reasons for going to London was, that we had there deposited, at a banker's in Lombard Street, a chest of plate which had been left us by my grandmother.

"Immediately on our arrival in London, we took a large top room, furnished, for five shillings a week, with attendance, in a quiet, old-fashioned street, where we determined to remain until some mode of gaining our livelihood should turn up. We sold the plate and invested the proceeds, rather more than £350, in the Government Funds, as something to fall back upon, if we should not succeed in establishing ourselves.

"We had been about a month in London, when one Saturday, Harriet, who was returning from the butcher's with our provision for the ensuing week, accidentally met Mrs. Buckworth in the street. This rencontre I may justly term the turning point of our good luck. Before that, we had been incessantly forming scheme after scheme for our future support, but could hit upon nothing to suit

us. The generous, good creature was wonderfully surprised at meeting Harriet in such a place, and on such an errand. She enquired for me, and did not hesitate an instant in accompanying Harriet to our abode up four pair of stairs.

“She could scarcely believe me when I told her how my father had died almost a pauper—how all our property, house, land, furniture, everything, had been sold to pay creditors. ‘Bad enough,’ says she, ‘and staying in this garret would be still worse: you must quit it and come with me; while I have a house over my head, or a bit to eat, you shall share it with me.’ We thanked her sincerely, but that we could not think of being an incumbrance to her; that we were in hopes of soon being in a position to earn our bread respectably. Mrs. Buckworth went away and left us to ourselves that night.

“I must now make a short digression, in order to acquaint you who and what Mrs. Buckworth is. She had been my mother’s waiting maid, and after my mother’s death she acted in the same capacity to us until we were sent to school. She then returned to London, her native place, and married Mr. Buckworth, a pay sergeant to a company in the 1st regiment of Foot Guards. After he had served in the army a sufficient length of time to entitle him to a first class pension, he obtained his discharge and settled in this village. He had, while in the army, accumulated some money, which, with what his wife brought him—a good round sum my father paid her, on account of wages earned whilst with us—the sergeant invested in house property here, a speculation which succeeded very

well. This worthy couple also purchased the good will of a public laundry at the further end of the village; the profits of which, his pension, and the rent of his houses, &c., &c., made them very comfortable. They had no children—that was, perhaps, the only drawback to their happiness. The sergeant died two years before we came to London, leaving all his property to Mrs. Buckworth, who very well deserved what she had mainly contributed to accumulate. So much for Mrs. Buckworth—I must now resume my tale about ourselves.

“After Mrs. Buckworth had left us on the Saturday, Harriet and I began to think we had been over-nice to refuse the offer so kindly made to us; that we were a pair of proud fools, ‘to work unable, to beg ashamed.’ We had almost made up our minds the next morning to go and seek her, when in walks the good woman herself. She told us she could not rest all night, thinking of us; that after turning in her mind all the *ins* and *outs* of our case, she came to the conclusion that we could not do better than come to her until something should turn up.

“We consented to do so, but on the express condition of her considering us her assistants, to take our share of the work in its most laborious form; and we assured her that we should consider ourselves fortunate in having a reputable house over our head, and an honest matron to protect us. ‘Come, at all events, we’ll talk of that when I get you out with me,’ said she. It was then arranged that we should send out our trunks with her town customers’ lineu the following day, and go ourselves by the railroad.

“Thus we became inmates with Mrs. Buckworth; we

have changed our name, or rather it was changed for us by the people of the village, and we took good care not to undeceive them ; it is gratifying to Mrs. Buckworth that we should be thought to be her daughters, so we invariably call her mother. For the first two or three days after we came to Mrs. Buckworth's, she would scarcely let us do anything in the way of work ; she said we would spoil the colour and shape of our hands, and kill ourselves with fatigue. But Harriet, who you know is very determined to carry out any project she takes into her head, said in her own peculiar, cool way, ' Mrs. Buckworth, before we consented to come to you, you promised us that we should be taught your business in all its branches ; how can we learn if you will not let us work like the other women here ?—and as to spoiling our hands, now that is downright nonsense. The fatigue will be as nothing when we shall be used to it. If we are not to work, we will not remain here.'

" ' Well, girls,' says Mrs. Buckworth. ' do as you please. I'll never stop you, although I am sure you will soon get tired, and give it up as a bad job.'

" In this she was mistaken ; for, whether it was that we were ashamed to confess ourselves tired when we were so, or that the labour became less irksome as we became used to it, I know not ; but in less than a month we were able to work from morning to night without feeling any great inconvenience. But it took us full six months completely to learn the business so as to make a fair compensation by our labour to Mrs. Buckworth in return for all she had done for us.

“About this time the former proprietor of this establishment, who had acquired a sufficiency to retire upon, offered it for sale. It is freehold, pays no rent, and stands upon half an acre and four perches of excellent land. Harriet and I, after consulting with our adopted mother, determined to purchase it and the goodwill of the business; so, after the usual course of bargaining on both sides, we got the concern, furniture, utensils, and connexion, everything as it stood, for three hundred pounds, cash down, for which we had merely to withdraw our money out of the government funds. I am happy to be able to tell you a most profitable speculation it has proved to be. Mrs. Buckworth, upon our taking possession of this cottage, let her own house to a market gardener, a safe, good tenant, who pays his rent punctually. The two washing establishments were thus consolidated into one concern, and a tolerably extensive one it is.”

When Maria had finished her story, “I am glad,” says I, “to find you contented with your lot; but I cannot help thinking you might have turned your talents and your accomplishments to better account, and adopted some profession more congenial to your character as gentlewomen, something in keeping with your undoubted rank.”

“Ah!” said Harriet, “I think I can guess what you allude to. You think we should have gone as governesses.”

“I admit,” says I, “that that idea did occur to me, because I know you are both of you perfectly competent to instruct young ladies in all the higher branches of female education.”

“You are,” said she, “pleased to flatter us more, I fear, than we deserve. Among the various projects we had formed to gain a livelihood, that of instruction was one. But there were serious difficulties in the way. Firstly, references and recommendations would be absolutely necessary, and the only persons to whom we could apply, for such purpose, were the very persons we did not wish to be under an obligation to. Then you must recollect that Maria and I never had been separated. We were together from our earliest infancy. In all our misfortunes we were a consolation to each other. It would have been painful to separate; yet, if we should have succeeded in obtaining situations as governesses, we must necessarily be so, perhaps, never to meet again. Besides, if we had gone as governesses, we should be every day in contact with persons and things to remind us of what we had been. We could not even enjoy the poor comfort of oblivion. Here we never see any persons higher up in the world than ourselves.

“A governess’s happiness or misery very much depends on the tempers of the family in which she may be domesticated. We are more independent. I assure you that, without denying ourselves any of the decencies and comforts suitable to our condition, we lodge in the savings’ bank monthly what amounts in the year to upwards of thirty pounds, each of us, not reckoning Mrs. Buckworth’s saving. I doubt if we could do that as governesses.

“Except for the loss of our gentility, we are not so very badly off, after all. Our work is so constant and regular,

principally for the outfitting shops in London, that we really have not time to sit down repining and thinking of our former grandeur. And, although we neither overwork ourselves nor those whom we employ under us, we are never idle on week days. We have learned that which is but seldom known to any of the upper hundred thousand—the true value of the Sabbath. To us it is what I am convinced the Great Author of our existence intended it should be—a day set apart for the triple purpose of *divine worship, rest, and recreation.*

“We pay considerably higher wages to our journeywomen than they could earn from other employers in our line. By that means we get the very best hands. Mrs. Buckworth, although not a bit of a scold, is certainly a very strict disciplinarian. With her, a woman once dismissed for misconduct from this establishment is never taken back again. Drunkenness, or even the slightest appearance of it, we treat as an unpardonable offence. The workers, although dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Buckworth, are really fond of her. Dismissal from our service is, I assure you, considered a severe punishment. Each woman has her allotted portion of the work. We admit of no excuse for its not being properly executed.

“The only remnant of vanity, of which we may, I think, be justly accused, is that we still retain my mother’s diamonds. Those we deposited at the banker’s, in Lombard Street, where our plate had been kept. In compliment to my mother’s memory, we would not like to part with them. So I think we may be excused in keeping them, as a last resource, lest we might again fall into poverty.”

In this agreeable strain of conversation I passed a very pleasant time with those interesting sisters until

“The varnished clock which ticked behind the door”

warned me it was time to depart, in order to catch the latest train to town that evening.

On my return to Dublin I sought for and obtained an introduction to the old lady, Mr. C——’s cousin, of whom the girls had told me. I found her a perfect gentlewoman in every respect. Her manners were dignified and polite. She listened with great attention to my narrative respecting the subjects of this memoir. When I had concluded, she said, “I have never seen the Misses C—— since they were mere children. Mr. C——, their father, and I had unfortunately a serious difference, which ended in a vexatious course of litigation. He is now dead, and I am informed died in great distress. Therefore it would ill become a person of my very advanced time of life to say anything in detraction of him. I have outlived my resentments; and I hope you will believe me, sir, when I tell you I never had any against his children. I pity them from the bottom of my heart.” She said she thanked me for calling upon her; that she was, however, not willing to make any promises, or raise hopes which it might not be practicable to satisfy; but this much she might say, that my visit to her would do the young ladies no harm.

Thinking I had pushed my advocacy far enough, I wished the old lady good bye.

She is since dead. By a codicil made to her will after

I had called upon her, she bequeathed legacies of one hundred pounds, free of duty, to each of the Misses C——, for which it is gratifying to me to think I was in some degree the means of their getting.

Believe me yours faithfully,

NICHOLAS MANSERGH,
of Macronev Castle.

TO SIR BERNARD BURKE,
Ulster.

Not very long after I received this communication, Mr. Mansergh favoured me with a few further details which he had subsequently learned, and I add them as a gratifying postscript :

“These ladies,” writes my obliging correspondent, “are, I have since heard, making a fortune by their business, which has increased so much that it gives them almost more work than they can do, and the mere superintendence occupies all their time. They began, as I before mentioned, by laying by thirty pounds each in the Savings’ Bank, but they are now funding annually two hundred pounds and upwards. No doubt, in a few years, these ladies will be independent and rich, but I do not think they will ever resume their proper name.”

The Fate of Seaforth.

“Do not the hist’ries of all ages
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns in the world’s affairs,
 Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers?”

HUDIBRAS.

No family in the Scottish Highlands surpasses the house of Mackenzie in wide-spread influence, and few can boast of so ancient a descent. However, as is the case with many great Highland chiefs, the popularly-received account of their origin differs essentially from the truth. The introductory sentences to the article on “Lord Seaforth,” in Sir Egerton Brydges’ edition of “Collins’ English Peerage,” give the usual theory of the family extraction assumed by the Mackenzies themselves, and admitted by the world:—“Among the many brave Scotsmen who signalized themselves for the service of their country at the battle of Largs, in 1263, there was a foreigner, one Colinas FitzGerald, son to the Earl of Kildare, or Desmond, of the kingdom of Ireland, whose courage and valour on that occasion was so singularly remarkable that

King Alexander took him into his special protection, and was afterwards pleased to bestow upon him the lands of Kintail, in Ross-shire, *pro bono et fidei servitio tam in bello quam in pace*, and to be held by him *in liberam baroniam*, as the original charter bears, dated from Kincardine, January 9th, 1266."

It is difficult to say how such a tradition arose concerning the origin of the Mackenzies. In support of it, a fragment of the "Recorde of Icolmkill," and the charter above referred to, have been adduced; but neither are of much authority. The fragmentary record of Icolmkill mentions that among the heroes at the battle of Largs was a Hibernian stranger of the race of Geraldine, but it says nothing as to his subsequent settlement in the Highlands; and the alleged charter of Alexander III. grants the lands of Kintail "*Colino Hiberno*," which word "*Hibernus*" was in frequent use, as denoting a Highlander generally. But, after all, there are strong suspicions as to the genuine antiquity of this charter. The Mackenzies are thus not exempt from the almost universal fondness exhibited by Highland clans for a foreign origin. In examining the traditions of the Highlands, we are struck by their peculiarity of taste, which, scorning a Caledonian source, traces some families from Ireland, others from Scandinavia, and others from Normandy. The descent of the Mackenzies has been deduced with greater probability, and with no less claim to antiquity, from a native ancestor, viz., a certain Gillean-og, or Colin the Younger, a son of the ancestor of the Rosses. Until the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, the Mackenzies held their lands

from the Earls of Ross, and always followed their banner in the field ; and after the forfeiture of that Earldom they rapidly rose, upon the ruins of the Macdonalds, to the great power and extent of territorial possessions for which they were afterwards distinguished among the families of the North. In the reign of King James I. the clan appears to have acquired very considerable strength and importance ; for in the beginning of the fifteenth century their chief is ranked as leader of two thousand men. On the destruction of the supremacy of the Lords of the Isles and the Earls of Ross, the Barons of Kintail distinguished themselves for their enmity to the Macdonalds, and rose to such power and eminence that they became the most potent chiefs in the Northern Highlands.

After holding for many generations the rank of great chiefs and barons, their descendant, Kenneth Mackenzie, was raised by King James VI. to the peerage, in 1609, as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and his son Colin was by the same monarch created Earl of Seaforth in 1623. Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth, distinguished himself for his loyalty to King Charles II. during the Usurpation, and supported the Royal cause as long as there was an opportunity of fighting for it in the field ; and when he was forced to submit to the ruling powers, he was committed to prison, where with much firmness of mind he endured a tedious captivity until he was released by the re-establishment of the King's authority. He married a lady descended from his own family, Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie, of Tarbat, sister of the first

Earl of Cromarty, and to her cruel and violent act may be traced the remarkable doom which it is my purpose here to relate.

The Earl of Seaforth had occasion to visit Paris some time after the Restoration of King Charles II., his Countess being left at Brahan Castle while her Lord enjoyed the dissipation and amusements of the French capital, which seemed to have many attractions for him, as his stay was prolonged much beyond his original intention. Lady Seaforth became excessively uneasy on account of his prolonged absence, more especially as she had received no letters from him for several months. Her anxiety became too great for endurance, and led her to have recourse to the aid of magic, in order, if possible, to obtain tidings of her absent lord. She accordingly sent messengers to Strathpeffer to summon the "Warlock of the Glen." This was a man celebrated throughout all the north country for his intimate relations with the invisible world. He was what would be in modern times called a clairvoyant and a medium; for he united in his person the characteristics of both these branches of mysterious gifts. In the days of our fathers he would have been considered as possessing in a very remarkable degree what was called the second sight; and in his own day he was feared, and at the same time frequently consulted, as a warlock, or wizard, and necromancer. He professed to exercise his power of clairvoyance by means of a circular white stone with a hole in the middle, which he used to hold up to his eye and look through, in order to see the passing events of far distant countries.

The Countess's messengers accordingly brought the "Warlock of the Glen" from Strathpeffer to Brahan Castle, and ushered him into the lady's presence. When informed that he was required to give tidings of the absent Earl, he made particular inquiries as to where he was supposed to be, and then said that he doubted not that he should be able to discover him, if he were still alive on the face of the earth. He immediately drew forth his magical stone, and applying it to his eye, looked through the hole. The anxious suspense of the Countess was interrupted by the loud laugh of the Warlock, who said, "Fear not for your lord. He is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy!" The more immediate anxiety for her husband's life and health being dispelled, the Countess desired the Warlock to describe her lord's appearance, and to tell her where he was, what he was doing, and by whom he was surrounded.

"Be satisfied," said he: "ask no questions. Let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry."

"But where is he?" asked the Countess. "With whom is he? and is he making no preparations for his homeward journey?"

"Your lord," replied the Warlock, "is in a magnificent room, in very fine company, and is at present too agreeably employed to be thinking of leaving Paris."

The Countess's anxiety now took a different turn. Knowing that her lord was alive, and well, and happy, she began to fret that she had no share in this happiness and well-being, and to feel the pangs of jealousy and wounded pride. There was something sinister in the

expression of the Warlock's countenance which seemed to justify such feelings. He spoke of her lord's present occupations with a malicious sneer, as if to say, "I could tell a disagreeable tale if I would." The Countess made use of intreaties, bribes, and threats, in order to induce the Warlock to describe the Earl exactly as he had seen him, to tell her what he was doing, and who those were with whom he was then communing.

"Since you *will* know that which will make you unhappy, I must needs tell you the truth," said the Warlock. "My lord seems to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay, gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets, and silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, with his arm round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips!"

At this painful disclosure the fury of the Countess knew no bounds. It was indeed natural and not unmerited, but its object was ill chosen. All the anger which was due to her lord, and which should have concentrated in her breast to be poured out upon him after his return, was spent upon the Warlock. What made the matter worse was that the revelation of the Earl's infidelity had not been disclosed to herself in private, but in the presence of some of the principal retainers of the house of Seaforth; so that the Earl's moral character was blasted, and her own charms were slighted, in the face of the whole clan, and her lord's desertion of her for a fair French lady was certain to become the public scandal of all the North of Scotland. She formed a sudden resolution with equal presence of mind and cruelty. She determined to dis-

credit the revelations of the Warlock, and to denounce him as a vile slanderer of her husband's character. She trusted that the signal vengeance she was about to inflict on the Warlock as a liar and defamer would impress the minds not only of her own clan but of all the inhabitants of the shires of Ross and Inverness with a sense of her thorough disbelief in the scandalous story, to which she nevertheless secretly attached full credit.

Turning to the Warlock, she said, "You have spoken evil of dignities; you have vilified the mighty of the land. You have defamed a chief in the midst of his vassals. You have abused my hospitality, and outraged my feelings. You have sullied the good fame of my lord in the halls of his ancestors; and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance that I can inflict. You shall die the death."

The Warlock was filled with astonishment and dismay at this fatal result of his art. He had expected far other rewards of divination. However, he could not at first believe that the rage of the Countess was serious: at all events, he expected that it would soon evaporate, and that, in the course of a few hours, he might be allowed to depart in peace. He even so far understood her feelings that he thought she was making a parade of anger in order to discredit the report of her lord's shame with the clan; and he expected that, when this object was served, he might at length be dismissed without personal injury.

But the decision of the Countess was no less violently conceived than it was promptly executed. The doom of the Warlock was sealed. No time was to be allowed for remorseful compunction. No preparation was permitted

to the wretched man. No opportunity was given for intercession in his favour. The gallows was forthwith erected, and the miserable Warlock of the Glen was led out for immediate execution. Such a stretch of feudal oppression, at a time so little remote as the reign of Charles II., may appear strange to English readers; but in the Highlands the will of the Chief was supreme; and a castle can be pointed out, viz. Menzies Castle, much less remote from the seat of authority and the courts of law than Brahan, where, above half a century later, an odious vassal was starved to death by order of the wife of the Chief, the sister of the great and patriotic Duke of Argyle!

When the Warlock found that no mercy was to be expected either from the vindictive lady or the subservient vassals, he resigned himself to his fate. He drew forth his white stone, so long the instrument of his supernatural intelligence, and once more applying it to his eye, he said,

“I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a Chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live care-worn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future Chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a

white-hooded lassie from the East. She is to kill her sister, and

* * * * *

As a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth, viz., Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Rasay, of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hair-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth; and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end."

When the Warlock had ended this prediction, he threw his white stone into a small loch, by the side of which the gallows was erected, and declared that whoever should find that stone would be similarly gifted. Then, submitting to his fate, he was hung up on high, and this wild and fearful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.

I must offer an explanation concerning the fragmentary nature of the Warlock's prophecy. He uttered it in all its horrible length; but I suppress the last portion, which is as yet unfulfilled, and which, therefore, I am unwilling to relate. Every other part of the prediction has most literally and accurately come to pass; but let us earnestly hope that the course of future events may at length give the lie to the avenging curse of the Warlock. The last clause of the prophecy is well known to many of those versed in Highland family tradition;

but it must not be published, and I trust that it may remain unfulfilled. With regard to the four Highland lairds who were to be buck-toothed, hair-lipped, half-witted, and a stammerer, viz. Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch, Chisholm of Chisholm, Grant, Baronet of Grant, and Macleod of Rasay, I am uncertain which was which. The late Earl of Ellesmere used to tell the story, assigning to each laird his personal peculiarity; but I cannot remember the exact particulars; and I would rather allow the story to suffer, than put falsehood into the lips of the Warlock at the point of death. Suffice it to say, that the four lairds were marked by the above-mentioned distinguishing personal peculiarities, and all four were the contemporaries of the last of the Seaforths.

In due time the Earl returned to his home, after the fascinations of Paris had palled, and when he felt disposed to exchange frivolous or vicious enjoyment abroad for the exercise of despotic authority in the society of a jealous Countess at home. He was gathered to his fathers in 1678, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the fourth Earl. It is not my purpose to relate the vicissitudes of the family, which are unconnected with the curse of the Warlock of the Glen, further than by giving a brief outline of them; and they were sufficiently remarkable to supply a strange chapter of domestic history. The fourth Earl married a daughter of the illustrious family of Herbert, Marquess of Powis, and he himself was created a Marquess by the abdicated King at St. Germain's, while his wife's brother was created a Duke. His son, the fifth Earl, being engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, forfeited

his estate and titles to the Crown : but in 1726 his lands were restored to him, and he, and his son after him, lived in wealth and honour as great Highland Chiefs ; and the latter, who was by courtesy styled Lord Fortrose, represented his native county of Ross in many parliaments about the middle of the last century. In 1766, the honours of the peerage were restored to his son, who was created Viscount Fortrose, and in 1771 Earl of Seaforth ; but those titles, which were Irish, did not last long, but became extinct at his death in 1781.

None of these vicissitudes were foretold in the Warlock's prophecy ; for, in spite of them all, the family continued to prosper. That ruin, which the unsuccessful rising in 1715 had brought upon many other great houses, was retrieved in the case of Seaforth by the exercise of sovereign favour, and restored possessions and renewed honours preserved the grandeur of the race. But on the death of the last Earl, his second cousin, descended from a younger son of the fourth Earl and his vindictive Countess, inherited the family estates and the Chieftdom of the Mackenzies, which he held for one short year and never actually enjoyed, being slain at sea, in the south of India, by the Mahrattas, after a gallant resistance, in 1783. He was succeeded by his brother, in whom, as the last of his race, the Warlock's prophecy began to be accomplished.

Francis Humberstone Mackenzie was a very remarkable man. He was born in 1754 ; and, although he was *deaf* and dumb, he was able to fill an important position in the world by the force of his natural abilities and the favour of fortune. He may be said quite to have recovered the

use of speech, for he was able to converse; but he was totally deaf, and all communications were made to him by signs or in writing. Yet he raised a regiment at the beginning of the great European war; he was created a British peer in 1797, as Baron Seaforth of Kintail; in 1800 he went out to Barbadoes as governor, and afterwards to Demerara and Berbice; and in 1808 he was made a lieutenant-general. These were singular incidents in the life of a deaf and dumb man. He married a very amiable and excellent woman, Mary Proby, the daughter of a dignitary of the church, and niece of the first Lord Carysfort, by whom he had a fine family of three sons and six daughters. When he considered his own position, deaf and formerly dumb; when he saw his three sons all rising to man's estate; and when he looked around him and observed the peculiar marks set upon the persons of the predicted four cotemporary great Highland lairds, all in accordance with the Warlock's prophecy—he must have felt ill at ease, unless he was able, with the incredulous indifference of a man of the world, to spurn the idea from him as an old wives' superstition.

However, fatal conviction was forced upon him and all those who remembered the family tradition, by the lamentable events which filled his house with mourning. One after another his three promising sons were cut off by death. The last, who was the most distinguished of them all for the finest qualities both of head and heart, was stricken by a sore and lingering disease, and had gone, with a part of the family, for his health, to the south of England. Lord Seaforth remained in the North, at Brahan Castle.

A daily bulletin was sent to him from the sick chamber of his beloved son. One morning, the accounts being rather more favourable, the household began to rejoice; and a friend and neighbour, who was visiting the Chief, came down after breakfast full of the good news, and gladly imparted them to the old family piper, whom he met in front of the castle. The aged retainer shook his head and sighed: "Na, na," said he, "he'll never recover. It's decreed that Seaforth maun outlive *all* his three sons." This he said in allusion to the Warlock's prophecy: thus his words were understood by the family; and thus members of the family have again and again repeated the strange tale. The words of the old piper proved too true. A few more posts brought to Seaforth the tidings of the death of the last of his three sons.

At length, on the 11th January, 1815, Lord Seaforth died, the last of his race. His modern title became extinct, the chieftdom of the house of Mackenzie, divested of its rank and honour, passed away to a very remote collateral, who succeeded to no portion of the property, and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the east. Lord Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, the Hon. Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie, had married in 1804 Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., K.B., who was Admiral of the West India station while Seaforth himself was Governor in those islands. Sir Samuel afterwards had the chief command in the Indian seas, whither his lady accompanied him, and spent several years with him in different parts of the East Indies. He died, while holding that high command, very nearly at the same time with Lord Seaforth, so

that his youthful wife was a recent widow at the time, and returned home from India in her widow's weeds, to take possession of her paternal inheritance; so that she was literally a *white-hooded* lassie (that, is a young woman in widow's weeds) from the East.

After some years of widowhood, Lady Hood Mackenzie married a second time, Mr. Stewart, a grandson of the sixth Earl of Galloway, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, and established himself on his lady's extensive estates in the north. Thus the possessions of Seaforth may be truly said to have passed from the male line of the ancient house of Mackenzie. And still more strikingly was this fulfilled, as regarded a large portion of these estates, when Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie sold the great island of Lewis to Sir James Matheson.

After many years of happiness and prosperity, a frightful accident threw the family into mourning. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was one day driving her younger sister, the Honourable Caroline Mackenzie, in a pony carriage among the woods in the vicinity of Brahan Castle. Suddenly the ponies took fright, and started off at a furious pace. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was quite unable to check them, and both she and her sister were thrown out of the carriage much bruised and hurt. She happily speedily recovered from the accident, but the injury which her sister sustained proved fatal, and after lingering for some time in a hopeless state, she died, to the inexpressible grief of all the members of her family. As Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was driving her at the time of the accident, she may be said to have been the innocent cause of her sister's death, and thus to have fulfilled

the last portion of the Warlock's prophecy which has as yet been accomplished.

Thus we have seen that the last Chief of Seaforth was *deaf and dumb* ; that he had *three sons* ; that he survived them all ; that the four great Highland lairds who were his cotemporaries were all distinguished by the peculiar personal marks which were predicted ; that his estates were inherited by a *white-hooded lassie from the East* ; that his great possessions passed into the hands of other races ; and that his eldest daughter and heiress was so unfortunate as to be the cause of *her sister's death*. In this very remarkable instance of family fate, the prophecy was not found out after the events occurred : it had been current for generations in the Highlands, and its tardy fulfilment was marked curiously and anxiously by an entire clan and a whole county. Seaforth was respected and beloved far and near, and strangers, as well as friends and clansmen, mourned along with him in the sorrows of his latter years, The gradual development of the doom was watched with sympathy and grief, and the fate of Seaforth has been during the last half century regarded as one of the most curious instances of that second sight, or, as we should now term it, prophetic clairvoyance, for which the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland have so long been celebrated.

Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, the accomplished husband of the heiress of Seaforth, after being for many years a distinguished member of the House of Commons and a Privy Councillor, held several high appointments in the colonial dominions of the British crown. He was suc-

cessively Governor of Ceylon, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and he died, universally beloved and lamented, in the year 1843. The venerable heiress of the great house of Seaforth still survives, in a green and honoured old age. She nobly supports the dignity of the mighty Chiefs whose ample possessions she has inherited, and whose blood she has transmitted to her numerous descendants, mingled with the no less purple stream of one of the most illustrious branches of the Stewarts. I cannot more appropriately conclude this family legend than by quoting the beautiful lines which Sir Walter Scott wrote as a "Lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail."

"In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
 Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue,
 For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
 The glow of the genius they could not oppose ;
 And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
 Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail ?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
 All a father could hope, all a friend could approve ;
 What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell—
 In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell !
 Of the line of Mac Kenneth remains not a male,
 To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief
 For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
 Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
 Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft,
 To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail
 That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail !"

An English Flower transplanted to Italian Soil.

THE seventh Earl Ferrers inherited some of that eccentricity of his family which, in the case of one of his line, had led to such sad results. Disliking the splendid seat of Staunton Harold, probably from the painful associations connected with it, he erected mansions on other portions of his large estates. Rakedale Hall was one of these, Ratcliff Hall was another. He had quarrelled with his only son, the amiable and accomplished Lord Tamworth, and the latter had died without any reconciliation having taken place.

The Earl had lost his last Countess, the daughter of Mr. Wrightson Mundy, and was living in moody retirement at Rakedale Hall, when an occurrence took place that afforded him an opportunity of making some atonement for the harshness he had shewn to his lamented son. One morning a woman of plebeian appearance came to the Hall, and at first requested, and then, being refused, *demand*ed an audience of his lordship. She was at last ushered into the study, and she led by the hand a little girl of three years old, for whose support, *as the*

grandchild of the Earl, she supplicantly pleaded for some assistance.

While the mother was telling the tale of her troubles, the little one began to play with the stern Earl's shining knee-buckles. He looked down on the child, and, relaxing and relenting, said, "Ay, you have Tamworth's eyes." This likeness to Lord Tamworth, the little one's innocent prattle, and perhaps some compunctious feelings for his late coldness to his son, made a strong impression on the Earl's heart. He took the child on his knee; his stern heart was softened, and from that moment he formed the resolution of adopting her. During his life-time she never left him, but became the solace of his declining years. He bestowed great pains on her education, and by his will appointed Mr. Charles Godfrey Mundy, of Burton Hall, her sole guardian, with an allowance of three thousand pounds a-year for her maintenance during minority, and bequeathed her the beautiful manors of Rake-dale, Ratcliffe, &c. &c., with a large amount of personal property.

Miss Shirley, as she was always called, was removed to Burton Hall. For years she had been entirely separated from her mother, who had married an humble innkeeper of Syston, receiving a small annuity, on condition that she should not have any intercourse with her daughter. The latter had, indeed, been led to believe that her mother was no more, and had, of course, been considerably mystified as to her origin, when a stranger arrived at Burton Hall. It was she who, fifteen years before, had demanded an interview with Earl Ferrers.

Inquiry was made as to the nature of the woman's business. It was to see her daughter, Miss Shirley, and she declared that nothing but force should remove her from the Hall door, till she had accomplished the purpose of her visit.

A family council was held, and at length it was stipulated that she should be admitted into the room in which Miss Mundy, Miss Shirley, and some other ladies were sitting, on the pretext of being shown the pictures and the furniture; and thus be allowed *a look at her daughter*, without in any way discovering herself.

She was brought in by one of the domestics. The young ladies pursued their drawing, none of them being at all conscious of any relationship between themselves and the rustic stranger. A picture or two had been described, but the woman's eye could not be diverted, she only saw her daughter, and in her overpowering emotion threw herself on her daughter's neck. The *scene* need not be described further.

* * * * *

There was a stipulation in the will of the late Earl that Miss Shirley should spend three months of every year on the continent. During a sojourn in Italy she was introduced to the young Duke de Sforza, to whom she was afterwards united. The rise of that Ducal house was almost as romantic as her own. Its founder, the famous Giacomozzo Sforza, was born at Cotignola, in Romagna, in 1369. He was originally a peasant; and being one day at work, was solicited to enlist for a soldier, when, throwing his spade into a tree, he declared he would do

so, if the spade did not fall down again. The spade sticking fast, he immediately embarked on that military career which afterwards rendered him so conspicuous. His son became Duke of Milan ; and Catherine de Sforza, a heroine of this family, was united to one of the Medicis.

The little girl whom I first introduced to the reader in the character of an humble suppliant at the door of Rakedale Hall, is now Duchess de Sforza, wife of one of the most distinguished men in Europe, and owner of Rakedale Hall itself, and the fine estates that surround it.

The Duke and Duchess reside on the Duke's ancestral home in Romagna. They rarely visit England.

Three or four years ago, a stranger and his wife were observed sketching for several days in succession the remarkable ancient manor-house of the Shirleys, called Rakedale Old Hall. This was nothing new to the villagers, as the fine old Jacobean house, with its beautiful chimneys and the picturesque chapel adjoining, is a frequent subject for the amateur's or the artist's pencil. The supposed artist and his wife came, however, so often from Leicester that they formed an acquaintance with all the farmers and cottagers in the romantic valley. They were only too happy to be allowed to take refreshment at the farm houses, for the village contains no inn. They entered freely into conversation with the people, heard the free-spoken sentiments of the farmers about farming and their foreign landlady, and became such favourites that they met with a hearty welcome in every house. Even the children of the village learnt to love the strangers for their gentle manners, and still more, perhaps, for the

presents that were bestowed upon them; and there was a universal gloom in the village, when the "artist and his wife" announced that they would not return again. The morning after their departure, a letter was received by the principal farmer, conveying grateful thanks to the inhabitants for their kind and hospitable attentions, and enclosing a cheque for a handsome sum for distribution among the cottagers and their children. That letter destroyed the incognito. The artist and his wife were the DUKE AND DUCHESS DE SFORZA.

The Duchess had enjoyed the happiness of revisiting, unobserved, scenes endeared to her from childhood, and of introducing her husband to the rural life of England and their happy and kind-hearted tenantry. The bells of the little chapel were soon set a-going; but the villagers' joy was not a little damped by thinking of bows and curtsseys that would have been made, and of sayings that would have been unsaid, had they for one moment imagined it was the Duchess de Sforza!

Another incident, having reference to this same Vale of Rakedale, will close my little story.

In the summer of 1861 an antiquary, rambling in North Leicestershire, was induced to visit this secluded hamlet, a few miles east of Melton Mowbray. He had been attracted to this spot by the fame of the old Hall as a remarkably fine specimen of Jacobean architecture. He was descending the hill that overhangs the village, when groups of well-dressed rustics met his eye. The word "Welcome," too, affixed in flowers on an arch that spanned the entrance to the Hall, gave sign of re-

joicing. "What holiday are you celebrating?" said my antiquarian friend to the civil rustic who opened the gate. "It's the visit of the Duchess," was the reply; "and there she comes," said he, pointing to a carriage descending the hill.

A loud shout proceeded from the rustics, and the two bells of the little chapel adjoining the Hall at once began to jingle the best peal the dual could produce. The carriage entered the Hall gates, and a lady of middle age was handed out by a soldier-like young man who accompanied her. With bare heads the farmers and labourers made their best bows, and their wives and daughters dropped their best curtseys, and the lady was conducted into the Hall.

A bountiful feast had been prepared in a well-decorated barn, and my friend was hospitably invited to share in the festivities. The Duchess soon entered, leaning on the arm of her son, and both sat down with great good nature at the head of the well-plenished table.

The repast over, the principal tenant proposed the health of the Duchess, which was gracefully acknowledged by her son, the young officer at her side. Other toasts followed, intermingled with pleasant but, on the part of the villagers, deferential chat, and then rural sports became the order of the day. Of these, the Duchess of Sforza was evidently a delighted spectatress.

The young soldier, who accompanied her on this visit to her Leicestershire tenantry, was one of her sons, the Duke de Cenis, an officer in the army of Victor Emmanuel.

The Pilgrim Father.

“ Among the watching hills a nook they found,
Where the hushed winds a holy sabbath keep ;
Where war's red foot had never dyed the ground,
Nor ravening wolves disturbed the gentle sheep.”

BITTER has been of late the expression of animosity against England, and loud the denunciation of her in the United States ; yet I cannot but hope and think that there is a deep-rooted affection in America for the “ old country,” and that when the angry passions, excited by the present most deplorable of wars, have subsided, better sentiments will resume their influence, and former kindly feelings be restored.

For ten or twelve years before the civil conflict broke out, the most intelligent and zealous of my genealogical clients and correspondents were from the other side of the Atlantic, all yearning to carry back their ancestry to the fatherland, and to connect themselves in some way with its historic associations. Massachusetts was more genealogical than Yorkshire, and Boston sustained, what London never did, a Magazine devoted exclusively to genealogy. My friend, Mr. Somerby, a very accomplished American antiquary, employed himself for several years in researches through the parish registers of England for the parochial

entries of the founders of the chief American families, and especially of the Pilgrim Fathers; and I have been told that a very large sum was given at New York or Washington, I forget which, for the purchase of a perfect series of our English County Histories, as the best sources of American genealogy.

The gentlemen of Virginia were at all times proud of their English and Scottish blood. The Washingtons, though the illustrious patriot will ever be the brightest ornament of their house, look back with satisfaction to the old Northamptonshire squires of Sulgrave, to whom they trace their origin; and the Lord Fairfax of Cameron, whose ancestor, captivated by the climate and attraction of Virginia, made it his home and country more than a century since, is not the less respected because he is the representative of a race of nobles, memorable in the annals of England. America was early the refuge for all sufferers: the persecuted Puritan fled to New England—the oppressed Catholic to Maryland—and the defeated Cavalier to Virginia. But the most interesting and most striking exodus of all was that of the PILGRIM FATHERS, who with defective means, but heavenly and heroic purpose, embarked for the New World in the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

On the centre point where the three English counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, and York unite, are three little towns,—Austerfield, Scrooby, and Bawtry; so small in the days of which I write, as to be scarcely worthy of

notice on the map, and yet within them they contained the elements of a mighty empire. Their population consisted of sturdy yeomen, who worked through the week, and "worshipped God in neat attire when the Sunday came round." From this obscure corner, and this obscure yeomanry, originated a religious company, "schooled in misfortune, unconquerable through faith, and wise and prudent by experience," which, under the guidance of Brewster, Robinson, and Bradford, formed the Pilgrim Congregation at Leyden, which sought eventually a home beyond the Atlantic, and helped to found a nation that was to stretch from sea to sea, and become the great American Republic.

This pious congregation "excited little notice at Leyden, except as an industrious and sober people, honest in their dealings; plain in their dress; pure in their lives; at peace among themselves, and warm in their affection towards each other. Public worship was not allowed them, as only the Presbyterian form was tolerated by the government; but they met, unmolested, at the house of their pastor. This was none other than John Robinson, a man who leaned on the bosom of his Lord all the year, there to get comfort and strength in his many and bitter trials. Never since the primitive days had there been such a flock with such a pastor as assembled in that house at Leyden. Trial and hardship had pencilled their features with the lines of care; but at the same time it had clothed them in the meekest of the Christian graces, made them patient and gentle, forgiving towards their enemies, and tolerant towards all the disciples of the Lord Jesus. Common

dangers and hardships had knit them to each other by the strongest ties of love; and even a stranger, as he looked in upon the little company, while they were engaged in worship, would be touched with sympathy, especially during the singing and the prayer; for their faces would be rapt, like Stephen's, with visions of super-sensual glory, and their fervid psalms, touching a thousand memories of dark dangers and Divine deliverances, would bring the tears of gratitude from all their eyes in a sweet and gentle rain. 'It was the sweetest melody,' says one of their number, 'that ever mine ears heard.' While the noise of tongues was sounding everywhere else, and the billows of strife were dashing on every side, this flock at Leyden occupied a charmed spot, which was never disturbed; as if 'Peace, be still!' from the lips of the Master, were breathed over it in perpetual benediction."

I must for a moment wander back some centuries earlier than these Pilgrim Fathers, and take my readers to the famous county of Kent. Near unto the mouth of the Medway and the ancient city of Rochester, as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, dwelt one Adam Sayer, Lord of the Manor of Hougham, a country gentleman of fair estate and high character. He left wide-spreading descendants. One was returned to Parliament by the town of Sandwich, in the reign of Henry VI., and another was created a Banneret for his gallantry at Stoke. A third crossed the Thames into Essex, and founded a family which became possessed of good property at Colchester.

Of that town, John Sayer, a man of wealth and dignity, was Alderman, towards the close of the fifteenth century. He died in 1509, and a mural brass in St. Peter's church records his name and honours. His grandson, young Richard Sayer, is described as a youth of florid face, and sanguine temperament; who "rambled on the banks of the Medway and forded its waters, who climbed the chalk ridge, and took in unfading impressions of the scenery beneath, though he sometimes trampled the wheat-fields, and roused the maledictions of the Kentish farmers."

Returned home from school to his father's house at Colchester, Richard there grew up, the elder of two brothers, and the heir to a large estate; but unfortunately for his worldly peace and prosperity, he had early imbibed strong religious sentiments, and during the period of animosities and persecutions under Henry VIII., he became a warm and zealous partizan on the side opposed to his own family and relatives. The result was a total alienation from them, disinheritance, and flight. Richard Sayer's wife, Anne Bouchier, daughter of Edmund Knyvet, Esq., of the ancient family of Ashwelthorpe, in Norfolk, incurred the lasting displeasure of the Knyvets, because she clung faithfully to her husband in his adversity, and the name was in consequence erased from all the family pedigrees and papers. Her descent, in the female line, was from Sir John Bouchier, Lord Berners, Knight of the Garter, fourth son of William, Earl of Ewe, by Anne Plantagenet, his wife, granddaughter of King Edward III.

Anne Bouchier Knyvet, whose lot seems to have been a hard one, nobly and cheerfully borne, was the devoted com-

panion of her husband, Richard Sayer, in all the sufferings he underwent for conscience sake. She escaped with him to Amsterdam, and tended his death-bed there in 1540. In consequence of their flight, her husband's younger brother secured for himself possession of the patrimonial inheritance, and founded two families of Sayer: the elder, seated at Bouchier's Hall, ended in an heiress, who married the learned Sir John Marsham, Bart. The younger is still resident, I believe, at Pett, near Charing, in Kent. The only son of Richard and Anne Sayer was John Bouchier Sayer, a man of bold and daring disposition, who, instead of adopting measures to recover his ancestral rights, sought adventure under his father-in-law, Sir John Hawkins, the famous Admiral, and accompanied him in many of his voyages. He died in Holland, leaving four sons, of whom the eldest, his father's namesake, acquired a large fortune in marriage with Marie L'van Egmond, of the family of Count Egmond, the victim of the Duke of Alva; and with the money thus obtained with his wife, Sayer purchased property in the neighbourhood of that to which he believed himself to be entitled; but his efforts for its recovery were resisted by his kinsmen in England, and an open rupture was the result. John Bouchier Sayer died in 1629, leaving two sons, of whom the elder was RICHARD SAYER, whose story, so pathetically told by his descendant, Edmund H. Sears, in a little volume of singular interest and fascination, entitled "Pictures of the Olden Time," I will here endeavour to reproduce, as illustrative of the vicissitudes attending the career of one of the direct descendants of the illustrious houses of Bouchier

and Plantagenet. Richard Sayer, or Sears, as he began to write his name, was early captivated by the eloquence of the Leyden preachers, and had listened with delight to the teaching of Robinson, whom there is reason to suppose he sought at Leyden, and to whom he was drawn by the magnetic power of spirit upon spirit, much as Bradford had been drawn to Clifton at Scrooby. It is probable that the struggle was long and severe before the final separation of the tie between Richard and his kinsfolk at Amsterdam. We have no record of that struggle, but his parents being Catholics, and therefore regarding the obscure band of separatists at Leyden with no favourable eye, it must have been a grievous disappointment when their son joined the despised company of Pilgrims. How many times he travelled from Amsterdam to Leyden before he finally embarked his hopes and his fortunes; how the love of home and friends struggled with religious convictions and aspirations, and how often he hesitated in his intention may easily be conceived. At the time Richard Sayer joined the Congregation at Leyden, they had come to the determination to quit Holland, and seek a home in the New World; and the young enthusiast's imagination was just the one to be captivated by the dream of a Utopia beyond the waters, far away from rumours of strife and dissension, where brethren should dwell together in unity, and worship God free from the pest of the schouts and bailiffs.

Virginia was the place selected for their first settlement; and, having obtained the permission of the Virginia Company in London, the Congregationists made preparations for

their departure by converting their scanty property into a common stock, and hiring two small vessels, the *Speedwell*, of 60, and the *Mayflower*, of 180 tons. Of Robinson's flock, which numbered about 300 persons, only a minority could in the first instance set sail, owing to the smallness of the vessels; but these acted as the pioneers of the enterprise, and were afterwards followed by Robinson and the rest. The vessels sailed in the first instance from Holland to England; but, after a short stay there, the *Speedwell* being declared unseaworthy, the *Mayflower* alone held onward in its course, freighted with one hundred and one passengers; and, after a voyage of sixty-three days, they landed on that part of the American coast, on which they founded the towns of Plymouth and Boston. From these small beginnings arose the United States of America!

Meanwhile Richard Sayer is with the remainder of the congregation at Leyden, and with them is waiting a favourable opportunity to join the new exiles. His father had made strenuous exertions to recover the paternal estate at Colchester, and a long and bitter controversy had been the consequence. It ended in total alienation between the Sayers of Holland and the Sayers and Knyvetts of England, and the former were threatened with a criminal prosecution if they set foot again in the land of their fathers. His father died in 1629, and not till then, does the way seem to have been clear to him to embark his fortunes with the Pilgrims. He then came into possession of his paternal inheritance, and in 1630 he accompanied the last expedition which carried out from Leyden the remnant of the Scrooby congregation. He had previously settled his affairs at

Amsterdam, given up all hope of recovering his paternal estates in England, become heartsick with the controversy, and with the selfishness of man, sick with the noise of sects that filled the country with strife, and had but recently stained its beautiful fields with blood; and sighing for a peaceful retreat, and a pure and unmolested worship, he landed at Plymouth, on May 8th of the year in which he sailed. Here he stayed a few years, and in 1643 removed thence to a more favoured spot, known by the Indians as Sursuit and Mattakeese, the sites of the present towns of East Dennis and Yarmouth.

Richard Sayer, before he left Plymouth, had married Dorothy Thacher. She was a sister of Anthony Thacher, Plymouth, whose name is familiarly known in the Pilgrim annals. The children of this marriage were three sons, Knyvet, Paul, and Silas, and one daughter, named Deborah, married to Zachariah Paddock.

* Let us picture to ourselves the primitive manner in which the Pilgrim Father lived, and contrast it with the habits of his ancestors in the olden time, and his descendants of the present day.

On Quivet Neck he built himself a house one story high, roofed with thatch, and fronting south with such precision as to serve as a sun-dial, and indicate the hour of noon. The fireplace was made of rough stone, the chimney of boards plastered over inside with clay. Both the fireplace and the chimney-flue were of immense capacity; so that after a rousing fire has been kindled on a winter's evening, the family could occupy both the spaces on each side of it, and look up through the chimney opening, and

gaze at the stars. What visions of other days must have come over the old Pilgrim as he sat there and heard the whistling winds and the roaring on the sea-beach, and saw through his chimney-flue the same planets that twinkled upon him on the Princen Graat of old Amsterdam !

Richard Sayer survived to be the patriarch of the little colony of Sursuit, and to see his children and his children's children settled around him. "Fields of corn, of beans, and of flax covered the gentle acclivities, and the tall grass waved along the green margin of the brooks; and, without wealth or want, the little community thrived and prospered. Industry and frugality were in the place of riches, and piety brought down the Divine blessing without interruption." Once or twice Richard Sayer was summoned from his seclusion, as Deputy to the Colony Court at Plymouth; but he seems to have found what he sighed after, amid the strifes and tumults of the Old World, — a place far away from the rumours of oppression, deceit, and bloodshed, where he might worship God with a free conscience, and breathe out his soul in peace. He lived to a green and honoured old age, and died in 1676. He had seen eighty-six years ere he rested from his labours; and the people of the village of Sursuit, that grew up around him, followed him to his peaceful grave. Children and children's children were there to talk of his virtues around his bier. His ashes repose in the old Yarmouth churchyard, where one of his descendants, with filial reverence and affection, has erected a costly monument to his memory.

He left behind him three sons, Knyvet, Paul, and Sylas,

the two youngest of whom resided in Yarmouth, where they filled important offices.

KNYVET SEARS, the eldest son, unlike his father, had a strong faith that the family lands in England might yet be recovered. He was in the glow of youth, had experienced none of the proverbial delays and quibbles of English law, and accordingly set out for the old country full of hope, and furnished with such deeds and documents as seemed—to him, at least—to place his claim beyond question. He was kindly received by some of his relations, but was not successful in the object of his visit. Yet this failure could not subdue his hopes or his spirits. He made a second voyage, in 1686; but in the same year, and before he had time to bring forward the proofs in his possession, he died at the residence of his relative, Catherine (subsequently Baroness Berners), daughter of Sir John Knyvet, and wife of John Harris, Esq. The evidences that he had brought with him were never afterwards recovered.

From a document filed in the Chapter-House, Westminster Abbey, it appears that the contested manors were transferred about this time, by a legal fiction, to Sir John Marsham, only son of Sir John Marsham, and Esther, daughter of George Sayer, who died in 1577. This Esther was assumed to have been the sole heir upon the failure of the male line in England, and the high position which the American branch of the family was entitled to hold here through the Bouchiers and Knyvets, as well as the Sears', was abandoned for ever. Though thus denied their position in their Fatherland, the Sayers, now Sears', advanced,

step by step, in the country of their adoption, and at this present time, the Hon. David Sears, a Senator for Massachusetts, holds a very high position in the United States.

And thus ends the history of Richard Sayer, the Pilgrim Father, the representative of the ancient house of Sayer, and the lineal descendant of Knyvett, Bouchier, and Plantagenet !

The Heir of Delapre.

“*Hereditas venit unicuique nostrum a jure et legibus.*”

CICERO.

AMONG the most recent romances in real life is the career of John Augustus Sheil Bouverie, who, from occupying a very humble station, has established his position as undoubted heir of large estates descending to him from an ancient and honourable family.

Before I enter on this gentleman's personal history, I will briefly glance at the lineage of the noble house of which he is a scion.

The Bouveries, previously to their settlement in England, had for many generations been honourably known in the Low Countries, in the public annals of which their name is frequently mentioned. With the usual incertitude of ancient nomenclature, we find their patronymic differently written De la Bouverie, Des Bouveries, De Bouverie. Their present appellation, Bouverie, has been fixed by act of parliament.

The pursuits of commerce apparently first brought them to England. In 1568, Laurence Des Bouveries, a Fleming, then in his twenty-seventh year, settled at Canterbury, accompanied by his wife, Barbara Van den Hove, descended from a rich family engaged in the silk manufac-

ture at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The descendant of this gentleman was created Baron of Longford and Viscount Folkestone, on the 29th June, 1747. His lordship's eldest son was further advanced in 1765 to the Earldom of Radnor. His second son, the Hon. Edward Bouverie, M.P. for New Sarum, was ancestor of the hero of my present narrative.

Edward inherited from his mother the estate of Delapré Abbey, near Northampton, in which are scenes of historical interest and great picturesque beauty. In June, 1764, he married Harriot, only daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, Knight, many years Ambassador at the Porte. By that lady he had three sons and five daughters. To the eldest son, Edward, descended the demesne of Delapré, of which the name is derived from the ancient Abbey of St. Mary De-la Pré, founded by Simon de St. Liz, the younger, second Earl of Northampton. On the site of the old Abbey, which has long since disappeared, now stands the mansion of General Bouverie. It is supposed that the older portion of the vaults and cellars may have possibly belonged to the original edifice. In the southwestern corner of the park is Queen's Cross, one of the few memorials yet remaining of an English monarch's love for his deceased Queen. This architectural relic is in extraordinary preservation, when its great antiquity is considered. In its immediate vicinity occurred one of the fiercest conflicts of the Roses, on the 10th July, 1469.

Such is the heritage to which an heir has unexpectedly emerged from the obscurity in which the circumstances

attending his birth long involved him. This heir is John Augustus Sheil Bouverie, who, within the last few years, was serving creditably as a private policeman in the Irish constabulary force, whence he entered the 4th regiment of Dragoons as a private soldier. He was promoted to the rank of corporal for his good conduct, and made orderly to Sir Henry Smith.

I must, for a moment, remind my reader that Mr. Edward Bouverie, son of the Hon. Edward Bouverie by Miss Fawkener, inherited from his father Delapré Abbey and the large estates annexed to it. Edward married, on the 10th March, 1788, Catherine, only daughter and heiress of William Castle, Esq., by whom he had four sons, of whom the eldest is the present General Bouverie. The second and fourth sons, respectively named Charles and James, died without issue; but the third son, Francis-Kenelm, an officer in the army, married, in 1826, a Miss Sheil, of Castledawson, in the county Derry, at which place his regiment was quartered. Lieutenant Bouverie was then in his twenty-ninth year, Miss Sheil being nearly ten years younger. Mr. James (subsequently Colonel) Bouverie, the youngest brother of the bridegroom, was present at the marriage. Francis-Kenelm, having been promoted to a captaincy, sold his commission, and settled with his wife at Castledawson. The lady possessed great personal attractions: she is also stated, on authority which seems rather apocryphal, to have possessed a fortune of £4,000. Captain Bouverie had at that time only the money he had received for his commission, and an annuity of £100 a-year, allowed him by his father. In

1832 Mrs. Bouverie gave birth to a still-born daughter. In 1835 she was again confined, and our hero was born under circumstances which for a time clouded the domestic happiness of his parents, and, at a later period, enabled certain persons to dispute his legitimacy. The unfortunate fact was that Mrs. Bouverie, whose charms and accomplishments were the objects of general admiration, attracted in a particular manner the notice of a gentleman named Bell, who induced her to accompany him for ten or twelve days on a tour to England. It was not to be supposed that scandal would be silent on such an event. Captain Bouverie, however, with rare generosity, received back his lady, with whom he resumed his usual friendly intercourse, doing all in his power to keep her equivocal journey to England from the knowledge of his family and of the world. It was subsequently to the English journey that the boy was born; but it seems perfectly clear that, however much Captain Bouverie deplored his wife's imprudence, he never entertained the slightest misgivings concerning the child's parentage. He has often been heard to say, when showing the child a picture of Delapré Abbey, "My little son, you'll be heir to that yet." He invariably treated both wife and child with the greatest affection. He kept up a frequent correspondence with his family at Delapré, who were fully aware of his marriage; and among the letters of that correspondence still existing, there is one from Captain Bouverie's mother to his wife, written in terms of the greatest kindness.

In 1837, Captain Bouverie died. The night before his

death, the strong feeling of love for his son, which he had always manifested, found expression in a touching charge to the nurse to take care of the little fellow: "Be good to my little son; take care of him, for he will be heir of my father's estate." The child was then only fourteen months old.

On the Captain's death, all communication with the family at Delapr  ceased. The annuity of one hundred pounds a-year was discontinued to the widow. Her circumstances became greatly reduced, and she married a person named Mann, in a social position much inferior to her own. On Mann's death she married a third husband, Mr. Hammersley. Young Bouverie was sent to school at Carriekfergus by his mother, and when he grew up he entered the constabulary, in order that he might not be a burden to his relatives. He afterwards, as I have said, enlisted in the 4th Dragoon Guards.

It does not appear that Captain Bouverie's widow had communicated to her son his interest in the Delapr  succession. He spent many years in ignorance of his prospects. Circumstances which casually came to his knowledge induced him to apply for information to the solicitors to the estate. Those gentlemen refused to enlighten him; accompanying their refusal with an intimation that his legitimacy was questionable. Fortunately for the applicant, the recent statute, entitled the Legitimacy Declaration Act, enables persons whose birth is under dispute, or whose legitimacy may be placed in doubt by the death or absence of witnesses through lapse of time, to petition the Court of Probate and Divorce; which will grant them, on

satisfactory proof, an official attestation of their legal standing.

Availing himself of this act, Mr. John Augustus Sheil Bouverie brought his claims before Sir Cresswell Cresswell. His counsel, Sir Hugh Cairns, contended that whenever a child was born in wedlock, at a time when the husband and wife lived together, and when the husband had recognised the child as his, the law did not allow the child's legitimacy to be questioned. That rule is plainly necessary for the peace of society, for the sake of public decency and morality; and to prevent idle and vexatious challenges of the title to property.

A number of witnesses proved the recognition of the claimant by the late Captain Bouverie as his son. When they had delivered their evidence, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, on behalf of General Bouverie, withdrew his opposition to the claim; stating that the General's sole object was to ascertain the truth, and to preserve the honour of his name and race. From the time of the claimant's birth up to the present time, General Bouverie had never heard, except through vague rumour, whether his brother had left a son or not; and he had never seen either the claimant or his mother. The evidence now given, demonstrating that Captain Bouverie had repeatedly acknowledged the paternity of the claimant, had been previously unknown to the General, who did not wish to disregard what now appeared to be the earnest and reasonable purpose of his brother.

The Judge Ordinary said, the rule of law had never been disputed, that when two married persons were living together, no inquiry could be allowed as to who was the

father of a child given birth to by the wife. Its legitimacy was presumed by the law to be unquestionable.

A verdict was therefore recorded for the claimant, who has thus been legally acknowledged as the Heir of Delapré.

Three Plantagenet Ladies.

Then ere of other lines we tell,
Fair chivalry, adieu ;
Plantagenet's last passing bell
A requiem rang for you.

I.

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT.

JOAN was the only daughter of Edmond Plantagenet, Earl of Kent, surnamed of Woodstock, sixth and youngest son of King Edward the First. Thus she was sister to Edmund, and heiress as well as sister to John, Earl of Kent, at the time of whose death, in the sixteenth year of Edward the Third's reign, she had attained to somewhat more than her twenty-fifth year. From her surpassing beauty she was honoured far and wide with the soubriquet of the "Fair Maid of Kent." To this name we may easily suppose she had a good title, for she may be said to have married thrice ; and each time to a husband more or less distinguished in the annals of the period. Her first marriage, or rather nuptial contract, was one in which her own will or choice had no share whatever. While yet a mere child, she had been affianced to Sir Thomas Holland, a knight of

the Garter, and one amongst the first Founders of that princely institution. During his absence from England, the Earl of Salisbury, or, as some have said, the Earl's wife, under whose charge she was placed, caused a contract of marriage to be drawn up between Joan of Kent and the heir of the house of Montague. The motives for this nefarious act—for we cannot suppose either of them to have been ignorant of the previous contract—were, no doubt, ambition and cupidity; ambition, because whoever married her became connected with the royal family of England; cupidity, because of the great wealth she was likely to inherit, as, from the feeble constitution of her brother John, it seemed by no means improbable that all the wealth accumulated during the youth of two Earls of Kent would eventually descend to her. When, however, Joan became of marriageable age, Sir Thomas Holland stepped forward to show a prior contract; and upon a petition to Pope Clement the Sixth, alleging the same, his Holiness gave her to Sir Thomas, who in her right became Earl of Kent.

The singular *naïveté* with which the "*prelibatio matrimonii*" is pleaded by Sir Thomas, and the easy way in which he slips the lady's dubious state of familiarity with his opponent, give us strange notions of the moral code of the period. Nor is our surprise likely to diminish, when we consider that the fair one was the grandchild of a monarch, and that the husband, who had won her, was one amongst the Founders of the Order of the Garter.

By this second husband—for he may be fairly styled such—Joan had several children, amongst whom were

Thomas, Earl of Kent, and John, Duke of Exeter, both, as we shall hereafter find, to be honourably mentioned in her will. The Earl, her husband, died in 1357.

The third lover, who had the good fortune to win this fair prize, was more illustrious than either of his predecessors, and more nearly allied to our historic sympathies.

This was no other than the celebrated Black Prince, heir-apparent to the crown of England, though, as being cousin-german to the Prince's father, King Edward the Third, there was a bar to their union, which could only be removed by obtaining a Papal dispensation. The fact appears from the note of a certificate given by Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury, [Harleian MS. 6148], to Edward, Prince of Wales, dated 9th October. In this, allusion is made to the Bull from Pope Innocent, granting a dispensation for his marriage, he being within the limited degrees of kindred, and for christening her eldest son; "whereupon," the document goes on to say, "many scandals may arise: Item, she was afore contracted to Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; after, to Thomas Holland, knight; and betwixt whom grew strife in that cause before the Pope's court; but judgment was given against the Earl, and she remained wife to the knight, and the Earl therewith content, married another noble lady at Lambeth, in presence of Delawarr," &c. &c.

"King Edward," says one historian, "was greatly pleased both at his determination and his choice; a more suitable match could not have been proposed to him, as he wanted not to strengthen his throne by foreign alliances. The prince, the great grandchild of Edward the First, of

happy memory, the Countess the grandchild of the same monarch ; he the glory of his sex for military performance, and all princely virtues ; and she the flower of her's for the delicacy of her beauty, the sprightliness of her wit, and the goodness of her heart. To noble and ingenuous minds affectation is displeasing ; they, therefore, no longer delayed to indulge their wishes than was necessary to procure a dispensation from the Pope on account of their consanguinity ; this being obtained, they were married with great splendour and solemnity at the castle of Windsor, on the tenth of October, 1361, and during their whole lives lived an example to the English court of that nuptial harmony and felicity which flows from a well-placed affection."

Their London residence was not very far from the Tower, standing above Crooked Lane end, on Fish Street Hill. The house, when Stowe wrote, was still to be seen, reduced by a series of vicissitudes to the condition of an Inn, with the sign of the *Black Bell*.

The fruit of this union of Edward and Joan was the unfortunate King Richard the Second, whom the ambitious Bolingbroke despoiled of his crown, and most probably of his life ; for without laying much stress on the historical fidelity of our great dramatist, we may believe him on this point. It is an old and established dictum, that the prison of a King is always close upon his grave.

The traditional tale of the Prince's wooing might form a chapter of no little interest in any historical romance. Joan was in her thirty-third year, and Edward in his thirty-first, when he undertook to woo her, not for himself,

but for a valued friend, whose name has been lost to us, escaping through the sieve in which fame shuffles so many illustrious claimants for her favour. In the outset the Prince urged his friend's cause with equal earnestness and good faith, pressing his arguments on Joan with so much warmth that, assuming a widow's boldness, she exclaimed, "When I was a ward, I was disposed of by others; but now, being at years of discretion, and mistress of my own actions, I will not degrade myself by marrying beneath my rank. I cannot but remember that I am of the blood royal of England, and am resolved never to marry again, unless it be to a person princely and virtuous as yourself."

The narrator of this tale, probably to grace his heroine, adds that her blushes betrayed her secret to the Prince. But herein he forgot the Horatian maxim—

"Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus."

The lady's words were quite clear enough to explain matters without calling in the aid of blushes; which moreover would seem out of place on the cheek of so frank a speaker. The broad hint was not thrown away upon the Prince, who, finding it useless to plead for his friend, now began to plead for himself, with what success may be easily imagined, even if the reader had not seen them previously married.

Joan outlived her third husband some years, dying at Wallingford Castle, in 1385, and in the ninth year of King Richard's reign. It is said that her decease, which occurred after an illness of four days only, resulted from grief, in that Richard denied her earnest suit for the par-

don of her son, his half-brother, John Holland, who had slain the eldest born and heir of the Earl of Stafford. Her body, having been embalmed, was consigned to the tomb with the usual ceremonies, in the church of the Friars Minors at Stamford.

The will of the rich heiress, in which certain costly beds make a very conspicuous figure, may serve to exemplify the manners of the times, as well as to illustrate the similar bequest in Shakespere's testament. How much wrath and ink shed amongst the poet's commentators has been occasioned by the bequest of a handsome bed to Anne Hathaway! It was like cutting her off with a single shilling, and evidently betokened malice prepense to his better half on the part of the expiring poet. Yet here we have a Princess making the same sort of donation to her favourite sons, and evidently believing that she was marking her regard for them. It is lucky for the Fair Maid of Kent that she has found no commentators. But to the Will:—

“ In the name, &c. In the year of our Lord 1385, and of the reign of my dear son, Richard, King of England and France, the 9th, at my castle of Walyngford, in the diocese of Salisbury, the 7th of August, I, Joan, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, Countess of Chester, and Lady Wake. My body to be buried in my chapel at Stamford, near the monument of our late lord and husband, the Earl of Kent. To my dear son, the King, my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and herds of leopards of gold with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths. To my dear son, Thomas, Earl of Kent, my bed of red camak, paied with red and rays of

gold. To my dear son, John Holland, a bed of red camak. To my dear son, Richard, King of England and France, &c. And I appoint the venerable Father in Christ, my dear friend and cousin, Robert, Bishop of London; William, Bishop of Winchester; John, Lord Cobham; William de Beauchamp, William de Nevill, Simon de Burle, Lewis Clifford, Richard Stury, John Worthe, steward of my lands, and John le Veche, Knights; together with my dear chaplains, William de Fulburn, and John de Yernemouth; and my loving esquires, William de Harpele, and William Norton, my executors.

“Witnessed by the Pryor of Walynforde, and John James.

“*Proved 9th December, 1385.*”

In compliance with the Countess's injunction, her remains were deposited in the church of the Grey Friars at Stamford; and “there she was laid down to her last sleep, preferring, in death, companionship with the old knight to sharing a tomb in Canterbury with her second husband, Edward of Woodstock!”*

The fair Countess's eldest son, Thomas Holland, who succeeded to the Earldom of Kent, had two sons, both in succession Earls of Kent, and both distinguished men. The elder, Thomas, created Duke of Surrey, and made a Knight of the Garter, was beheaded by Henry IV.; and the younger, Edmund, last Earl of Kent, Lord Admiral of England, was mortally wounded at the siege of Briak. Joan's third son, John Holland, was created Duke of

* DORAN'S *Lives of the Princes of Wales.*

Exeter by Richard II., and beheaded by Henry IV. The grandson of this ill-fated nobleman, Henry Holland, last Duke of Exeter, was so reduced that *Comines* narrates that he saw him in such deep distress that "he ran on foot barelegged after the Duke of Burgundy's train, begging bread for God's sake." How he came by his death has never been ascertained. In 1473 his dead body was found in the sea, between Calais and Dover.

The descendants of "the Fair Maid of Kent" are very numerous, and those even who are entitled, as her corepresentatives, to quarter the Plantagenet arms, are not a few: but, in illustration of my subject, and of the vicissitudes from which Royal Houses are not exempt, it will be mournfully interesting to learn, that within our own time one branch of her line—a branch on which has devolved the heraldic right of carrying as her COHEIRS the Royal Shield of Plantagenet, and I know not how many other quarterings—was earning an honest livelihood by trade and labour. In few words, the story, which is authentic beyond all question, runs thus:—

The male line of the Hollands, Earls of Kent, ended as I have just described, and the heirship of the illustrious race passed to the sisters of the last Earl. One of these married Edward Cherleton, Lord Powis, and transmitted her ancestral honours, through the Tiptofts and the Suttons, to Ferdinando, Lord Dudley, who died unmarried in 1757, when the Barony of Dudley fell into abeyance amongst his Lordship's sisters. One of these highborn ladies, in whose veins flowed the blood of the mightiest families in the land, and in whom rested the coheirship of

the Barony of Dudley, married Walter Woodcock, Esq., known as "Squire Woodcock," and left four grandsons, coheirs to her hereditary distinctions, of whom the eldest was Joseph Smart, who carried on the business of a butcher at Hales Owen!

Marvellous indeed is the contrast! The descendant and corepresentative of the Fair Maid of Kent, the 12th in a direct line from King Henry VII., the coheir of the lordly houses of Holland, Cherleton, Tiptoft, and Sutton, and, more than all, the coheir of the famous Barony of Dudley, was an industrious butcher, within a few miles of the very castle where erst his ancestors held almost royal sway.

"The blood and courage that renowned them
Ran in his veins."

Mr. Smart retired from trade for upwards of twenty years before his death, which occurred in 1855; he left two sons, Joseph Smart, a farmer, of Oatenfields, and Robert Smart, a butcher and grazier, both still resident at Halesowen.

II.

ELIZABETH OF YORK.

THE Princess Elizabeth, surnamed of York, was the eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth, by his Queen, Elizabeth Wydeville. Her birth took place at Westminster, on the eleventh day of February, 1464-5; and soon afterwards she was christened in the Abbey there, with the pomp and circumstance suitable to the state of her, who would one day, to all appearance, become the Sovereign of England. It was probably owing to this prospect of succession, that the King, her father, bestowed so much care

upon her education; she was taught both French and Spanish, and it is recorded of her by the chroniclers, with much emphasis, that she could read and write her own language; their admiration upon this head leaving us to infer that these were no common accomplishments amongst the ladies of her period. These brilliant expectations, perhaps happily for Elizabeth, were not destined to be realized, for the turbulent nobles, who were with difficulty kept in order by the strong hand of man, already began to murmur at the prospect of a female ruler. After the lapse of some years, a son was born to Edward, and he was subsequently followed by a second.

While Elizabeth was yet a child, Edward more than once used the hope of obtaining her in marriage as a peace-offering to reconcile his enemies, or as a lure to confirm the wavering. In this way he won over the Nevilles, when he was their prisoner at Middleham, proposing that, as soon as she came of ripe years, she should marry George Neville, the eldest son of John, Earl of Northumberland, afterwards Marquess of Montagu. The young lover, in the prospect of this arrangement being one day carried out, was created, 5th Jan. 1469, Duke of Bedford; but his subsequent defection from the King broke off the design, and in the year 1477 he was degraded by Parliament from all his honours, on account of his not having any means for sustaining the Ducal dignity.

Again, when there was a treaty of marriage afoot between the Lancastrian Prince of Wales and Anne of Warwick, King Edward adopted the same convenient and ready line of policy, and endeavoured to defeat the negotiation by offering "my lady Princess" to Queen Margaret

for her son. The Lancastrian cause, however, triumphed for a time by force of arms, without the necessity of such an union. Edward, baffled and defeated, was compelled to ensure his personal safety by flying to the continent, where he found a refuge with the Duke of Burgundy; while his Queen, with Elizabeth and two younger children, sought and found a refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster. Here it was that she first gave birth to a son, thus removing Elizabeth from her dangerous proximity to a throne, sure, at all events, to be contested, and doubly so if the sceptre had fallen into the feeble grasp of a woman.

Scarcely have we grown familiar with the idea of a King of the House of Lancaster, than the various characters, as if in some mazy dance, once again shift their places; the first becomes last, those who were at the top are now precipitated to the bottom, until the head, in truth, becomes giddy by this incessant whirr and whirling of the wheel of fortune. The Lancastrians are in their turn defeated, the Yorkist King regains his sceptre, and, following out his old policy, offers Elizabeth's hand to the young Earl of Richmond. But the latter, who was then an exile, suspected, and probably with reason, that this offer was no more than a lure to get him into the King's power. He declined the dangerous honour.

In the June of 1475, Edward resolved to occupy the thoughts and hands of his turbulent nobles in the favourite warfare of that age, as the crusades were of a yet earlier period. He collected a numerous army for the invasion of France, to which country, either in whole or in part, the English monarchs never failed to lay claim whenever a momentary cessation from intestine dispute gave them

leisure for so agreeable an amusement. Previous to his departure at Southampton, Edward made his will, in which he thus alludes to the Princess Elizabeth :—

“Item, We will that owre doughter Elizabeth have xM marc, towards her marriage, and that owre doughter Marie have also to her marriage xM marc, soo that they may be goaverned and rieuled in their mariage by owre deirest wiff the Queen and by owre said son the Prince if God fortune him to comme to age of discrecion. And if he decease afore such age, as God defende, then by such as God disposeth to bee owre heir and by such lords and other as then shall bee of their counsail; and if either of owre said doughters doo marie thaims self without such advys and assent soo as they bee disparaged, as God forbede that then she soo marieng herself have noo paiemen of her said xM marc, but that it be employed by owre executours towards the hasty paiement of owre debtes, &c.”

Happily for the real interests of the people in either country, the threatened war was averted by Louis XI., the ablest and most unscrupulous statesman of his age. This wily French monarch played with Edward as with a child in King-craft. Adopting his favorite plan of conciliating and then biding his time, he made concessions to the unreasonable demands of the haughty English Sovereign, but with no intention, as the result proved, of keeping word in any of them. Amongst these conditions, the Princess Elizabeth, as usual, came into play. It was stipulated that Prince Charles, the Dauphin, (afterwards the gallant Charles VIII., the conqueror of Naples and hero of Fornovo), should marry her when she arrived at the connubial age; or, if she died before that period, that then he should give his hand

to her sister Mary. From this time forward Elizabeth was always addressed in the palace as Madame la Dauphine; a certain portion of the tribute-money, paid by Louis the Eleventh to her father, being carried over to account for her use, as the daughter-in-law of the French monarch. Louis also bound himself to defray the expenses of her journey into France, when the time came for her nuptials; while for a set-off to these concessions, Edward surrendered to his son-in-law the titular right to the long-contested dukedom of Guienne, or Aquitaine; these territories being reckoned a part of Elizabeth's dower. Louis and Edward shook hands through a grating in the centre of a temporary bridge over the Somme, at Picquigny, near Amiens, and swore on the Missal to observe their engagements. Louis, no doubt, smiled inwardly at the time at the success of his guile, and speedily found, after his wonted fashion, some flattering unction to lay to his soul for his breach of faith. He had promised and contracted largely, but he had, in truth, no intention of strengthening England's claims to the crown of France by such an union. Three years had scarcely elapsed when he showed how little he had been in earnest with this projected match, by his demanding the Princess Margaret, heiress of Burgundy, for his son the Dauphin; and thus Elizabeth was once again bandied to and fro between acceptance and rejection, like a ball between the rackets. With the usual aptitude that the world has for attributing the deaths of kings to any but the natural causes, it was asserted by many at the time, and the tale has since been with easy faith repeated, that Edward died from a paroxysm of rage occasioned by

this unlooked-for insult. However this may be, his death occurred at Westminster, on the 9th of April, 1483. His cunning opponent, Louis XI., had also soon to answer to God for his misdeeds, as he survived the English King only somewhat more than four months, and died on the 30th of August of the same year. Nor was Margaret of Burgundy ever married to the Dauphin. Edward's crown devolved to his eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself as well as the state, was then a minor. The long-cherished ambition of the Duke of Gloucester had thus a full field to display itself; and in the murders and embroilments that followed, the treachery of the French king, then dead, appears to have been forgotten. England, at war with herself, had no leisure for quarrels with her neighbours.

Elizabeth was now nearly eighteen years of age, when, with her second brother and two younger sisters, she was hurried into the sanctuary at Westminster by the fears of her mother, who had taken alarm at the way in which the Duke had treated her relations. How the brothers are supposed to have subsequently perished in the Tower is too familiar a tale to need repetition. Then, after a time, followed the defection of a powerful noble, Sir Henry de Stafford, K.G., Duke of Buckingham, and Constable of England: he abandoned the cause of King Richard, which he had hitherto served with more zeal than conscience. By some this falling-off was attributed to a desire on his part to obtain the crown for himself, as being descended from Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, the youngest son of Edward the Third. So preposterous a claim found no favour with any, not even with his more immediate parti-

zans ; and, finding this to be the case—beyond his power to control it—he suddenly shifted his ground, and declared himself the friend of Henry, Earl of Richmond, whom his party proposed should espouse the young Princess Elizabeth. Her two brothers having been made away with in the Tower, she was the undoubted heiress of the throne, and such an union would, they imagined, for ever reconcile the conflicting claims of York and Lancaster.

Whatever might have been the faults or the crimes of King Richard with respect to others, he had been a benefactor to his too ready minion and agent, Buckingham, and had rewarded him upon no stinted scale. Well, therefore, might the monarch exclaim, upon learning his treachery, that “Buckingham was the most untrue creature living.”

The proposal for Richmond’s union with the Princess Elizabeth having been communicated to the Queen-mother in her sanctuary at Westminster, she at once acceded to it as readily as the country had done ; and upon the twenty-fourth day of September, Buckingham sent to the Earl of Richmond, appointing the 10th of October for the general outbreak, and urging him, when the time came, to land at Plymouth with his followers. The King, however—or usurper, as they styled him—was fully aware of their projects, and the accidents of nature came in aid of his preparations to defeat them. When Buckingham unfurled the standard of revolt at Brecon, and was about to march forward for the purpose of effecting a junction with his Welsh adherents, the Severn, swelled by a heavy fall of rain, suddenly rose to an unusual height, and completely barred his passage. Those who

were with him, disheartened by this untoward event, and yet farther alarmed by Richard's proclamations, were seized with a sudden panic more than commensurate to their causes, either conjoined or singly; they broke and dispersed in all directions as if with one consent; and Buckingham, thus abandoned, attempted to fly, but was betrayed by one of his own servants, and conducted back to Salisbury, where the Royal army was assembled, and where he was immediately beheaded. "So much for Buckingham." In the meanwhile, Richmond, true to his agreement, appeared off the coast with five thousand Breton soldiers. Upon the shore appeared a large army, either to oppose or join him; and doubting which of the two was their object, instead of landing, he returned to Brittany. Still the main plot of the conspirators was not abandoned. "On Christmas-day following, the Earl of Richmond, accompanied by the Marquess of Dorset, went to the cathedral of Vannes, where they solemnly pledged themselves to each other, and Richmond swore to marry Elizabeth of York immediately after he ascended the throne."

The King, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, met these conspirings with demonstrations of equal energy. He caused his principal enemies to be attainted of treason, confiscated their estates, and used every means, short of actual violence, to draw the Ex-Queen and her children from their asylum in the Abbey. There they had been, for many months, protected in a great degree by the influence of Dorset and the Bishop of Salisbury, Lionel Woodville; but the protectors themselves were now in danger; they had been too deeply implicated in Buckingham's plot, and, upon

the failure of his revolt, found it prudent to consult their own safety by a speedy flight to France. The situation of the refugees in the sanctuary then became irksome, if not absolutely perilous. A cordon of soldiers, commanded by John Nesfield, a squire of King Richard's guard, kept watch about the Abbey, night and day, rendering flight impossible, and reducing the poor lady and her children to much distress. While these coercive measures threatened them on one hand, the voice of the tempter was heard upon the other, proffering them ease and safety if they would leave the sanctuary, and the Princess would confirm by her own confession the Act of Parliament which bastardized her as the illegitimate child of Edward the Fourth. The document in which Richard makes these proffers—and there is little or no doubt of its being genuine—is very curious, and may still be seen.

Thus lured, on the one hand, by the voice of the charmer, and on the other impelled by an irresistible necessity, the refugees, after so many months of self-imposed imprisonment, were at length induced to abandon their asylum in March, 1484. Nor does Richard, in this instance at least, pursue the treacherous course which his chroniclers have been so fond of imputing to him on other occasions. The ex-Queen was placed under the care of Nesfeld, the same officer that had kept watch and ward, who, while he treated her with decent civility, was not likely to let her escape or band with the King's enemies. Elizabeth of York and her younger sisters were hospitably entertained at court, where the former was treated by Queen Anne more like a sister than a distant relation.

Richard, too, showed her no less attention; whereupon, slander, which could no longer accuse him of cruelty or faithlessness, now pretended to discover that he was actuated by too much affection, and wished to marry her himself; the promulgators of this report declaring that Richard sought the match, in order to prevent his rival from strengthening his hold upon the popular favour by an alliance with the Yorkist heir to the throne.

From the Christmas of 1484 until the death of Richard the Third, there are few historical records to light us through the darkness of a period that yet must have been fertile in stirring events. The most material account that we have of Elizabeth of York's connection with the revolt in favour of Richmond, is a metrical narrative, of little poetical merit, entitled, "The most Pleasant Song of Lady Bessy," written by Humphrey Brereton, who, as he himself informs us, was an esquire in the retinue of Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby. According to this chronicler, the Lady Elizabeth warmly espoused the cause of Richmond, and was the first to urge Lord Stanley to adopt the same side in the dispute. After much entreaty, says "the pleasant song," Stanley yields, but at the last moment another difficulty arises, in that Lord Stanley feared to employ a scribe to write the letters by which he proposed summoning his partizans. "Lady Bessy" obviates this, by telling him that she has been taught to write like any scrivener; whereupon it is settled that he shall come to her chamber at night, attended only by his trusty squire, Humphrey Brereton, both of them "disguised in strange mannere."

The appointed hour comes, the "wickett" is opened to Stanley, at his signal, and after having rested awhile by a charcoal fire, and feasted sumptuously, "they ate the spice and drank the wine," she kneels down, and in that position writes to his dictation. To each of his friends, Stanley mentions some circumstance only known to themselves, as a proof that the letter really comes from him, and is not a snare to entrap the recipient.

Armed with these documents, Brereton sets out for the north, and returning shortly afterwards, finds Lord Stanley walking with King Richard in the Palace gardens—and the squire pretends he has been in the north for his diversion. He next, in a private interview, informs the Princess of his success, who hereupon agrees to meet the confederates when they arrive in London. The place appointed was an old inn in the suburbs, between Islington and Holborn, more particularly designated by an eagle's foot chalked on the door, and which seems to have been a sort of pass-signal among the Stanleys. Having convinced herself at this meeting that no injury would accrue to Richmond from the Yorkist prejudices of her associates, Elizabeth sent him a ring of betrothal, with a letter explaining the strength of the party in favour of an union between the houses of York and Lancaster. Brereton undertook to be the bearer of these missives, and embarked at Liverpool, which was an obscure port, and little frequented at a time when communication between distant parts and the capital was both difficult and dangerous.

Brereton finds the Earl at "Beggram's Abbey in Little Britain," about twenty-eight miles from Rennes, and re-

cognises him by the signs previously imparted by the porter.

Richmond took three weeks to consider the matter with his friends, when at last he dismissed Brereton with a "love letter to young Bessye," and soon after landed in England with all the force he could collect, having met with no interruption on his passage, the extreme poverty of Richard preventing him from keeping his fleet at sea. Upon the news of this invasion, the King sent Elizabeth, and her cousin, the Earl of Warwick, to the castle of Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire, according to one account, though this differs from Brereton's story of her having accompanied Lord Stanley to Leicester, where she saw the corpse of Richard.

If King Richard had been treacherous, he certainly was met with treachery greater than his own. Stanley carried on his double part even amid the alarms and death-struggle at Bosworth. Stanley's betrayal glared upon Richard at the last moment, whose shout of "Treason! treason!" arose, while, like a true Plantagenet, he fought the fight out, until numbers overpowered him, and he was slain. Stanley it was who picked up and presented to Richmond the crown-encircled helmet which the King parted with only with his life.

For some time after the battle of Bosworth Field, the conqueror showed no signs of any intention to fulfil his promise of marrying the Princess Elizabeth, greatly to the discontent of the Yorkists. Reluctant to acknowledge that he was in any way indebted for the throne to the proposed union, Henry resolved in the first place to obtain a

recognition of his claims, weak as they were, from the parliament. This was acceded to; but upon their granting him the tonnage and poundage for life, they added to it a prayer, through their Speaker, Sir Thomas Lovell, "that in consideration of the right to the realms of England and France being vested in his person, and the heirs of his body, by the authority of the said parliament, he would be pleased to espouse the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of King Edward the Fourth, which marriage they hoped God would bless with a progeny to the great satisfaction of the whole realm." The Lords, spiritual and temporal, rising from their seats, and bowing to the throne, expressed their concurrence in the request, and the King answered that he was willing to do as they desired. Accordingly, upon the eighteenth of the following January, his nuptials with Elizabeth were solemnized at Westminster, though it may well be doubted whether his heart was inclined to the marriage. Certain it is, that the necessary dispensation from the papal court was not applied for until the end of 1485, yet surely this measure would have been adopted much earlier, had Henry been from the first in earnest. Such a delay seems to intimate a reluctance on his part, which was only overcome by the general impatience for this union, an impatience that he felt it dangerous to resist any longer. If it be true,—and after all, the story is not improbable,—that she had at one time professed love for Richard, we may easily understand his reluctance, and why he entertained, as he was said to have done, a design of offering his hand to the heiress of Brittany.

It was not until eighteen months after the marriage that Elizabeth was crowned with great pomp at Westminster, a delay which probably arose from the exceeding poverty of the royal exchequer. Little more remains to be told of her, than that she was called "the Good,"—that she was fond of music and of dress—was charitable and liberal—that Hampton Court was her favourite place of residence—that she had a fair complexion, with locks of pale gold—and that her face was even more remarkable for its serene expression than it was for its beauty, though from her portraits she might be ranked amongst the most beautiful.

The "Good Queen" died in her thirty-eighth year, upon her own birth-day, the eleventh of February, 1503, shortly after having been brought to bed of a daughter, and within a year of the death of her eldest and dearly beloved son, the amiable and promising Arthur, Prince of Wales. Her funeral, (her husband calculated all expenses, and was liberal for once,) cost £2822 7s. 3d. By her, Henry had seven children, his second son succeeding him on the throne by the title of Henry the Eighth.

The body of Elizabeth rests by the side of her husband, in the centre of his noble chapel, under a monument designed by Torregiano.

Her eldest descendant—representative, in fact, of the HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET—is FRANCES FERDINAND GEMINIEN, EX-DUKE OF MODENA, who is also representative of the Tudors and Stuarts, deriving his royal rights from Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter and eventually sole heir of CHARLES I., of England, which monarch was

great-great-great-grandson of **ELIZABETH OF YORK**. I have before remarked on the curious fact, that at the little Court of Modena, before its own Vicissitudes scattered its members, were comprised the heirs of the Royal Houses of England, France, and Spain. The Duke himself is the representative of the English dynasties. One of his sisters is married to the Count de Chambord (Duc de Bordeaux), heir of the Kings of France, and another to Don John of Spain, heir, in the male line, to the Spanish throne. Among British subjects, the senior representative of Elizabeth of York is **RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS**.

III.

MARGARET OF CLARENCE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

OF this lady, **THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS**, the records are exceedingly meagre and imperfect. She was the second daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, who, after having sided with all parties, and betrayed all parties—no unusual occurrence in those days—was attainted, as the partial chroniclers will have it, by a yet greater dissembler than himself, the hunch-backed Duke of Gloucester, (whose very hunch, however, is a matter of historic doubt), and put to death by immersion in a butt of malmsey. On the maternal side she was scarcely less nobly descended, her mother having been Isabel Neville, the eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Warwick—“proud setter up and puller down of kings.”

Margaret was born at Farley Castle, near Bath, in Somersetshire; but in what month, or in what year, would appear to be doubtful. That it could not have occurred long after the 18th of February, 1477, is certain, for it was at that date her father was put to death through the intrigues of his brother, Gloucester. There is the same difficulty in ascertaining the exact time of her marriage with Sir Richard Pole, and there is also lack of evidence with respect to the knight's family, which had not attained any higher title than that of knighthood. This Sir Richard left her a widow, with four sons and one daughter; and after his decease, in the fifth year of King Henry the Eighth, "she exhibited her petition in Parliament, as being only sister and heir to Edward, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, and daughter of Isabel, daughter and heir to Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, son and heir to Alice, daughter and heir to Thomas Montague, Earl of Salisbury." The result of this application was, that she was restored by the King in Parliament to the title of Countess of Salisbury, the honour she had coveted, and was in fairness entitled to. But she did not long retain this new dignity; the sun of royal favour, which at first had shone so brightly upon her, being speedily overclouded, and being succeeded by a storm that tore up her good fortune by the roots. Henry the Eighth, too fond of power to allow of any sharer in it, had just now destroyed the papal authority in his realm, although while he thus struck off the Church's head, he was still anxious to keep alive its body, being a stanch upholder of the Catholic belief, notwithstanding his enmity to the see of Rome. He chose

to be his own Pope; and it behoved all his people to think as he did, on pain of incurring his anger, an anger which was never known to spare either man or woman. Few things could have given deeper offence to this headstrong and despotic monarch than the slightest attempt to maintain the papal supremacy in opposition to his own. Unfortunately for Margaret, she became suspected, not without grounds, perhaps, of this new treason, for the human mind does not often abandon its long-cherished opinions at the mere bidding of another, even when conversion is assisted by the stake and the faggot. It is, therefore, probably true enough that certain bulls from Rome were found at her mansion-house of Cowdray; and as true, no doubt, what was also charged upon her, that the parson of Wallingford had conveyed letters from her to her son Reginald, who, as he was a cardinal, was of course an object of suspicion. A yet graver, or, at least, more tangible accusation was, that she had forbidden all her tenants to have the New Testament in English, or to possess any other book privileged by the King—an offence which could not fail to wound his pride and vanity, and was, therefore, of all others, the least likely to be forgiven by him. In this emergency Margaret was not wanting to herself, although age might have been expected to have impaired her powers of resistance, for she was more than seventy at the time. But of what use was denial where a despotic King was the accuser? The venerable lady was condemned without the ceremony of a trial, and attainted, together with her grandson, a little boy of tender years, the only son of Lord Montacute. For nearly two years

the aged Countess, the nearest in blood of all his relations to King Henry, dragged on a miserable existence in a dungeon of the Tower, whence in 1541 she was brought to the scaffold, and literally chopped down by the executioner as she evaded the axe. With her expired the royal and illustrious House of Plantagenet.

The story of the fate of her children is one of mournful pathos. The eldest son, Henry Pole, Lord Montacute,* being charged by his own brother, Sir Geoffery Pole (a degenerate scion of a noble line), with a design to elevate his youngest brother, Reginald, the eminent Cardinal Pole, to the throne, was convicted of high treason, and beheaded on Tower Hill, just two years before his mother. Sir Geoffery was allowed a dishonoured life; but I cannot accurately trace aught about the infant heir, save that he died in youth. Of the beautiful Lady Mary Hastings, the grand-daughter of Lord Montacute, and great grand-daughter of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, the following anecdote is told:—"John Vassilivich, Grand Duke and Emperor of Russia, having a desire to marry an English lady, was told of the Lady Mary Hastings, who being of the blood royal, he began to affect: whereupon making his desires known to Queen Elizabeth, who did well approve thereof, he sent over Theodore Pissemskoie, a nobleman of great account, his

* Henry Pole, Lord Montacute, left two daughters, his coheirs: Katherine, married to Francis Hastings, 2nd Earl of Huntingdon, and Winifred, married, first, to Sir Thomas Hastings, and 2ndly, to Sir Thomas Barrington, of Essex. One of the descendants and coheirs of the Barringtons, Mr. Selby-Lowndes, of Whaddon Hall, Bucks, is now before the House of Lords as claimant of the Barony of Montacute.

ambassador, who, in the name of his master, offered great advantages to the Queen in the event of the marriage. The Queen hereupon caused the lady to be attended with divers ladies and young noblemen, that so the ambassador might have a sight of her, which was accomplished in York House Garden, near Charing Cross, London. There was the envoy brought into her presence, and casting down his countenance, fell prostrate before her, then rising, with his face still towards her, (the lady with the rest admiring at his strange salutation), he said, by his interpreter, 'it sufficed him to behold the angelic presence of her who, he hoped, would be his master's spouse and empress.'" The alliance did not, however, take place, and the lady died unmarried.

The Countess of Salisbury's only daughter, Ursula, married Henry Lord Stafford, and had several children. The daughter of the second son married a joiner, and had a son, a cobbler; and the son of the eldest son, Edward, third Lord Stafford, was "basely married to his mother's chambermaid,"* honest and handsome Isabel Forster, of Tong, in Shropshire.

But the male issue of the marriage of Lord Stafford and "My Lady's Chambermaid" soon ended. In 1637 the representation of the House of Stafford, and the succession to its honours, devolved on a younger grandson of Ursula Pole's, Roger Stafford, who had been left in early life utterly penniless and disregarded. "So destitute am I," writes the poor man, "that I have not wherewithal to supply my daily wants. I must submit

* *Sidney Papers.*

to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow and the work of my hands: but I will not degrade my family by the meanness of my occupation—I will call myself by another name, that of my only friend, a servant of my uncle George Corbet's. Thus it will not be known who or what I am."

In fulfilment of this resolution, Roger Stafford, who was worthy of his illustrious ancestry, but who submitted with fortitude and resignation to his fate, took the simple name of Floyde, and, in an industrious calling, fought the battle of life, humbly but honestly.

Time rolled on. Roger had become an old man, and was still engaged in his obscure pursuits, when news reached him that Lord Stafford had died, and that the honours of the house of Stafford were now his. He resumed at once his own noble name, and boldly petitioned Parliament for a recognition of his rights. Parliament referred the case to the King, and Charles I. undertook its adjudication.

Can we not picture to ourselves poor old Roger Stafford struggling to collect the necessary proofs? Can we not almost see him bending over the pile of family documents with appended seals, of parochial registers, and emblazoned pedigrees—more in unison with the ancient castle of Stafford than the miserable garret in which he is? Finally he has all complete, and he submits his case confidently to Royal decision. Every proof is scrupulously examined—deed, register, and document, all are minutely weighed, and yet nothing is found but what confirms beyond all controversy the poor suitor's claim. The King

acknowledges this, and admits that Roger Stafford is by right Lord Stafford, but declares that his poverty is such he must not bear the title! That "the said Roger Stafford, having no part of the inheritance of the said Lord Stafford, nor any lands or means whatever," should make a resignation of all his claims and title to the Barony of Stafford, for his Majesty to dispose of as he should see fit.

With the same meek submission to the decrees of fate, and the same magnanimous resignation, the last of the Staffords obeyed the Royal mandate, and did, by deed dated 7th Dec. 1639, for the consideration of £800, paid to him by the King, grant and surrender unto his Majesty his Barony of Stafford, and the honour and dignity of Lord Stafford.

This effort of Roger Stafford was the last flickering of the lamp. The glory of the Staffords had long before been well nigh extinguished. Naught was ever again heard of the poor outcast, the last of his race, who thus nobly but fruitlessly made an expiring struggle to restore his fallen house.

And thus disappeared the illustrious and royally-allied Staffords, Lords Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham!

"Ah! what availed that o'er the vassal plain
Their rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That Honour and her knights compos'd their train,
And Chivalry stood marshall'd by their side!"

Heirs of the Blood Royal of Scotland.

[This Chapter on the Heirs of the Blood Royal of Scotland, shewing the ultimate fate of the Scottish dynasties, has been supplied by my friend the Rev. John Hamilton Gray, of Carntyne.]

It is proposed here to point out some of the representatives of the different dynasties which have reigned over Scotland, which may be classed under the following heads :

- I. The ancient Celtic or Scoto-Pictish.
- II. The second Celtic, commencing with King Duncan the First, and sub-divided into three; 1, that of Donald Bane; 2, that of Duncan the Second, and, 3, that of David the First.
- III. The race of King David the First, which may be divided into a threefold classification,—
 1. The royal House of Baliol.
 2. The royal House of Bruce.
 3. The House of Hastings.
- IV. The House of Stewart, which derives its royal descent through the House of Bruce.

I.

THE ANCIENT CELTIC OR SCOTO-PICTISH
DYNASTY. HEIRS OF KING MALCOLM II.

King Malcolm the Second, who died in 1033, was the last of the original race of Celtic or Scoto-Pictish monarchs of Scotland in the male line. He had slain his predecessor, Kenneth IV., the head of a rival line of the same royal family, in 1003, and suppressed the claims of his descendants. He had no son, but two daughters, his co-heirs, of whom the one married Crinan, the Abbot of Dunkeld, and the other married Sigurd, the second Earl of Orkney. Sigurd overran the greater portion of the north of Scotland, and there established the Norwegian domination. He was killed in Ireland, at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014. Each of the daughters of King Malcolm had a son. The wife of Crinan, the abbot, was mother of Duncan. The wife of Earl Sigurd was mother of Thorfin, who became sole Earl of Orkney about the year 1030, and resumed the conquests of his father in Scotland, of which he held the Northern counties under his sway from 1034 until his death in 1064. He was, along with his cousin, Duncan, co-heir of the ancient Celtic kings of Scotland. When King Malcolm the Second died in 1033, he was succeeded on the Scottish throne by his grandson, Duncan the First, whose reign was very short; for in 1039 he fell a victim to the vengeance of the Princess Gruach, the heir of the rival line which had been cruelly oppressed by his grandfather. The second

husband of this lady, Macbeth, became in her right King of Scotland, where he reigned during seventeen years, until 1056, when he lost both his kingdom and his life in a bloody contest with Malcolm, the son of Duncan, at the head of foreign invaders. He was, however, immediately succeeded by Lulach, the son of his wife, who is reckoned among the Scottish kings, although his reign extended only over a few months of feverish struggle. He fell before the fortune of Malcolm in April, 1057. During the whole of the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth, the north of Scotland was subjected to the sway of Earl Thorfin, whose claims to the crown of the whole kingdom were not inferior to theirs, as he was a co-heir of the line of ancient Celtic kings. He left a widow, Ingeborg, who afterwards became the wife of King Malcolm III., and was mother of King Duncan the Second. The descendants of Thorfin were Earls of Orkney and co-heirs general of the crown of Scotland. The last of these great Scandinavian earls was Magnus the Fifth, who joined many of the great nobles of Scotland, in 1320, in signing the letter to the Pope, in which they asserted the independence of their country. His daughter and heir, Isabella, Countess of Orkney, married one of the principal magnates of Scotland, Malise, Earl of Stratherne, and her granddaughter and heir, Isabella of Stratherne, married William St. Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, one of the greatest of the Scoto-Norman Barons. Her son, Henry St. Clair, or Sinclair, Lord of Rosslyn, became, in her right, Earl of Orkney in 1379. His direct heirs and representatives were the Lords Sinclair of the old line, from whom the present holder of that title is in no

way descended, being of a different family. Henry, the eighth Lord Sinclair, who died in 1723, had three daughters, whose descendants are co-heirs-general of the ancient Earls of Orkney, and of the blood of the original Celtic kings of Scotland. The eldest, the Honourable Grizzel St. Clair, married John Paterson of Preston Hall. Her great-great-grandson is John Anstruther Thomson, of Charleton, the eldest co-heir and representative of the Lords Sinclair and Earls of Orkney. The second, the Honourable Catherine St. Clair, married Sir William Erskine, Bart., of Alva. Her great-grandson is the Earl of Rosslyn. The third, the Honourable Elizabeth St. Clair, married David, third Earl of Wemyss. Her great-great-great-grandson is the Duke of Sutherland.

II.

THE SECOND CELTIC DYNASTY, COMMENCING WITH KING DUNCAN I.

Duncan I., who in 1033 succeeded his grandfather, and six years after was slain and supplanted by the rival line, was, along with his cousin, the Earl of Orkney, coheir general of the original Scoto-Pictish Kings.

1. Heirs of King Donald Bane.

On the death of King Malcolm III., Canmore, the eldest son of Duncan I., in 1093, Donald Bane, his brother, became king, according to the ancient Celtic order of succession. His reign was short and troubled, and on the extinction of his male descendants in the reign of King Alexander II., his rights and his representation

seem to have devolved upon his granddaughter Hexilda, the wife of Richard Comyn, Lord of Badenoch. Her descendant in the fourth degree, John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, acquired a much more direct royal representation for his descendants, by an alliance with the reigning monarch's family. His wife was one of the sisters of King John Baliol, and their posterity shall be noted in their proper place.

2. Heirs of King Duncan II.

King Malcolm III., Canmore, by his first marriage with Ingeborg, widow of his kinsman, Thorfin, Earl of Orkney, had a son, who, for a short time, in 1094, ascended the Scottish throne, as King Duncan II. He has been generally stigmatized, though with doubtful justice, as a bastard and usurper. It is true that he could not, like his brothers, boast of Royal Anglo-Saxon blood; but he was his father's first-born. By Etheldreda, granddaughter of Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, King Duncan was father of William Fitz-Duncan, Earl of Moray. He married Alice de Romelli, heiress of the Romellis, Lords of Skipton, and the Meschines, Lords of Egremont. Their son William, known in history as "the Boy of Egremont," and in romance as "young Romelli," died without succession; and their daughter, Anabella, Lady of Egremont, became the wife of Reginald de Lucie. Her granddaughter and heiress married a great baron of the house of Multon, and from her descended the line of Multon, Lords of Egremont. Elizabeth Multon, one of the coheirs of this great house, married the eldest son of Lord Harington, and from her descended the Lords Harington and Bonville, and the

Haringtons of Exton. The heiress of the Lords Harington, Cecily, daughter of William Lord Bonville and Harington, married Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and her heir general is the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, while her heir male is the Earl of Stamford. The Haringtons of Exton subsequently united the blood of King Duncan II. with the more direct royal stream of the younger line of Bruce, as will be noted in its proper place. Joan Multon, another coheiress of the house of Egremont, married Robert Lord Fitzwalter, and was ancestress to a long line of Lords Fitzwalter, Ratcliffes, Earls of Sussex, and Mildmayes. The representation of the family came at length to be vested in the five daughters of Mary Mildmay, sister of Benjamin Lord Fitzwalter, by her husband Henry Mildmay. A branch of the Multons, Lords of Egremont, settled in Lincolnshire at Multon, and their heir general and the inheritor of their estates and of their blood is Welby, Baronet of Denton, in Lincolnshire.

III.

THE RACE OF KING DAVID THE FIRST.

The race of King David I. may be divided into three branches: viz., the royal House of Baliol, the royal House of Bruce, and the House of Hastings.

On the extinction of the male line of Duncan I., by the death of King Alexander III., in 1285, and on the death of his granddaughter, Queen Margaret of Norway, a few years subsequently, the representation of the royal House of Scotland came to be vested in three great English

barons, the descendants of the three daughters of Alexander's granduncle, David, Earl of Huntington, grandson of King David I., and brother of King Malcolm IV., and King William the Lion. And this representation carried along with it another still more illustrious : viz., that of the Anglo-Saxon Kings. These coheirs were Margaret, wife of Alan, Lord of Galloway, Isabella, wife of Robert de Bruce, and Ada, wife of Henry de Hastings.

I.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF BALIOL.—THE HEIRS OF BALIOL.

Margaret, the eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntington, by her husband, Alan of Galloway, was mother of Devorgilla, the wife of John Baliol, Lord of Bernard's Castle.

The issue of this marriage was four sons, of whom John, the fourth, but eldest surviving, was crowned King of Scotland at Scone, in 1292. He died in 1314; and his son, King Edward Baliol, died without issue in 1365; and the right of representation of the Kings of Scotland was vested in his sisters, of whom there were four :

1. Margaret, who died without issue.
2. Ada, wife of William de Lindsay, of Lamberton.
3. Cicely, wife of John de Burgh.
4. Mary, wife of John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch.

I. The daughter and heir of Ada Baliol and William Lindsay was Christian Lindsay, wife of Ingelram Sire de Coucy. Her right to represent the royal House of Scotland (which carried along with it the representation of the

Anglo-Saxon kings) descended through the House of St. Pol to that of Bourbon, and is now vested in His Royal Highness Henry, Duke of Bordeaux, *de jure* King of France; and failing him, it will descend to his sister's son, Robert de Bourbon, Duke of Parma.

II. Cicely Baliol and John de Burgh had two daughters and co-heirs :

1. Hawys, who by her husband, Thomas de Gresley, had a daughter, Joan, wife of John, second Lord de la Warre, and from her is descended the family of West, Earl de la Warre.

2. Devorgilla, wife of Robert, first Lord Fitzwalter. From her daughter Christian, wife of John le Marechal, and her grand-daughter Hawyse, wife of Robert, second Lord Morley, descended a long line of Lords Morley. William, twelfth Lord Morley and Lord Monteagle, had a daughter, Catherine Parker, wife of John Savage, Earl Rivers, through whose two daughters the royal blood of Baliol has descended to the families of Pitt, Lord Rivers, and Lane Fox of Bramham, and to that of Colyear, Earl of Portmore.

III. Mary Baliol married John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, who, as has been already stated, was heir general of King Donald Bane, being fourth in descent from Hexilda, that monarch's grand-daughter. His son, John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, had two daughters, in whose descendants are united the co-heirship of Baliol with that of Donald Bane.

1. Joan Comyn, wife of David de Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol. Her descendant, Elizabeth Percy, of Athol, the

wife of Sir Thomas Burgh, was ancestress to a line of Lords Burgh and Baronets Boothby, of whom the heir general is the Venerable Thomas Thorpe, Archdeacon of Bristol.

2. Elizabeth Comyn, wife of Richard, second Lord Talbot, was ancestress to a long line of Earls of Shrewsbury, whose elder branch ended in an heiress, Lady Alithea Talbot, who, in 1612, married Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey. From her are descended the Dukes of Norfolk; but her two heirs general are Lords Stourton and Petre.*

II.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF BRUCE.—THE HEIRS OF BRUCE.

Isabella of Scotland, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntington, married Robert de Bruce. The heirs of the royal House of Bruce are confined to the descendants of King Robert the First, and to those of his uncle, Sir Bernard Bruce, of Conington and Exton, the younger son of Robert Bruce, the first competitor for the Scottish crown. The existing families of the name of Bruce, which trace their descent from the baronial House of Clackmanan, and of which the Earl of Elgin is now considered to be the male head, do not partake of the royal blood of Bruce, and cannot even be traced distinctly to a common ancestor with the dynasty that ascended the Scottish

* The historian and the genealogist are greatly indebted to Mr. Alexander Sinclair for his Tables—at once so full and so distinct, the fruit of learned and laborious research—of the descendants of the House of Baliol.

throne. The house of Bruce of Clackmanan indeed claims to be of the same stock with the ancient Lords of Annandale and Skelton; and though there is no direct proof of this assertion, we may at the same time be satisfied of its probability. Undue weight has been attached by the family to the complimentary style which King David Bruce used in a charter granted to Sir Robert Bruce, son of Thomas Bruce, and the undoubted ancestor of the house of Clackmanan, wherein the monarch styles him "*dilecto et fidele consanguineo suo Roberto Bruce.*" This mode of designating him does not imply any relationship. He was undoubtedly a man of some importance, and bore the same name with the King; and he may very probably have been an offshoot from the same original stock. But even if that were proved, it would not entitle him to boast of Royal Scottish and Anglo-Saxon blood, with which the house of Bruce first became connected by the marriage of King Robert's great-grandfather with Isabella of Scotland, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon. The only cadet branch of royal Bruce was that of Conington and Exton, which soon merged in the female line.

King Robert Bruce, the glorious defender of the liberties of Scotland, became Earl of Carrick on his father's resignation in 1292. He asserted his claim to the Scottish crown, for which his grandfather had been an unsuccessful competitor, and ascended the throne of his ancestors, being crowned at Scone in 1306. His power and the liberties of the country were finally vindicated by the splendid victory of Bannockburn in 1314. He died in

June, 1329, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. King Robert I. married, 1st, Isabella, daughter of Donald X., Earl of Mar, by whom he had an only daughter, the Princess Marjory, his eldest coheir, who, failing her brother, was heiress to the Scottish crown. She was the wife of Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, by whom she had a son Robert, who afterwards ascended the Scottish throne as King Robert II., and who was ancestor of the long line of Stewart or Stuart kings. King Robert I. married, secondly, Elizabeth de Burgo, daughter of Richard, second Earl of Ulster, by whom he had a son, who succeeded him as King David II., and two daughters, Margaret and Matilda, his junior coheirs, whose representatives shared with those of their elder sister the honour of transmitting the blood of the ancient Scottish monarchs as well as that of the Anglo-Saxon kings.

David II., the unworthy successor of his glorious father, having died without issue in 1371, the male line of the elder branch of royal Bruce failed, and the family came to be represented by the descendants of his three sisters, as heirs general.

I. Concerning the heirs of Princess Marjory, the eldest daughter and heir general, we will treat under the head of Heirs of the Stewarts.

II. Princess Margaret, junior co-heir, was wife of William Sutherland, fourth Earl of Sutherland, and from her is descended a long line of Earls of Sutherland, who boast a junior co-heirship of the royal line of Bruce.

III. Princess Matilda, junior co-heir, was wife of Thomas de Izac. The daughter of this marriage, Johanna de

Izac, who was co-heir of the royal blood of Bruce, along with her cousins-german, King Robert II., and William, fifth Earl of Sutherland, married John de Ergadia, Lord of Lorn, the descendant and representative of a branch of the Kings of the Isles. The Lords of Lorn had sided with the Baliols, and were the firm adherents of the English interest ; and John, Lord of Lorn, was imprisoned and forfeited by King Robert Bruce. His son John was restored in 1346, and became the husband of that monarch's grand-daughter. The issue of the marriage of John de Ergadia and Johanna de Izac was a daughter, Janet de Ergadia, who transmitted to her posterity the blood of Royal Bruce and Royal Saxon England, as well as that of the Lords of the Isles. She married Robert Stewart of Durisdeer, and was ancestress of the Stewarts of Rossythe, in Fifeshire, and of their representatives, the Stewarts of Craigie Hall, in Linlithgowshire. On the sale of the large estate of Craigie Hall, this family was designated, from a small property which they retained, as Stewart of Newhalls. This also was sold ; and the last heir male of the family, Dr. Archibald Stewart, coheir of the blood of the Bruce, of the ancient Kings of Scotland and of the Saxon Kings of England, died in Queensferry, about 1830, leaving an unmarried sister, the last of their ancient and noble race.

The only cadet of the royally descended Bruces was Bruce of Conington and Exton, founded by Sir Bernard Bruce, younger son of the first competitor. His son, Sir John Bruce, having no male issue, was succeeded in his estate of Exton by his daughter, the wife of Sir Nicolas

Green, and she by her daughter, the wife of Sir Thomas Culpeper, and she by her daughter, the wife of Sir John Harington, a descendant of the royal blood of King Duncan II. Sir John Harington, the fifth in descent from them, was created Lord Harington of Exton. His son, the second Lord, and his accomplished daughter, Lucy, Countess of Bedford, had no issue; but his daughter Frances, wife of Sir Robert Chichester of Raleigh, had a daughter, who transmitted to several generations of the house of Bruce the blood of their royal namesakes. She married Thomas Bruce, first Earl of Elgin, and was mother of Robert, first Earl of Ailesbury. This remote coheirship of Bruce was carried along with the more direct coheirship of Tudor and Plantagenet by Mary Bruce, daughter of the third Earl of Ailesbury, into the family of Brydges, Duke of Chandos; and it is now vested in her representative, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. A brother of the first Lord Harington of Exton is still represented in the male line by the baronet of that name.

III.

THE HOUSE OF HASTINGS.—THE HEIRS OF HASTINGS.

Ada of Scotland, third daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, married Henry de Hastings. Her grandson, John, Lord Hastings, one of the competitors for the crown of Scotland in 1290, was twice married. By Isabel de Valence, sister and coheir of Aymer, Earl of Pembroke, he left, besides other issue that died young, a son, John, and a daughter, Elizabeth, wife of Roger Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and by Isabel, daughter of Hugh Despencer,

Earl of Winchester, he left a son, Hugh. John, the eldest son, was progenitor of four successive Earls of Pembroke of the line of Hastings. On the death of the fourth of these Earls without issue, in the thirteenth year of King Richard II., his Earldom ceased; but his baronies devolved on Reginald Lord Grey de Ruthyn, as lineally descended from Elizabeth, sister in full blood to the Earl's ancestor, John Lord Hastings. Nevertheless, Edward Hastings, great-grandson of Hugh, brother to John Lord Hastings in half blood, had a long contest in the court of chivalry with Reginald Lord Grey for the Hastings barony and arms, in which he was defeated and condemned to heavy costs. This Edward assumed the title of Lord Hastings and Stuteville. These particulars are mentioned as showing the extraordinary value which was at one period attached to full blood, as determining the succession to family honours, of which we have many instances in mediæval history. The male line of Hastings was continued in this younger branch until the daughter and heir of Sir Hugh Hastings of Elsing, the lineal descendant and representative of the competitor for the Scottish crown, married Sir Hamon l'Estrange of Hunstanton. Her descendant, Sir Henry l'Estrange, Bart., died *s. p.* in 1760, when his representation devolved on his two sisters, Mrs. Styleman and Lady Astley. The descendant of the former is the present Mr. Styleman l'Estrange, and the descendant of the latter was Sir Jacob Astley, in whose favour, as junior coheir, the ancient barony of Hastings was in 1841 called out of abeyance. They are the coheirs of the Hastings portion of the Scottish blood royal.

We have now to inquire as to the various heirs of the blood royal of the Stuarts, or Stewarts.

IV.

HOUSE OF STUART, WHICH DERIVES ITS ROYAL DESCENT AS ELDEST COHEIR OF THE HOUSE OF BRUCE.

On the death of Prince Henry Benedict Stuart, Duke of York, and Cardinal, in 1807, the heirship of the royal line of Stuart devolved on the King of Sardinia, as descended from Anna Maria, wife of Victor Amadeus of Savoy, first King of Sardinia, and daughter of Philip, Duke of Orleans, by Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Charles I. The co-heirship of the Royal House of Stuart came to be divided between four Sardinian princesses, daughters of Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, viz. :—

Mary Beatrice, wife of Francis IV., Duke of Modena.

Mary Anne, wife of Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria.

Mary Theresa, wife of Charles Louis, Duke of Parma.

Mary Christina, wife of Ferdinand II., King of Naples.

Of these royal ladies two are dead, viz., the Duchess of Modena, and the Queen of Naples; and their co-heirships have descended to their sons, Duke Ferdinand V., and King Francis II.

Besides the heirship of the blood royal of the Stuarts in the direct line, there are two younger sons of that royal house, who have left representatives, who must be traced—

I. Prince Robert of Scotland, Duke of Albany, son of King Robert II., by his first wife, Elizabeth More.

II. Prince David of Scotland, Earl of Stratherne, son of King Robert II., by his second wife, Euphemia, Countess of Ross.

1. Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, died in 1419. By his first wife, Margaret, Countess of Menteith, he had, besides daughters, his son and heir, Murdock, Duke of Albany. By his second wife, Muriella, daughter of Sir William Keith, Great Marischal, he had a son, John, Earl of Buchan. Murdock, Duke of Albany, succeeded his father as Regent, and was beheaded, along with two of his sons, in 1425. By Isabella, eldest daughter and co-heir of Duncan, Earl of Lennox, he had issue four sons, the younger of whom, Sir James Stewart, was the father of seven sons, from whom many noble and distinguished families are descended: but they are all illegitimate. John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, the son of the Regent Duke Robert's second marriage, was a great warrior, and held the high office of Constable of France. He was slain in the battle of Verneuil, in France, in 1424, and was thus saved from witnessing the ruin of his family in Scotland. By Lady Elizabeth Douglas, daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, and Duke of Touraine, (afterwards married to William Sinclair, third Earl of Orkney) he had issue a daughter, Lady Margaret, wife of George, second Lord Seton. She was ancestress to the great families of Seton, Earl of Winton, and Montgomerie, Earl of Eglinton. The present Earl of Eglinton is her heir male; and it would seem that her heir general is William Hay, of Duns Castle, through his ancestress, Elizabeth Seton, daughter of Alexander Viscount Kingston.

II. Prince David of Scotland had the Earldom of Stratherne conferred upon him by his father, King Robert II., in 1371. He left an only child, Euphemia, who succeeded him as Countess of Stratherne, and by her husband, Sir Patrick Graham, had a son, Malise, who succeeded his mother as Earl of Stratherne. By the jealousy of King James I. of Scotland he was deprived of his princely earldom in 1427, and was, by way of compensation, created Earl of Menteith. In the reign of King Charles I., Earl Malise's descendant, William, seventh Earl of Menteith, made a bold attempt to recover his birthright, which excited the jealousy of the government to such a degree, that in 1633 he was stripped of all his honours, and a new title, mean and hitherto unknown, the Earldom of Airth, was conferred upon him. His son John, Lord Kinpont, notwithstanding the small claim the King had on his gratitude, was a noble cavalier, and an attached adherent of the great Montrose. He left issue, a son, who succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Airth, but died without issue, and two daughters: 1, Mary, wife of John Allardice, of Allardice; and 2, Elizabeth, wife of Sir William Graham, of Gartmore, Bart. The descendants of these ladies are the coheirs of Prince David, Earl of Stratherne, and representatives of a junior line of the blood royal. The descendant and heir of Lady Mary Allardice was the late Mr. Barclay Allardice, claimant of the earldom of Stratherne. His daughter and heir, who married a Mr. Ritchie, is eldest coheir of Prince David of Scotland, while the youngest coheir is the descendant, if any such exist, of Lady Elizabeth Graham. Her son, Sir John Graham, Bart., died

without issue ; and her daughter Mary, wife of Mr. Hodge, had a daughter Mary, wife of a younger brother of Mr. Graham, of Gartmore. Her daughter Mary was wife of John Bogle, but we are unable to trace her line further. It has most probably died out in obscurity.

EXISTING HEIRS OF THE KINGS OF SCOTLAND.

I. *Coheirs (along with the later Sovereigns of Scotland) of the ancient Celtic Kings.*

John Anstruther Thomson, of Charleton.

James Alexander, Earl of Rosslyn.

George, Duke of Sutherland.

II. *Coheirs of the second Celtic Dynasty.*

1. *Heirs of Donald Baue.*

Venerable Thomas Thorpe, Archdeacon of Bristol.

Charles Lord Stourton.

William Bernard, Lord Petre.

2. *Heirs of King Duncan II.*

Richard, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

George Harry, Earl of Stamford.

Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos : second descent.

Sir John Edward Harington, Bart., of Ridlington.

The coheirs of Mary Mildmay, sister of Lord Fitzwalter and Henry Mildmay.

III. *Coheirs of King David I.*

1. *Coheirs of Baliol.*

H.R.H. Henry de Bourbon, Duke of Bordeaux.

George John, Earl of Delaware.

George, Lord Rivers.

George Lane Fox, of Bramham.

Heirs of the Earl of Portmore.

Venerable Thomas Thorpe, Archdeacon of Bristol.

Charles, Lord Stourton.

William Bernard, Lord Petre.

2. *Coheirs of Bruce, along with the Royal House of Stuart*

George, Duke of Sutherland.

Heirs of Archibald Stewart, representative of Stewart
of Craigie Hall, and New Halls.

Richard, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Sir John Edward Harington, Bart., of Ridlington.

3. *Coheirs of Hastings.*

Henry L'Estrange Styleman L'Estrange, of Hun-
stanton.

Jacob Henry, Lord Hastings.

IV. *Coheirs of the Royal House of Stewart or Stuart.*

Ferdinand, fifth Duke of Modena.

Mary Anna, Empress of Austria.

Mary Theresa, Duchess of Parma.

Francis II., King of Naples.

Coheirs of the Branch of Albany.

Archibald William, Earl of Eglinton and Winton.

William Hay, of Dunse Castle.

Coheirs of the Branch of Stratherne.

Heir of Robert Barclay Allardice, of Ury.

The Fortunes of the Widvilles; the last, a
Knight of St. John.

“Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.”

SHAKESPEARE.

. “Rivers, Grey,
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the vicissitudes of English families, none are more remarkable than the changes of fortune experienced by the Wydevilles, Woodvilles, or Widvilles, of Northamptonshire. Country gentlemen in the first instance, of that county of Northampton, which is so replete in gentle blood, that Norden has termed it “the Herald’s Garden,” the Widvilles suddenly rose to be statesmen and nobles—to be not only puissant princes, but the kinsmen and progenitors of monarchs—to be, in fine, a stem from which descends, through a line of sovereigns, the present gracious Queen of these realms. Like Banquo, Widville might be murdered; nevertheless, his issue was to be kings—the seed of Widville kings. The only difference is, that the imperial theme was to be told of the male line of Banquo, but of

the female line of Widville. The masculine stem of the Widvilles sunk as rapidly as it rose. The last Widville, within but fifty years from their elevation to the Peerage, died an obscure Knight Hospitaller of St. John, and with him their very name has perished. I know of no family throughout these realms called Widville now. Their history, at one time part of the history of England, is worthy of re-consideration, and suggests much reflection on the vanities of human greatness.

Temp. Edward III., the Widvilles were quiet gentry in Northamptonshire. Their respectability was, in the thirty-seventh year of that King's reign, rewarded with some county honours. The Richard de Wydevill of that day became sheriff of Northamptonshire, governor of the castle there, and escheator of the counties of Northampton and Rutland. His son John filled the same offices under Richard II., and must have rendered some signal service to Richard's enemy, the usurper Henry IV. The light of Lancastrian favour fell specially on this John Wydeville's son, Sir Richard de Wideville, in whose person were achieved the high fortunes of his house, and whose blood was to mingle with the blood royal of England. Richard Widville was with Henry V. in France, and no doubt fought at Agincourt. His heroic master named him Seneschal of Normandy. Henry VI. made him Governor of the Tower, and knighted him at Leicester. In Shakespeare's First Part of Henry VI., we see him mentioned as "Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower." He then went again to France, and fought gallantly under Talbot and Bedford. The death of the latter was the pivot on which

his future success turned. Widville proposed for the Duke's widow, Jaqueline of Luxemburg, daughter of Pierre, Count de St. Paul, and he wedded her so quickly, that he did not wait for the necessary legal permission of the Crown; for which transgression, and for the livery of the castles, manors, and lands, constituting her grace's dower, he paid a fine of a thousand pounds. He continued his services in France under Richard, Duke of York, and then, in all probability, he lost some of his distaste for the white rose. He was raised to the peerage, by letters patent, dated the 9th May, 1448, as Baron Rivers. His Lordship was further rewarded by grants from the Crown, amongst which was the manor of Westhall, in the county of Essex. He was dubbed a Knight of the Garter, and made Seneschal of Aquitaine. In the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, Lord Rivers at first staunchly supported the latter. But an event—another marriage—was to make him swerve in his fidelity, and to put him on the acme of prosperity. His daughter Elizabeth lost her husband, Sir John Grey, Lord Grey of Groby, fighting on the Lancastrian side, and she went to reside, a beauteous widow, with her father at Grafton, in Northamptonshire. Edward IV., hunting near the house, came to it to pay a visit to Elizabeth's mother, his kinswoman, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford; and here he saw Elizabeth, and was so dazzled with her beauty, that he risked throne, friends, all, to marry her. Elizabeth accordingly became his consort, and her father thereupon abjured his Lancastrian predilections; he quickly grasped from the Yorkist party the highest honours, and the

highest offices. He was Treasurer of the Exchequer, and Constable of England, for life, with remainder to his son, Anthony, Lord Scales, also for life. He was advanced in the peerage to be Earl Rivers on the 24th May, 1466. Scarcely three years after this, with that rapid change of fortune peculiar to the Widville race, the new Earl was murdered. In a temporary rising of the Lancastrians, his Lordship's manor-house of Grafton was attacked by one Robin of Ridsdale, who led the revolt ; and the Earl himself, and his son John, were made prisoners ; they were carried to Northampton, and there their heads were cut off. The King-maker, Warwick, and his brother Montague, and the Royal Duke of Clarence, were suspected to be the instigators of this foul killing of Rivers ; Edward IV. was never satisfied till he had avenged it upon them—even to the slaying of his brother Clarence. Edward, too, to mark his regret, heaped honour upon honour in dignities for the sons, and alliances for the daughters, on the progeny of Earl Rivers. Yet all this was done in vain ; for, with few exceptions, beyond the royal result of the marriage of Earl Rivers' grand-daughter, Elizabeth, with Henry VII. (and that even, as regarded her personally, was an unhappy union), misery and extinction appear to have fallen upon nearly the whole race. The following table of their descent is a melancholy picture of their baffled greatness and singular perversity of ill luck. Earl Rivers, by his wife, the Duchess of Bedford, had issue,

- I. ANTHONY, his successor, who married Elizabeth, widow of Henry Bouchier, and daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Scales, in whose right he was summoned to parliament as **BARON SCALES**, from 22nd December, 1462, to the 23rd

of the ensuing February: he, as shewn below, was beheaded.

II. John, who, as above stated, was put to death with his father.

III. Lionel, Bishop of Salisbury, who held the see but two years, and died in 1784.

IV. Edward.

V. RICHARD, who succeeded his eldest brother in the honours of the family, and ended them.

I. ELIZABETH, *m.* first, to Sir John Grey, Lord Grey of Groby, killed in battle, by whom she had issue,

SIR THOMAS GREY, created Marquess of Dorset, great-grandfather of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey: his Marquisate became extinct at the attainder of his grandson, the third Marquess, and Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded in 1554:

Sir Richard Grey, beheaded in the first year of Richard III.

Lord Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting under the Lancastrian banner, and her ladyship espoused, secondly, King Edward IV., by whom she was mother of

EDWARD, Prince of Wales.	} The unhappy children, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower.
RICHARD, Duke of York.	

Elizabeth, contracted to the Dauphin, and *m.* to King Henry VII., with whom she lived miserably.

Cecily, contracted to James III., King of Scotland, but *m.* to John, Viscount Welles; death took him and her only daughter from her very soon after the marriage. She was *m.* secondly, to Sir John Kyme.

Anne, contracted to Philip, only son of the Duke of Burgundy, but *m.* to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk: her death saved her from sharing in the misfortunes of her husband.

Katherine, contracted to John, son of the King of Arragon, but *m.* to William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and was mother of

Edward Courtenay, Marquess of Exeter, beheaded 1539, and grandmother of Edward Courtenay,

Earl of Devon, who was supposed to have been poisoned at Padua.

- II. Margaret, *m.* to Thomas Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel: her grandson, oft a prisoner in the Tower, saw his only son die before him, and was the last male of his line.
- III. Anne, *m.* first, to William, Lord Bouchier, eldest son of Henry, Earl of Essex, who died in his father's lifetime, and her son by him was killed by a fall from his horse, and was the last male of his line. She was *m.* secondly, to George Grey, Earl of Kent, by whom she had a son Richard, Earl of Kent, who took to gaming, became a great dicer, a deep drinker, and a thoroughly worthless fellow; he dissipated his whole estate, and was at last found dead on the bench of a low inn in London; Anne was *m.* thirdly, to Sir Anthony Wingfield, Knt.
- IV. Jacquetta, *m.* to John, Lord Strange, of Knokyn.
- V. Mary, *m.* to William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, who was to have married Richard the Third's daughter Katherine, but she died young. This Mary, Countess of Huntingdon, was more fortunate than the rest of her race; for, though she gave no son to her husband, and his earldom became consequently extinct, her only daughter was Countess of Worcester, and ancestress of the present Ducal house of Beaufort.
- VI. Katherine, *m.* first, to Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded by Richard III., by whom she was mother of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded by Henry VIII., 1521: with him sunk for ever the splendour, princely honours, and vast wealth of the Staffords. She was *m.* secondly, to Jasper Tudor, Duke of Bedford; and thirdly, to Sir Richard Wingfield, K.G.
- VII. —, *m.* to Sir John Bromley, Knt., son of the renowned Sir John Bromley, who recovered the standard of Guyen, in the memorable battle of Corby, against the French.

The melancholy death of Lord Rivers occurred in 1469, and he was succeeded by his eldest son, ANTHONY WIDVILLE, Lord Scales, as second Earl Rivers, another victim

of much misfortune. This nobleman, when Lord Scales, in the beginning of the reign of Edward IV., marched with the King into the north against the Lancastrians, and was one of the principal commanders at the siege of Alwick Castle. He was soon afterwards made a Knight of the Garter, and he obtained a grant in tail of the Isle of Wight; his lordship about this period acquired great fame in a tournament at London, wherein he contested successfully with Anthony, the *Bastard of Burgundy*, brother of Charles, Duke of Burgundy. But this affair, and his career before it, are so well told by Horace Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," that we cannot do better than quote the account:—"There flourished," writes Walpole, "at the same period as the Earl of Worcester, a noble gentleman, by no means inferior to him in learning and politeness; in birth his equal; by alliance his superior; greater in feats of arms, and in pilgrimages more abundant. This was Antony Widville, Earl Rivers, Lord Scales and Neuselless, Lord of the Isle of Wight; Defenseur and Directeur of the Causes Apostolique for our holy Father the Pope in this realm of England, and uncle and Governour to my Lord Prince of Wales.

"He was son of Sir Richard Widville, by Jaqueline of Luxemburg, Duchess-dowager of Bedford, and brother of the fair Lady Gray, who captivated that monarch of pleasure, Edward the Fourth. When about seventeen years of age, he was taken by force from Sandwich, with his father, and carried to Calais by some of the opposite faction. The credit of his sister, the countenance and example of his Prince, the boisterousness of the times;

nothing softened, nothing roughened the mind of this amiable lord, who was as gallant as his luxurious brother-in-law, without his weaknesses ; as brave as the heroes of either Rose, without their savageness ; studious in the intervals of business, and devout after the manner of those whimsical times, when men challenged others whom they never saw, and went bare-foot to visit shrines in countries of which they had scarce a map. In short, Lord Antony was, as Sir Thomas More says, ‘*Vir haud facile discernas, manuve aut consilio promptior.*’

“He distinguished himself both as a warrior and a statesman. The Lancastrians making an insurrection in Northumberland, he attended the King into those parts, and was a chief Commander at the siege of Alnwick Castle, soon after which he was elected into the Order of the Garter. In the tenth of the same reign he defeated the Duke of Clarence and Warwick in a skirmish near Southampton, and prevented their seizing a great ship, called ‘the Trinity,’ belonging to that Earl. He attended the King into Holland on the change of the scene, returned with him, and had a great share in his victories, and was constituted Governor of Calais, and Captain-general of all the King’s forces by sea and land. He had before been sent ambassador to negotiate a marriage between the King’s sister and the Duke of Burgundy, and in the same character concluded a treaty between King Edward and the Duke of Bretagne. On Prince Edward being created Prince of Wales, he was appointed his governor, and had a grant of the office of Chief Butler of England ; and was even on the point of attaining the high honour

of espousing the Scottish princess, sister of King James the Third; the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Privy Seal, and Sir Edward Widville being despatched into Scotland, to perfect that marriage.

“A remarkable event of this Earl’s life was a personal victory he gained in a tournament over Antony, Count de la Roche, called the Bastard of Burgundy, natural son of Duke Phillip the Good. This illustrious encounter was performed in a solemn and most magnificent tilt, held for that purpose in Smithfield. Our Earl was the challenger; and from the date of the year, and the affinity of the person challenged, this ceremony was probably in honour of the aforementioned marriage of the Lady Margaret, the King’s sister, with Charles the Hardy, last Duke of Burgundy. Nothing could be better adapted to the humour of the age, and to the union of that hero and virago, than a single combat between two of their near relations. In the *Biographia Britannica* is a long account, extracted from a curious manuscript, of this tournament, for which letters of safe conduct were granted by the King, as appears from ‘*Rymer’s Fœdera* ;’ the title of which are, ‘*Pro Bastardo Burgundiæ super punctis armorum perficiendis.*’

“At these justs, the Earl of Worcester (before-mentioned) presided as Lord High Constable, and attested the Queen’s giving *The Flower of Souvenance* to the Lord Scales, as a charge to undertake the enterprize, and his delivery of it to Chester-Herald, that he might carry it over to be touched by the Bastard, in token of his accepting the challenge. This prize was a collar of gold, with the rich

flower of Souvenance enamelled, and was fastened above the Earl's knee by some of the Queen's ladies. On the Wednesday after the Feast of the Resurrection, the Bastard, attended by four hundred Lords, Knights, Squires, and Heralds, landed at Gravesend; and at Blackwall he was met by the Lord High Constable, with seven barges and a galley full of attendance, richly covered with cloth of gold and arras. The King proceeded to London; in Fleet-street the Champions solemnly met in his presence; and the palaces of the Bishops of Salisbury and Ely were appointed to lodge these brave sons of holy church; as St. Paul's Cathedral was for holding a chapter for the solution of certain doubts upon the articles of combat. The timber and workmanship of the lists cost above two hundred marks. The pavilions, trappings, &c., were sumptuous in proportion. Yet, however weighty the expence, the Queen could not but think it well bestowed, when she had the satisfaction of beholding her brother victorious in so sturdy an encounter; the spike in the front of the Lord Scales's horse having run into the nostril of the Bastard's horse, so that he reared on end, and threw his rider to the ground. The generous conqueror disdained the advantage, and would have renewed the combat, but the Bastard refused to fight any more on horseback. The next day they fought on foot, when Widville again prevailing, and the sport waxing warm, the King gave the signal to part them.

“Earl Rivers had his share of his sister's afflictions as well as of her triumph; but making a right use of adversity, and understanding that there was to be a jubilee

and pardon at St. James' in Spain, in 1473, he sailed from Southampton, and for some time was full virtuously occupied in going of pilgrimages to St. James in Galice, to Rome, and to Saint Nicholas de Bar in Puyle, and other diverse holy places. Also he procured and got of our holy Father the Pope a great and large indulgence and 'grace unto the chapel of our lady of the Piewe by St. Stephen's at Westmenstre.'

"The dismal catastrophe of this accomplished Lord, in the forty-first year of his age, is well known:

'Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey

Ere this lie shorter by the head at Pomfret.'"

But, audi alteram partem. In the *Life of Richard III.*, by Caroline A. Halsted, one of the best histories ever written by a female hand, the fair and able author (a determined defender of King Richard, it should, however, be observed) detracts much from the *couleur de rose* character of Earl Rivers by Walpole. Miss Halsted speaks thus of the Earl:—

"Lord Rivers, having been removed from his prison at Sheriff Hutton, was there, on the 23rd June, 1483, tried and executed by the Earl of Northumberland, that peer acting both as judge and accuser. However harsh this proceeding may appear, it is clear that this unfortunate nobleman was himself satisfied that his sentence was conformable to the proceedings of the age, and had been merited by his own conduct. That he had confidence also in the Protector's justice, although he entertained no hope of awakening his mercy, is likewise shown by the annexed conclusion to his will, dated at Sheriff Hutton,

23rd of June, 1483: 'Over this I beseech humbly my Lord of Gloucester, in the worship of Christ's passion and for the merit and weal of his soul, to comfort, help, and assist, as supervisor for very trust of this testament, that mine executors may with his pleasure fulfil this my last will.'

"The commiseration ordinarily expressed at the violent end of Anthony, Earl Rivers, has arisen in great measure from the lamentations bestowed upon him by Caxton, whose first book (from the English press) with the date and place subjoined, was a work of this nobleman's, entitled 'Dictes or Sayings of Philosophers,' the MS. of which, elaborately illuminated, represents Edward IV., his son, and the Queen, and Earl Rivers in the act of offering his work to the King, accompanied by Caxton. But this accomplished nobleman, although learned, chivalrous, and excelling his compeers in the more graceful attainments of the age, was by no means free from the vices which characterised his family, and the times in which he lived. He was universally unpopular, from the selfish and covetous ambition which marked his political conduct during the ascendancy of his royal sister. He was the cause of King Edward's committing to the Tower his 'beloved servant' Lord Hastings. He instigated the Queen to insist on the Duke of Clarence's execution. He grasped at every profitable or powerful appointment in King Edward's gift; and would, there can be no doubt, have sacrificed the Duke of Gloucester to his insatiable ambition, had not the prince, from intimation of his designs, felt justified, in accordance with the relentless custom of

that period, in committing him to prison, and commanding his execution."

Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England," somewhat corroborates the fact that Rivers was not altogether the immaculate character generally supposed. According to her, his want of sobriety was the cause of his being easily entrapped by the crafty Duke of Gloucester and his minion Buckingham, at that eventful moment of the accession of his nephew, Edward V., when all depended on his sagacity, caution, and care.

"Lord Rivers," writes Miss Strickland, "entered Northampton, and found it swarming with the Duke of Gloucester's northern cavalry, besides nine hundred retainers of Buckingham, each wearing the well-known badge of the Stafford knot. There were three inns in Northampton market-place. Joining each other, Gloucester and Buckingham had just taken up their quarters at two, the inns situated at each extremity, leaving the middle vacant like an empty trap, set for the nonce, in which Rivers secured his lodging for that night. Immediately afterwards, his brother-in-law, Buckingham, visited him in his quarters, entering with open arms, and the exclamation of 'Well met, good brother Scales.' And withal 'he wept.'

"The fraternal embracings between Rivers and the husband of his sister Katherine were scarcely over, when Gloucester entered from the other inn. His greeting was as hearty: 'Welcome, good cousin, out of Wales;' and then followed some moralising congratulations, in Gloucester's peculiar style, on the happiness he felt at the peace and good will which pervaded the times and people in

general. Rivers was utterly deceived by the apparent frankness and condescension of these great princes of the blood, whom he expected to find rudely repulsive.

“Gloucester invited Rivers to supper at his quarters. After the meal, the cups passed quickly and merrily, and assumed the semblance of a revel in the old military times of Edward IV. Ever as the cup was pushed to Gloucester, he pledged Rivers, saying, ‘I drink to you, good coz.’ The two dukes kept their wits in working order, but Rivers was so overcome, that at the end of the revel he was led to his inn between both his boon companions. The dukes left him in his bedroom, wishing him many and affectionate good nights. There is no doubt but they had extracted information from him sufficient to guide their manœuvres for the morrow. Certainly, the conduct of Rivers, considering the precious charge he had, was inexcusable. The moment Rivers was asleep, the two dukes called for the keys of his inn, locked the gates, and, appointing sentinels, forbade anyone to enter or depart. The rest of the night was spent by them in arrangements of military strategy. They stationed, at certain intervals, men-at-arms forming a lane. Many country people remembered, for many years, how the troopers blocked up the highway to Northampton, and turned them back from market. The two dukes were early as any one on the road to Stoney Stratford. There they were joined by a third person, who, notorious carouser as he was, had certainly kept back from the orgie of the preceding night. This third making up their triumvirate, had hitherto worked successfully for their plans. He and Rivers were

most deadly enemies. He came to enjoy the overthrow of the man he hated, and to take official charge of his young royal master. This third person in the plot was Lord Hastings, the King's Lord Chamberlain. While the cavalcade was approaching Northampton, the servants of Lord Rivers began to stir for the morning, and found that the inn was locked, and all within were prisoners closely guarded. They woke their master—whose sleep was heavy after his revel—by coming to his bedside with exclamations of alarm, telling him, 'the dukes had gone their way, and, taking the keys of his inn, had left him prisoner.' So completely was Rivers deceived, that he supposed his princely boon companions were playing out a jest, and had taken this method of ensuring their earlier arrival at Stoney Stratford.

"By the time he was dressed, Gloucester and Buckingham returned. They were desirous of acting out their parts as speedily as possible, and therefore admitted Rivers to their presence. 'Brother,' exclaimed he, merrily, to Buckingham, 'is this how you serve me?' The reply was in a different tone. Indeed, according to the poetical chronicler, Buckingham,

'Stern in evil sadness,
Cried, 'I arrest thee, traitor, for thy badness.'

"'Arrest!' said Rivers, 'why, where is your commission?' Buckingham instantly flashed out his sword, and all his party did the same. Oppressed by numbers, Rivers surrendered without further resistance, and was forthwith put under guard in a separate chamber from the prisoners previously seized at Stoney Stratford."

As may naturally be supposed, this arrest was the prelude of Rivers' execution. On Lord Rivers' unhappy decease, he was succeeded in all his honours, but the Barony of Scales, by his only surviving brother, Richard Widville, third Earl Rivers. This nobleman, the last of the male line, died unmarried in 1491. By his testament, bearing date 20th February, 1490, his lordship directed his body to be buried in the Abbey of St. James, in Northampton. He bequeathed to the parish church of Grafton all such cattle as he then had at Grafton, viz., two oxen, five kine, and two bullocks, to the intent that they should yearly keep an obit for his soul, and he appointed his nephew, Thomas, Marquess of Dorset, his heir, to whom he devised all his lands whatsoever; desiring that there might be as much underwood sold, in the woods of Grafton, as would purchase a bell, to be a tenor to the bells already there, for a remembrance of the last of his blood. Upon the decease of his lordship, the Barony and Earldom of Rivers became extinct. This last Earl Rivers was a Knight of Malta. Much light is thrown on that fact by the following able communication from a friend and correspondent:—

“ I take this opportunity of offering you some information on a different subject, which may probably interest you as an antiquary and genealogist, and which, perhaps, you may think with me, will help to solve a problem that has often puzzled me, namely, why Richard Widvile, *last Earl Rivers*, who held that title for a quarter of a century, *never married* to continue his family, the extinction of which he laments in a tone of such pathos in his last will and testament.

“Residing for a considerable time in Malta, I amused myself with extracting from the records and archives of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, preserved there, everything connected with the *ci-devant* English branch of that renowned fraternity. Among other matter most interesting, I met with a petition from Richard Widvile, dated shortly after the period of the catastrophe at Pomfret, the decapitation of his eldest brother, and addressed to the Grand Master of Rhodes—John Ursino—stating that he, the petitioner, albeit a young man, had lived long enough in the world to experience the hollowness and uncertainty of everything connected with it, and to become thoroughly disgusted with it. He had seen the total ruin of his family, and every thing and person most near and dear to him; and wishing to devote the rest of his life to the service of God, in the habit of some religious order, he prayed the Grand Master to receive his profession in the brotherhood of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

“Then follows a bull from the said Grand Master to the Lord Prior of St. John in England, Sir William Tornay, directing the said Grand Prior, because of the eminent merits, and good disposition of the said Richard Widvile, and more especially because of his illustrious parentage, paternally and maternally, and particularly on account of his near connection with the Royal House of England, to receive him, the said Richard Widvile, as a professed Knight Hospitaller of St. John of Jerusalem, with as little delay as possible.

“I conclude from all this, that the last Earl Rivers lived

and died a professed Knight of Rhodes, and consequently Cœlebs.

“As no genealogist or historian, however, noticed this curious fact, I take it for granted it lies buried in the archives of the Order of Malta, and is entirely unknown.”

Such were the vicissitudes of most of the once proud name and royal race of Widville; and when one contemplates their elevations and their falls—their successes ever ending in reverses—their dignities ever akin to decay, and ever fading into naught—one inclines to admit the assertion of the poet, that “graves only are men’s works, and death their gain.”

Another Tale of a Knight of St. John of Malta.

. "Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me!"

SHAKESPEARE.

How often do we find a noble descent terminating in a Knight of St. John of Malta. Even in these pages I have already recorded some instances. Poor Philip D'Auvergne, for one, died a Knight of Malta, and the Duke de Bouillon, who made the settlement in Philip's favour, did so because the only son from whom he could hope to have posterity died a Knight of Malta also. A knighthood of the same order, as I have just shewn, put an end, in the person of Richard, 3rd Earl Rivers, to the splendid but ill-starred line of Widvile. But of all the extinctions of ancient houses in the chivalry of St. John, that which relates to the last Foulques of Tête-Foulques in Poictou is the most singular and startling. The story is a well-known and a popular French one, but I do not recollect its being anywhere of record in English. Of course I am not prepared to vouch for its supernatural accompaniments and bearings, but I have no reason not to believe

that the main facts are true—viz. the unholy duel, the death of the Knight, and the troubled dreams of his conscience-stricken slayer. The best account of the affair is given by that very able genealogical gossip, Madame de Créquy, in her famous Memoirs, and I therefore follow her in the details I give here.

I should observe that the family of Foulquerre, Fulkques, or Foulques, which spread itself into many branches, was one of the most ancient and distinguished of the old monarchy of France. The name of Foulques was of high note in the Order of St. John. So far back as 1306, Foulques de Villaret was Grand Master of the Order, and many others of his race have at different times wielded with valour and effect the knightly steel of Malta. The Knight of whom I now speak, flourished as late as the middle of the last century.

The relater of and principal actor in the scene of Foulques' tragic fate and its results, is Don Luis de Lima-Vasconcellos, Knight of Malta and Grand Prior of Majorca, brother of Don Jaime de Majones de Lima de Sotomajor, Commander of Calatrava, which latter was Spanish Ambassador at Paris from 1747 to 1764. Don Luis' narrative runs thus:

“ We Knights were living peaceably together at Malta, when a French ship brought us the Commander de Foulquerre, of the ancient family of the Seneschals of Poitou, the descendant, it is believed, of the first Counts of Angoulême. He had before been at Malta: once to fight the Turks; again to find a Milanese Chevalier, whom he

wanted to slay ; and, thirdly, to take his oath of obedience, and to pronounce his vows.

The Commander de Foulquerre was always having some serious quarrels. He came this time to solicit the Généralat de Galères, and as he had arrived at the age of thirty-five years, it was expected that he was more sobered ; and, in truth, it could not be said that this great officer of St. Jean was as quarrelsome or as noisy as formerly ; but he had become haughty, jealous, imperious, and even factious ; he pretended to have more authority than the Grand Master of Malta, or the Grand Priors of France.

The Commander de Foulquerre opened his house, and the younger French Knights frequented it in crowds. We older men and of other countries rarely went there, and we ended by not going at all, as we found the conversation tended to subjects that were of too free a nature, and were consequently displeasing to us.

When the Commander took a walk in the town, he was always seen surrounded by young French "Caravanists" of the Order, whom he conducted down the Strada Stretta to show them the places in that street where he had fought, and to explain to them the cause of his duels. It is necessary to state that a duel is prohibited, and for it there is a severe punishment at Malta, unless it take place in this Strada Stretta, a long narrow street, in which there is not a door to be found, and on which no window opens. The width of the street only admits of two men standing *en garde*, and crossing their swords ; they cannot draw back, and their seconds have to stop passers-by, and prevent them interrupting them. Swords alone (which every

one, of course, constantly wore) could be the weapons used, for in order to render all but chance rencontres unlikely in the Strada Stretta, whosoever walked down that street with pistol or poignard, incurred the penalty of death. A duel is thus always publicly condemned at Malta, and if privately tolerated there, it is not looked on, as it may be elsewhere, as very honourable. Among the Knights of Malta, a duel is always spoken of with shame, as an attempt contrary to the character of a Christian, and as a foul, and especially unrighteous act, if occurring in the streets of a town belonging to a religious and charitable order.

The promenades and lounging which the Commander Foulquerre and his French companions indulged in, in the Strada Stretta, were then very ill-timed. The very character of the place had the bad effect of rendering the French Knights susceptible and offensive. The Spanish Knights consequently increased in reserve and in serious intent to put a stop to the French system of irritation. They assembled at my house to consult with me on the means of checking fits of petulance and frivolity, which became intolerable.

I thanked my countrymen for the confidence they had honoured me with, and the result of our meeting was that I undertook to speak on the subject to the Commander Foulquerre, and to represent to him that the conduct of the young Frenchmen was improper, and that he could stop the abuse by the very weight of the high consideration which they had for him. Yet, in agreeing to do this, I instinctively felt that my explanation with the Com-

mander, whatever caution I might use, could not terminate otherwise than in a duel. Nevertheless, as this affair interested Castilian dignity, I was not sorry for being chosen to support our cause—indeed, I believe I was induced to meddle, from a kind of natural antipathy I had for the Frenchman.

It was passion week, and it was arranged to delay my interview with the Commander till a fortnight after Easter. I have always believed that he knew all that passed at my house, and that he was resolved to forestall us in having a quarrel with me.

Good Friday arrived. You know that according to the Spanish custom if one has a particular friend, a lady, one follows her on that day from church to church to present her as she enters and departs from each with holy water. On that, for me, eventful Good Friday, I attended a Maltese young lady, to whom I was platonically, but sincerely, attached for many years. Well, the very first church she entered, the Commander accosted her familiarly and tendered to her the holy water, placing himself between us in a manner so as to turn his back to me and to tread upon my feet. This was remarked by the Frenchmen near, and could not remain unpunished.

In going out of the church I accosted Monsieur calmly, asking him at first the news, then in what church he intended going to make his second station. "I intend going to the Church of St. Jean," said he. I proposed to conduct him the shortest way. I was astonished to hear him reply to me in the politest manner thus: "I shall be delighted to follow the steps of your illustrious seigneurie."

I thanked him pointedly and very courteously for his readiness and civility. I conducted him, as he might well know, to the Strada Stretta, where I eagerly drew my sword, being fully assured that no one would come and interfere on such a day, everybody being occupied at church.

The Commander exclaimed, "What! Signor Comandador, you draw your sword?" "Yes, Monsieur le Comandeur, I draw my sword. I am *en garde*, and I wait you." After a minute or two, he unsheathed his weapon, but he turned the point to the ground. "Good Friday!" said he, "it is six years since I have approached a confessional. I am alarmed at the state of my conscience; but, if you will allow me, three days hence let it be—that is to say, Monday morning."

I would listen to nothing, and I insisted on his confronting me. I am naturally quiet; and you know that persons of that temperament will not listen to reason when they are irritated. Terror was marked in all his features. He placed himself close against the wall, as if he had been falling down, and as if he sought a support. The fight began. At the first lunge I made, I passed my sword through his body. He sunk by the wall, and said to me in a faltering voice, "Good Friday! May heaven forgive you! Carry my sword to Têtefoulques, and have a hundred masses said for the repose of my soul in the chapel of the château." With these words the Commander expired. I did not at the moment pay great attention to what he said; and if I repeat his words correctly now, it is because I have unfortunately heard them many times since. I made a declaration; and the Chapter considered

it natural, our having both met in the Strada Stretta, that our national hostility and, perhaps, the difficulty of giving place to each other had ended in a serious quarrel. I may, in fact, say that before men my duel did me no harm. Foulquerre was generally detested, and it was everywhere observed that he merited his destiny; but it was not so before God; for my deed was doubly criminal, in consequence of Good Friday, and above all, on account of my refusal in granting the delay of three days, that he might receive the sacraments. My conscience, awakened by my confessor, was not slow in cruelly reproaching me. The sad deed hung still more heavily on me, from the fact that in three days after it, our eminent Grand Master had the goodness to invest me with the dignity of Prior of the kingdom of Majorca, which high post I hold to this day.

In the night of the Friday following my nomination, I was suddenly awakened. I looked around me, and it seemed that I was neither in my apartment nor my bed, but in the Strada Stretta, and lying on the pavement. I perceived the Commander resting against the wall. The spectre, with the appearance of much effort, spoke to me. "Carry my sword to Têtefoulques," said he, in a faltering voice, "and have a hundred masses said for the repose of my soul in the chapel of the château."

The following night I made one of my criados, or attendants, sleep in my room. I neither saw nor heard anything, not even for six nights after; but on that of Friday I had again the same vision, with the only difference that my valet appeared to sleep at some distance from me, on the pavement of the Strada Stretta. The Com-

mander appeared to me as usual : he said the same words : and thus the horrid vision of the slain man came again and again, and repeated them successively every Friday night. Ay, Friday after Friday, would my eyes stare upon the spectre, and my ears draw in his injunction "Carry my sword to Tête-Foulques, and have a hundred masses said for the repose of my soul in the chapel of the château." My criado meanwhile would dream that he was lying in a very narrow little street, but he neither heard nor saw the Commander.

I did not know where Têtefoulques was, where the deceased absolutely desired that I should carry his sword. The Chevaliers Poitevîns informed me that it was an old mansion, four leagues from Poitiers, in the centre of a forest, of which extraordinary things were related ; and where many curious objects were seen, particularly the armoury of the famous Foulques Taillefers, containing the arms of all the warriors of the house who had been slain. They informed me also that the ancient custom of all of the house of Foulquerre had been to deposit there the arms they had used, whether in war or in single combat.

On arriving at Poitiers, I found that they had been informed of the death of Monsieur De Foulquerre, and it appeared that he was not more regretted there than at Malta. I left my carriage in the town, and I disguised myself as a pilgrim, and took a guide. It was necessary for me to go on foot as far as Têtefoulques, as the road was impracticable for carriages. We found all the doors of the château closed, and we rang for some time at the principal door before the porter appeared. He was the

only inhabitant of Têtefoulques except a kind of hermit, who attended to the chapel. We found the two engaged in singing the service of the dead, which appeared to me to add to the sadness of the place. When they had finished chaunting, I told them that I had come to accomplish an obligation of conscience, and that I intended to make the hermit say a hundred masses for the repose of the soul of the Commander. He replied that he never said mass, because he was not in holy orders, but he would undertake to get the masses said in acquittance of my conscience.

I laid, in offertory for the masses, a sum upon the altar, and I wished also to put the Commander's sword there; but the hermit said to me, in a melancholy tone, that it was not the place for a sword so murderous and so often plunged in Christian blood; and he advised me to take it to the great hall, called the armoury, where he never entered. The porter added, that in the armoury I should see placed all the swords of the deceased Foulquerres, with those of their adversaries over whom they had triumphed; that such was the established custom since the time of Mellusine, and her husband, the Count de Poitou, Geoffrey with the big tooth. I followed the porter into the armoury, and there I found swords of all dimensions and shapes and of all ages, also curious portraits, commencing with that of Foulques Taillefer, Comte d'Angoulême, who had built the Chateau de Têtefoulques for an illegitimate son, Meinzier, who was created Seneschal of Poitou, and who became the source of the race of the Foulquerres of Têtefoulques.

The portrait of the Seneschal, and that of his wife, Isabeau de Sainte Hermine, were placed on each side of

an immense chimney-piece. They had the greatest air of truth. All the other portraits appeared to me of equally good execution, although they were by gothic artists; but the most striking was that of Foulques Taillefer, armed with various implements of war, and bearing his round shield, which was emblazoned with three leopard lions, mournful and defamed (apparent signs of bastardy). The greater number of the swords in the armoury were united and adjusted in trophies under this portrait.

As that hall was the only room in the château which I found of habitable appearance, I asked the porter if he would light a fire in it for me before he gave me supper, and make me a bed. "As regards supper, I will do that willingly, my good pilgrim," he replied; "but I advise you to come and sleep in my room."

I wished to know the motive for this precaution. "I have my reasons," he continued. "I will readily make you a bed near mine." I accepted the proposition more willingly because it was Friday, and I feared the return of my vision.

The porter of Têtefoulques went to arrange my supper, and I began by examining the armoury and the portraits of the Foulquerres. As soon as day had declined, the dingy draperies became united with the ground-work of the pictures, and the fire from the chimney allowed me only to see the faces, which gave them a frightful appearance. Perhaps they appeared to me thus, because the state of my conscience caused me continual trouble.

At last the porter brought my supper, which, pursuant to Friday's abstinence, consisted of a dish of trout, with

some lobsters, which he had had caught in the ponds at the chateâu; he furnished me, besides, with a bottle of wine, drinkable and passable enough, even though he told me it was the wine of Poitou. I should have begged the hermit to sit at table with me, but he lived on herbs and roots boiled in water only.

I was always very exact in reading my breviary, which is ever the custom, and also an obligation, among professed Chevaliers of our sacred order, and among Spanish Knights particularly.

I took then my missal from my pocket, also my rosary, and I said to the porter that he had only to show me the chamber where I should find him again when I had finished my prayers. "Very good," replied he; "when you hear the hermit ring his bell in taking his round in the corridor before midnight, you can descend by that winding staircase, and you will not fail to find my room, of which I will leave the door open—it is the sixth door after the great arch on the third landing of the staircase. You enter there in a vaulted alley, which terminates by an arcade with a statue of the blessed Jean of France; you cannot mistake it, and I advise you not to remain here after midnight."

The porter left, I continued my devotions, and from time to time I put wood on the fire; but I did not dare to look around me. The pictures seemed to become animated, and if I looked at one for a few minutes it appeared to me to move the eyes and lips, and particularly the portraits of the Chief Seneschal and his wife moved their eyes as if angry with me, and having an understanding between

themselves. A frightful wind increased my fears, it shook all the window-frames violently, and agitated the sets of armoury with a kind of chink, in sound supernatural. At last I heard the hermit's bell, and I descended the winding staircase with a light that the wind quite blew out before I discovered the arcade, the niche, and the figure of the blessed Jean de France. I ascended immediately to the armoury to light my end of candle there; but judge what I felt when I perceived the Seneschal and the lady Seneschal had descended from their frames, and had placed themselves in the corner of the fireplace.

"My dear," said the Seneschal, "what think you of the extreme impudence of this Castilian, who comes to bed and board in my château after having killed the Commander, without allowing him the means of confessing his sins?"

"Sir," replied the female spectre, "my advice is that this Castilian pay forfeiture for that meeting, and truly it would not be the thing that he should go away from this without having the glove thrown at him."

I gave up lighting the candle, but leaped down the staircase again to seek the porter's chamber, which was impossible for me to find in the midst of darkness. After an hour and a half's attempt and mortal anxiety, I endeavoured to persuade myself that the day was fast approaching, and it was time for the cock to crow, which would leave me without any anxiety; for it is well known that ghosts would not show themselves after the first crow of the cock. I tried, above all, to persuade myself that what I had believed to have seen and heard speak, had only

existed in my troubled imagination. I still held in my hands my extinguished candle, which I must absolutely light again to help me to bed; I was indeed overcome with fatigue. At last I re-ascended this unfortunate staircase with stealthy strides, and stopping at the door of the armoury with precaution, I found that in reality the two gothic figures were not in the corner of the fireplace where I had seen them. I had not the prudence and precaution to look if they had again mounted into their frames. I ventured fearlessly in directing myself to the side of the chimney; but scarcely had I made a few steps than I saw Messire Foulques in the middle of the hall. He was in fighting attitude, and presented the point of his sword at me. I tried to return from the side of the staircase, but the door was guarded by the figure of an Esquire, who rudely threw an iron gauntlet into my face. The irritation of this mastered all other feeling. I seized a sword that I took from the trophies of arms. It happened to be that of the Commander that I had placed there. I fancied that I ran it through my opponent; but as suddenly I felt at the back of my heart a stab that burnt me as if it had been a red-hot iron; my blood covered the hall, and I fainted.

I awoke the following morning in the porter's little room—not seeing me arrive, he took his vessel of holy water and came in search of me. He found me stretched on the floor of the armoury insensible, but without a single wound. That which I had imagined I had received was nothing more than a fancy. The porter and the hermit put no questions to me, but they advised me to quit the

château as soon as possible. I left Têtefoulques to return to Spain, and I arrived at Bayonne the following Friday. In the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by the same Foulques Taillefer, who directed towards me the point of his sword. I made the sign of the cross, and the spectre appeared to vanish in smoke; but I did not feel the less the same stab from the sword that I had imagined I had received in the armoury. It appeared to me that I was weltering in my blood. I tried to call and to get out of my bed to seek for help, but it was impossible for me to do either. The agony lasted till the first crow of the cock—then I went to sleep again; but the following day I was ill and in a pitiable state. I have the same vision each Friday. Acts of devotion have not delivered me from the horrible spectral intruder, and it is only my trust in the divine mercy that still supports me and makes me endure so lamentable an existence.”

The Smyths of Ashton Court.

“Bring in the evidence——
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place.”

KING LEAR.

“—— How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfer'd hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are open'd to the day.”—COUNT BASIL.

IN times before Railways existed, one of the many charms of a journey through England, was the glimpse it afforded of the ancestral Homes and the old Manor-Houses which are so peculiarly characteristic of our country. The traveller through the Midlands and on to the North found the tedium of the day much enlivened by the pleasure he felt, at recognising the towers of historic Belvoir, the stately castle of Stafford, the sunny lawns of Trentham, the grand gates of Tatton, the Park of Beaudesert, the distant woods of Knowsley, and many other seats in which we seemed to take a national pride and a personal interest. The very distinguished President of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, Dr. Corrigan, has eloquently remarked, that “a statue in a public way is a book to every passer-by.” May I not borrow the simile from my accomplished friend, and apply it with equal

force to the hereditary seats of England? "They are," says Washington Irving, "most of them full of story—haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade." The West Country had many of these historic places, and we all recollect, on the road from Bristol to Weston, that fine specimen of Inigo Jones's style, old "Ashton Court." This curious house was the head—the *caput baroniæ* as it were—of a vast property, variously estimated at £20,000 or £30,000 a-year, and had been inhabited, generation after generation, by a distinguished county family, uninterruptedly, and without question. At last, just ten years ago, an attempt was made to oust from its possession the young heir of the Smyths; and among the *causes célèbres* by which the present century has been characterised, and by which the security of family estates has been temporarily placed in jeopardy, I know of no case more worthy of record, either from its complexity of villany, or the mysterious romance and legal chicanery which surrounded it, than that of *Smyth v. Smyth*, which was tried at the Gloucester Assizes before Mr. Justice Coleridge, in August, 1853, and by which the plaintiff sought to eject John Henry Greville Smyth, a minor, heir of the ancient family of Smyth, of Ashton Court, Somerset, from the mansion house and estates where his ancestors had been domiciled in peaceful and uninterrupted succession since the reign of Henry V., at which period, A.D. 1420, the manor of Long Ashton was acquired by purchase, by Mr. Thomas Smyth, of Ayeleburton, co. Gloucester, from

Ashton de Lyons, whose family had held the manor of Ashton in fee from the days of the Norman conquest.

An attempt to disturb an inheritance that has been recently acquired, would excite no special wonder, or occasion more than ordinary interest; but where the title deeds date from remote antiquity, and where the family records are hallowed by the dust of ages, and preserved with minutest care, he must indeed be an adept in daring who would venture to challenge the right of ownership. In the case under consideration, one can hardly say which more excites our astonishment; the audacity of a man, without a shilling in the world, whose antecedents were known in half the county gaols of England, without the remotest connection with the family whose estates he coveted, and whose repose he recklessly invaded, planning so nefarious a crime, and carrying it out, month after month, persuading others of the justness of his claims, until, by his own unrivalled iniquity, and the public credulity, he was enabled to bring his cause before a special jury; or the fact that such an impostor should be able to find in this enlightened age a solicitor so simple-minded, and credulous, as to listen to a tissue of falsehood so utterly improbable, without suspecting the honesty of the plaintiff, or the genuineness of the documents by which he sought to substantiate his claims.

I have already stated that the Smyths of Ashton settled upon their present estate in the fifteenth century, and the muniment room at Ashton Court furnishes ample evidence of the regularity with which the family records in each successive generation have been preserved.

The old baronial mansion of the Lyons family was remodelled in 1634, by Thomas Smyth, Esq., M.P. for the county of Somerset, (from designs by the celebrated Inigo Jones), and his son, Hugh Smyth, who married the daughter of John Ashburnham, groom of the bedchamber to Charles I., supported the cause of his unfortunate Sovereign, and was for his loyal services created a Baronet at the Restoration. The family papers are rich in letters of this interesting period, and I give the following as a specimen of the diction and spelling of an English gentleman of the seventeenth century; it is from John Ashburnham, to his son-in-law, Hugh Smyth, announcing the dawn of the Restoration, a period of hope, pregnant with disappointment to the nation.

“5 January, 1659.

“Deare Sonn,

“By this you shall know that which scarce the world since itts creation ever knew, that the generall received intelligence from all parts in this nation yesternight was, that the generall insurrections (and they were not a few) were all for a ffree Parliament, and in opposition to this present authority, and this morning all submission imaginable is given by all partyes to this Parliament. Particularly the Lord Ffairfax having layd downe his armes, Lambert’s men having all deserted him, and he himselfe having sent letters of his humble concurrence with the pleasure of the House, and soe have all the rest. Excuse my haste, more I need not add but my blessing to you all, and hearty love to yourselfe, from deare Sonn, your loving father to serve you,

“J. ASHBURNHAM.

“To my deare Sonn, Hugh Smith, Esq.,
att his house in Long Ashton, neare Bristoll.”

The commencement of the present century found Sir

John Hugh Smyth, Bart., in possession of the family estates, and he, dying without issue in 1802, was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Hugh Smyth, eldest son of Thomas Smyth, of Stapleton, Gloucestershire. Sir Hugh Smyth was twice married, but was known to have had no issue by either wife. The plaintiff, however, claimed to be the son of Sir Hugh Smyth, by a previous marriage. Sir Hugh dying in 1824, was succeeded by his only brother, the late Sir John Smyth, Bart., at whose decease without issue in 1849, the estates devolved on his eldest sister, Florence, the widow of John Upton, Esq., of Ingmire Hall, Westmoreland; and at her decease in 1852, (her son Thomas Upton having died in her lifetime) the property devolved upon her only surviving grandson, John Henry Greville Upton, a minor, and the defendant in the action, who dropped the name of Upton, assumed the name and arms of Smyth by royal licence, and to whom Her Most Gracious Majesty was pleased to restore the family title and dignity of baronet upon his attaining his majority in 1859.

On the death of Mrs. Florence Smyth, in 1852, Mrs. Upton made her son a ward of the Court of Chancery, and at her request the entire management and control of the estate were placed in the hands of her brother, Arthur Way, Esq., afterwards member of Parliament for Bath, who was duly appointed receiver of the Ashton Court Estates by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Way at once set about the arrangement of the family affairs, little suspecting how soon the rights of his nephew were to be invaded; the first intimation, however, of the approaching storm

came within two months ; the following letter appearing upon the breakfast table on the morning of the 9th of September.

“ Bristol, Sept. 8th, 1852.

“ Sir,—I am directed by Thomas Rodham, Esq., of Wellington, the deputed Steward of Sir Richard Smyth, Bart., of Ashton Court, Sommersett, to advise you that after this notice you do not interfere in any way, directly or indirectly, with the tenants or property of the said Barony ; and I am also directed to forbid the destruction of the Deer in the Park, and to request that you will consider yourself from this date a trespasser upon the property of Ashton Court ; and you are also advised that Sir Richard Smyth has this day in person taken possession of Heath House, at Stapleton, and that in future your visits to that house, or to the lands thereof, will be considered a trespass.

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ HENRY BROWN,

“ For THOMAS RODHAM, Esq.

“ Arthur Edwin Way, Esq.,
Ashton Court.”

Such an unexpected announcement was somewhat calculated to create uneasiness, and it was quickly followed by the arrival of Joseph Turvey, a faithful servant of the family for upwards of fifty years, who reported that on the previous afternoon two suspicious-looking characters had made their appearance at Heath House (the family mansion in Gloucestershire), and had requested to see the house ; that one of them having been shown the portrait of Sir Hugh Smyth, prostrated himself before the picture, exclaiming “ Oh ! my father, my beloved father,” and then announced himself as Sir Richard Smyth, the lawful owner of the estates ; “ upon which,” continued honest Joseph, “ unable to restrain myself, I exclaimed, ‘ Now I

tell ye what it is; I've known the family, man and boy, this fifty year, and I never seed the likes of ye among 'em, and if you don't just clear out, I'll kick ye out, and that's all about it:'" this threat proved effectual, and the visitors at once departed.

The same day "Sir Richard Smyth" and a Mr. Rodham, a solicitor, called at Ashton Court, and sending in their cards, requested an audience. Mr. Way, being anxious to take the measure of the parties he had to deal with, after giving his instructions, desired they might be shown into a room on the basement storey, where he waited upon them. The *soi-disant* Sir Richard Smyth, who was introduced by his solicitor, appeared to be about sixty years of age, tall, of sallow complexion, and very repulsive features. Mr. Way complimented Sir Richard on his baronetcy, and requested to know his pleasure, when the "Baronet" desired his solicitor to state "his strange, eventful history." This his solicitor did at great length, and was heard with much patience, and at the end the following conversation took place:—

Mr. Way: "Sir Richard Smyth, have you anything further to state?"

Sir Richard: "No, sir, except that I wish you to discharge the household, as my own servants are coming here, and I request you will hand me the keys of the mansion; but you need not hurry, sir, I will allow you two hours to take your departure."

Mr. Way: "Mr. Rodham, have you anything more to say?"

Mr. Rodham: "Not a word more, sir; I have fully

stated Sir Richard's case, and I trust you will throw no impediments in the way of his regaining his family estates."

Mr. Way (placing his watch on the table): "Now, then, I must request your attention to what I say. You have come here in the face of day to perpetrate a robbery of no ordinary kind. In a case so monstrous I can make no distinction between solicitor and client. You must both leave the house within the minute, or be prepared to take the consequences."

Sir Richard stormed, Mr. Rodham expostulated; in vain; the minute elapsed, neither would budge an inch. Mr. Way quietly touched the bell, when the men-servants rushed in, and without saying a word seized the astonished Sir Richard and his lawyer, carried them off *vi et armis*, and deposited them outside the house; and so ended Sir Richard's first attempt to regain, as he said, "possession of his ancestral Halls."

At the close of this first act of the drama, Mr. Rodham disappeared from the scene, either discovering that Sir Richard was an arrant impostor, or fearing to share further in Sir Richard's adventures. Little was heard of the new Baronet before the ensuing spring, when Mr. Cattlin, a well-known solicitor, of Ely Place, Holborn, was honoured with Sir Richard's confidence. He soon infused new vigour into the cause, and served the tenantry on Ashton-Court estates with notices to account to no one but himself, as Sir Richard's agent; but, to the credit of the numerous tenantry, it is due to state, that only one was found among them to betray those whose property they held.

During this period of comparative calm, rumours were afloat that Sir Richard had made wonderful discoveries; wills and documents of the utmost importance had, it was reported, come to light, which left no doubt of his legal right to the estate. Sir Richard himself rose high in favour and credit; and, from being a pauper in 1852, the following summer found him comfortably housed at St. Vincent's Priory, Clifton; and a lady, who styled herself Lady Smyth, presiding at his well-furnished table, where quite a little court of expectant Bristolians assembled daily, to offer the incense of their homage to the rising sun. Credulous butchers and bakers, milliners and tailors, and tradesmen of every description, awaited with anxiety Sir Richard's favours, and were only too anxious, in many cases, to advance money to forward Sir Richard's claims; and it was a highly edifying sight to witness Sir Richard and Lady Smyth's progress to church on Sunday, followed, in the Roger De Coverley style, by a tall, well-dressed lacquey, carrying the family Bible and other accessories of devotion.

On the last day of Trinity Term, on the 11th June, 1853, Mr. Cattlin served Mr. Way with a writ of ejectment on behalf of Sir Richard Smyth, to regain possession of Heath House, Stapleton, and Elmington Farm, both situate in the county of Gloucester. At the same time he informed Messrs. Palmer and Wansey, the family solicitors, that he was in possession of a will, under the seal and signature of Sir Hugh Smyth, which rendered the title of his client, Sir Richard Smyth, indisputable. As the issue which involved such important interests was to be tried at

Gloucester on the 9th of August ensuing, it was evident that no time was to be lost in defeating a conspiracy which was now assuming formidable proportions. Mr. Way went therefore with Mr. Palmer to London, where they prayed for inspection of the alleged will of Sir Hugh Smyth, stating in their affidavit that such document was, to the best of their belief, a "barefaced forgery." Mr. Justice Coleridge, who heard counsel in chambers on either side, granted the order. The mysterious document was accordingly examined in Mr. Cattlin's office by Mr. Way, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Knapp, of the firm of Osborn and Ward, Bristol, and by Mr. Nethercliff, the expert in writing, and, after a careful examination by these gentlemen on the part of the defendants, no doubt was left on their minds, that this alleged will of Sir Hugh Smyth was not only, as stated, a "barefaced forgery," but, from the mis-spelling in the will exactly corresponding with the mis-spelling in certain letters from the plaintiff, of which they had gained possession, that the will itself was the handywork of the *soi-disant* Sir Richard. From this moment the defendants never hesitated to assert that the plaintiff's claim was based on forged documents, and that the whole case was a deliberate fraud. Eventually, Mr. Way and Mr. Palmer, finding that a trial was inevitable, and seeing with whom they had to deal, secured the same day the services of an experienced detective officer; and, as time pressed, a division of labour was necessary. To Mr. Field, therefore, it was allotted to watch Mr. Cattlin's office, and to work out the antecedents and pedigree of the plaintiff, tracing his history

backwards from his residence at St. Vincent's Priory; and, while Mr. Field entered upon this branch of inquiry, for which he was eminently adapted, Mr. Way, who had in former years acquired considerable experience as a justice of the peace in the colony of New South Wales, and who, in the present cause, exhibited evidence of great judgment and ability, resolved to start for Ireland, to make inquiries in the neighbourhood of Court Mac Sherry, where it was alleged by the plaintiff that Sir Hugh Smyth had married his mother, Hesther Gookin, in 1796.

On arriving at Bandon, county of Cork, Mr. Way found that Sir Richard and Mr. Cattlin had paid ten visits of some duration to that place, and that the tangled web of the plot, which had been evidently laid there, required the nicest handling. It appeared that "Sir Richard" had been received at Bernard Castle by the Earl of Bandon, and at other houses, as an honoured guest, his story being that "an illegitimate heir had got possession of his vast estates," but that his proofs were so clear he had hardly expected opposition. A fortnight was spent by Mr. Way in this locality, examining a vast number of witnesses, many of whom had been subpoenaed by Mr. Cattlin to give evidence at Gloucester. In the course of his inquiries he found that at Court Mac Sherry, where the marriage was alleged to have taken place, no register was extant beyond the present century; that no such person as Hesther Gookin ever existed; and that Count J. S. Vandenberg was purely a myth. Furthermore, "Sir Richard's" family history proved to be simply a fabrication, without one particle of truth from beginning to end. At Bernard Castle

Sir Richard had the effrontery to doubt the family portraits, "because they bore no resemblance to his own family;" and at Ballinadee, where the Rev. Richard Verney Lovett had formerly lived, Mr. Way obtained the celebrated coat of arms, with the motto, "Qui capit capitor," from Mr. Bennett, the incumbent, who was promised by Sir Richard the first of his many family livings that might become vacant, "none of which were under £600 per annum," in consequence of Mr. Bennett having kindly furnished him with one or two specimens of the Rev. Verney Lovett's signature.

On Mr. Way's return, after a most satisfactory and searching investigation into the Irish part of the plot, he was pleased to find that Mr. Field had been equally successful in the prosecution of his researches. The birth, parentage, education, and antecedents of Sir Richard Hugh Smyth, Bart., *alias* Thomas Provis, were unfolded and brought to light; and the results of these inquiries were embodied in a brief, so complete in its minutest details, that Sir Frederick Thesiger bestowed the highest encomiums upon it, when placed in his hands by Messrs. Palmer and Wansey, the defendant's solicitors.

At the Summer Assizes held at Gloucester, on the 8th August, 1853, the question was brought to issue. Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties were excited beyond precedent at the trial about to take place; there was not an unoccupied nook in the Court-house. The Counsel's benches displayed a vast array of barristers, and the Hall was crowded with gentlemen and ladies from all parts. Mr. Justice Coleridge presided as judge, Mr.

Bovill, Q.C., Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Phipson appeared for the plaintiff; and Sir Frederic Thesiger, Mr. Crowder, Q.C., Mr. Alexander, Q.C., Mr. Tufnell and Mr. Gray for the defence.

Seldom was the public more intensely interested, and breathless indeed was the excitement when Mr. Bovill rose to state his client's case. The learned gentleman opened with an apology for the absence of Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Keating, Q.C., who had been retained on behalf of the plaintiff, and then proceeded at great length to enumerate all the circumstances of this romantic case.

He explained how, on the death of Sir Hugh Smyth, the estates passed to his brother, Sir John Smyth, and how, the plaintiff having come to the knowledge of his rights, went in the year 1849 to Sir John, and informed him of his relationship to the deceased Sir Hugh Smyth; producing, by the intelligence, such an effect on the Baronet, that he became unable to eat, wandered about the house disconsolate, and died suddenly the next morning. The learned counsel then said that for some time the plaintiff, for want of funds, was unable to assert his title to the property, but he was now enabled to come into court: and that he should establish beyond all doubt, that the plaintiff was the son of Sir Hugh Smyth, by Jane, the daughter of Count Vandenberg, to whom he was married in Ireland, in the year 1796. At that time, continued Mr. Bovill, there were no public registers in that country, but the entry of this marriage in a family Bible would be proved, and the signature of the witnesses would

be shown to be the undoubted signatures of the parties. The entry was in the following form:—

“ I certify that Hugh Smyth, Esq., son of Thomas Smyth, Esq., of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester, in England, by Jane his wife, was this 19th day of May, 1796, married by me to Jane, the daughter of Count John Samuel Vandenberg, by Jane, the daughter of Major Gookin, and Hesther his wife, of Court Macsherry, County of Cork, Ireland.

“ VERNEY LOVETT, D.D., Vicar of Lismore.

“ Signed by { “ HUGH SMYTH,
“ JANE VANDENBERGH.

“ Witnesses { “ CAROLINE BERNARD,
“ JOHN S. VANDENBERGH,
“ MELESINA LOVETT.”

The plaintiff would produce a brooch with the name of Jane Gookin upon it, and also a portrait of his own mother, and the signatures of all the parties to the different documents would be proved by the most unexceptionable evidence. The learned counsel then read the following entry of the plaintiff's baptism, which was contained in the same family Bible:—

“ Richard Hugh Smyth, son of Hugh Smyth, Esq., and Jane his wife, born September 2nd, 1797; baptized September 10th, 1798, No. 1, Royal Crescent, Bath.

“ J. SYMES, Clerk.

“ CAROLINE BERNARD,
“ ISABELLA THYNNE.”

Mr. Bovill explained that the reason why the plaintiff's birth was kept a secret, was, that his mother died in child-birth, and that Sir Hugh Smyth was anxious to marry Miss Wilson, the daughter of the Bishop of Bristol: that the plaintiff was brought up in the house of a car-

penter at Warminster, named Provis, which had given rise to the rumour which had been spread abroad, that the plaintiff was an impostor, and, in fact, Provis's son. It would be proved, however, that he was educated at Winchester, and, it was believed, at the expense of Sir Hugh Smyth. In the year 1814, added the learned Counsel, a man named Grace, who was Sir Hugh's butler, represented to Sir Hugh that his son, who had gone abroad, was dead. The following letter, in the handwriting of Sir Hugh Smyth, addressed to his wife on the eve of her delivery, had been discovered :—

“ Stapleton, Feb. 2, 1797.

“ DEAR JANE,—The bearer is my old nurse, Lydia Reed, in whom I have every confidence as to her skill and attention to you. I will endeavour to be over to-morrow, and bring my mother with me. Till then, God bless you, and that you may have a safe deliverance is the prayer of your affectionate husband,

“ HUGH SMYTH.

“ To Mrs. Smyth, Warminster.”

The plaintiff's case went on to shew that Sir Hugh was married again in the year 1819 to a Miss Howell, and that circumstances having convinced him that the plaintiff was still alive, he in the year 1822 executed a document declaring the plaintiff to be his son ; that this document was discovered in the possession of a member of the family of Lydia Reed, the plaintiff's nurse ; that it was signed by Sir Hugh Smyth, the deceased baronet, in a trembling hand, and by Sir John Smyth, his brother, and other persons as witnesses ; that all these signatures would be proved to be genuine ; that the seal attached bore the family arms ; that Sir Hugh recovered his health, and that

he afterwards, in the following year, executed another document of similar import, which was in the following terms :

“ I, Sir Hugh Smyth, of Ashton Park in the county of Somerset, and of Rockley House in the county of Wilts, do declare that in the year 1796, I was married in the county of Cork in Ireland, by the Rev. Verney Lovett, to Jane, the daughter of Count Vandenberg, by Jane, the daughter of Major Gookin, of Court Macsherry, near Bandon. Witnesses thereto, the Countess of Bandon and Melisina Lovett. In the following year, Jane Smyth, my wife, came to England, and, immediately after giving birth to a son, she died on the 2nd day of February, 1797, and she lies buried in a brick vault in Warminster Churchyard ; and my son was consigned to the care of my own nurse, Lydia Reed, who can at any time identify him by marks upon his right hand, but more especially by the turning up of both the thumbs, an indelible mark of identity in our family. My son was afterwards baptised by the Rev. James Symes, of Midsomer Norton, by the names of Richard Hugh Smyth, the sponsors being the Marchioness of Bath and the Countess of Bandon, who named him Richard after her deceased brother Richard Boyle. Through the rascality of my butler, Grace, my son left England for the Continent, and was reported to me as having died there ; but, at the death of Grace, the truth came out, that my son was alive, and that he would soon return to claim his rights. Now, under the impression of my son's death, I executed a will in 1814. That will I do, by this document, declare null and void, and to all intents and purposes set aside in all its arrangements, the payments of my just debts, the provision for John, the son of the late Elizabeth Howell, and to the fulfilment of all matters not interfering with the rights of my heir at law. Now, to give every assistance to my son, should he ever return, I do declare him my legitimate son and heir to all the estates of my ancestors, and which he will find amply secured to him and his heirs for ever, by the Will of his grandfather the late Thomas Smyth, of Stapleton, Esq., and further by the Will of my uncle the late Sir John Hugh Smyth, Bart. Both those Wills so fully arrange for the security of the property in possession or

reversion, that I have now only to appoint and constitute my beloved brother John Smyth, Esq., my only executor, for his life. And I do, by this deed, place the utmost confidence in my brother, that he will at any future time do my son justice. And I also entreat my son to cause the remains of his mother to be removed to Ashton, and buried in the family vault close to my side, and to raise a monument to her memory. Now, in furtherance of the object of this Deed, I do seal with my seal and sign it with my name, and in the presence of witnesses, this 10th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1823.

“HUGH SMYTH (L.S.)

“JAMES ABBOT.”

“WILLIAM EDWARDS.

“WITIAM DOBSON.”

Mr. Bovill, in continuation, stated that it would be proved that the above document had been signed by the parties, and that it was discovered in the possession of an attorney's clerk in London, who formerly lived at Bristol. He then proceeded to give a narrative of the personal career of the plaintiff from 1814; that he had gone abroad in that year with a Mr. Knox, commonly called Lord Knox, and gave himself up to various studies, particularly the science of mnemonics, till his return to England in the year 1826, when he devoted himself to lecturing in various parts of England; and though he suspected he was the son of Sir Hugh Smyth, circumstances prevented him from taking any steps till the year 1849, when he went to Sir John Smyth, his uncle, who admitted his relationship at that interview, but died the same night, from agitation. From that time the plaintiff had used every effort to vindicate his rights, and those facts, and the documents which had been discovered, would, he observed,

leave no doubt on the minds of the jury, that the plaintiff was entitled to the estates which he now sought to recover. The learned counsel made a strong appeal to the feelings of the jury, on account of the difficulties his client had to encounter in bringing forward his case, against so formidable an opponent as the defendant, and complained loudly of the intimidation which had been practised towards his witnesses, by the defendant's agents, to prevent their giving evidence on this trial; but he still had the fullest confidence that they would come forward and tell the truth. The main fact in the case would be, that Sir Hugh Smyth was married in Ireland, to the daughter of Count Vandenberg, and that the plaintiff was the issue of that marriage.

Several witnesses were then called to prove Mr. Bovill's statement, and, so far as their testimony went, especially the evidence of most respectable persons, who deposed to the genuineness of the entry in the Bible of the marriage of Sir Hugh to the daughter of Count Vandenberg, the outline of the plaintiff's case, as opened by his very able counsel, was substantiated. When the plaintiff himself was called, and, with slow and measured steps, entered the witness-box, the excitement of the audience rose to the highest pitch. The romantic nature of his claim—the immense stake at issue—an honoured inheritance, and lordly parks, and mansions, with a rent-roll variously estimated at £20,000 to £35,000 a year, were indeed sufficient cause of the deep anxiety which prevailed in the crowded court, apart from the rumour that the claim of the *soi-disant* baronet would be sustained by

forged documents and perjury, which appeared to have been a groundless rumour, so far as the case had gone. With the coolness and measured accents of a practised lecturer, the plaintiff proceeded to relate his story, in the course of which he swore that the will of the late Sir Hugh Smyth had reached him in a mysterious way, and had come in a brown paper parcel from London, by the Great Western Railway, accompanied by a letter, dated the 7th of March, 1853, from one "Frederick Crane," whom he had never seen. The documents and other evidence for the plaintiff were then produced. Crane's letter stated that he, Crane, received the Will from Henry Coward, a clerk in the office of Mr. Merriman, a solicitor at Marlborough, near which place Sir Hugh Smyth sometimes resided. The Will was sealed with a seal containing the arms of the Smyth family, with the motto, "Qui capit capitor;" the family Bible contained the entry of the marriage of Sir Hugh Smyth with Jane, daughter of Count Vandenberg, in 1796; and the brooch was also produced with the name of Miss Vandenberg's mother, "Jane Gooker," engraven upon it. The entry of the plaintiff's baptism, as "Richard Smyth, son of Hugh Smyth, Esq., and Jane his wife," was also referred to in the same Bible. And the letter of Feb. 2, 1797, written by Sir Hugh Smyth, at Stapleton, to "Mrs. Smyth, Warminster," as his wife, was also read. So far all went on smoothly enough for the daring aspirant to hereditary honours and estates, nothing of any vital character having up to this failed in the proof of his case; but when Sir Frederick Thesiger rose to cross-examine him, the excite-

ment which previously existed on the entrance of the plaintiff into the witness box, was, if possible, still more intense. In the midst of a profound silence, the first tones of the deep voice of the great lawyer broke upon the ears of the excited auditory with startling effect. With cold and settled gaze, he seemed to search into the very innermost recesses of his victim's breast, and brought him, step by step, through his whole story, backwards and forwards, making him writhe in his intellectual grasp, and call out repeatedly, in whining tones, against the cruelty of the cross examination. The brooch was opened by a jeweller, and on the back of it was found this inscription:—"Born 14th May, 1774—married May, 1796." The plaintiff again detailed his interview with Sir John Smyth, who, he asserted, acknowledged him to be his nephew, and who said he would take care to arrange all that was necessary with regard to the title to the property; he also gave him a £50 Bank of England note. The witness corrected his evidence on this point and said first it was a note of Miles's Bank; and again that it was of the Bank of England. He was brought, at great length, over contradictions between the letters he had written to various persons and his present evidence. He told, he said, Mr. Abbott, the Steward in the park of Ashton Court, in May 1852, that he had a picture of his mother, and also one of his father, Sir Hugh Smyth. Mr. Abbot asked him where he had got it, and he made answer, "I did not steal it." Abbott replied the story was a very improbable one. The reading of letters written by the plaintiff created considerable merriment, from his habit of spell-

ing with double consonants. He had lectured, he said, before Her Majesty, at Kensington Palace, on oratory, in 1852. His further cross-examination was resumed on Wednesday, August 10th. He denied that he ever went by the name of Provis, never said that John Provis of Warminster, lately of Frome, was his father, or ever claimed kindred with Mr. Provis, the manager of the Yeovil Bank. He never said it would not do to be called Tom Provis, and that it was much better to be called "Dr. Smith."

"I never went to Frome, and never took an inventory of John Provis's things. I did not tell Charles Tucker that if my father, Provis, died he was to take care of the things, for I was the rightful owner. (A book containing an entry of old Provis's effects was handed to witness.) I could not swear this was my handwriting—I should say it was John Provis's handwriting. I will not swear it is not mine. There is a leaf torn out, and I won't acknowledge it. Now I call to mind, I might have made the inventory. I might venture to say I did write it. The old man, Provis, wished to defend himself from the encroachment of the Tuckers." (The plaintiff's attention was called to one item—"Painting of son John.")—"The old man used to call it the picture of his son John. That is the picture which now has on the back of it the words—'Hugh Smyth, Esq., of Stapleton, Gloucestershire, in England, who married in 1796.'"

The witness here sat down while the painting was being brought, and appeared somewhat exhausted. After a pause, he applied to the Court that all the witnesses who were coming to swear to this picture should be out of court, particularly Mrs. Heath, and Tucker and his wife. Sir F. Thesiger objected, but Mr. Justice Coleridge said, he thought that it ought to be so, and they were ordered out. The picture was here produced: it was an

oil painting, of about twenty inches by thirty, of a young man of about twenty years of age, sitting in an arm-chair covered with red leather, with a book in his hand, dressed in a blue coat with bright buttons, a white waistcoat, and white cravat, with gold brooch set with a stone.

Plaintiff—"That is the picture referred to in the inventory."

Extracts were here read to witness from several letters which he had written, in which he had spoken of an oil likeness of his father in his possession, with the inscription—"Hugh Smyth, Esq., son of Thomas Smyth, Esq., of Stapleton."

Plaintiff—"Most likely I intended to refer to that painting." (The inscription was here read—"Hugh Smyth, Esq., son of Thomas Smyth, Esq., of Stapleton, County of Gloucester, 1796.") "The writing on the back is not in the same state now as it was. I put the acid on the back, and brought the writing out. It was not perceivable by the dirt. I brought it out by putting acid upon it immediately I brought it home to Bristol in the autumn of last year. I will swear the writing at the back is in the same state as it was then. It is the same as it always was. I applied tartaric acid, I am almost sure it was tartaric acid. I don't know tartaric acid will discharge ink. I used tartaric acid to remove dirt. I think it must have been soda. I forget. I have read of methods used to discover things on old canvas. The picture was in the house. It was in Mrs. Mattick's house. It was found in the kitchen, on a shelf. The inventory did not refer to that painting."

The witness here looked at the inventory of old Provis's effects, and said:—

"I say, at once, this is not my handwriting. I did not swear I wrote it. It is very like Provis's own writing. I might have written like the old man." (On being further pressed.) "It is

my handwriting. The words, 'painting of Son John,' do refer to that picture. I may have admitted it was a painting of his son John to ease his, Provis's, mind, to give way to his foolish fancies."

Plaintiff proceeded to state he was not married in 1814, in the church of St. Michael, Bath, to Mary Ann Whittick—that the name of his present wife was Ashton, and that he never had but one. Charles Ingram, whom he slightly knew, did not claim to be a nephew of his, nor did William Ingram, Deputy Governor of Bath gaol, meet him in July last, and address him as his uncle. He was only married once. Sir F. Thesiger handed him a letter, written by him to Mrs. Florence Smyth, on the 18th of May last, in which plaintiff stated "I have a second wife," &c. Plaintiff said that he might have meant by it a young wife; but soon after he was forced to admit his marriage in 1814 by the name of "Mr. Thomas Provis," and that he was married to his present wife in Scotland, in 1841. He admitted that he ordered some seals to be engraved. Applied to Mr. Moring, a seal-engraver, in Holborn. It was since Christmas. Had the seal in the month of March. Gave an order for a card-plate and cards on the 19th of December; but did not on that occasion order a steel seal to be made according to pattern, which he brought, with the crest, garter, and motto of the Smyths, of Long Ashton, to be engraved thereon. Ordered it afterwards. Mr. Moring got the crest from the letter, which was in the witness's possession, from Joseph Reed.

"I swear I showed that letter to him, and he took the impression from it while I was looking for the explanation of the motto. I know he did not take it from the *Baroneiage*. I called for the

seal in the beginning of March. (The steel seal was here produced.) I afterwards sent an order for a seal with the arms, crest, and motto of the Smyths. That order was executed, and a seal was sent to me at St. Vincent's Priory, Bristol. (This seal was here produced.) I was living at the Priory when the will which I spoke of yesterday was sent to me. I know nothing about Frederick Crane, the writer of the letter which came with it. I did not swear yesterday that this brown paper came with the will." (The judge's notes were read, from which it appeared he had so sworn.) "I don't know whether it was the paper in which the seal was sent. The motto on the first seal was correct, '*Qui Capit Capitur.*' I never discovered that the second seal had the words, '*Qui Capit Capitor.*' The seal was taken from the will of 1823. I rubbed silver paper on the seal, and sent it up to Mr. Moring. I may have sent it in the month of May. I got the seal, I think, on the 7th of June. I wrote to the minister of Ballinaslee, near Bandon, for specimens of the late Dr. Lovett's hand-writing. (Letter read.) I wrote to Mr. Bennett on the 13th of March, 1853." (The letter had a seal with '*Qui Capit Capitor.*')

The witness was asked why he swore that he did not receive the seal till the 7th of June, and said—

"It must be a mistake. I never saw the deed till the 17th of March. I must have received the seal before the 13th of March." (The witness was here pressed to reconcile this statement with his former answer, that he had not received the deed till the 17th of March.)

At this stage of the trial an extraordinary circumstance occurred, which brought the case to a speedy termination. At half-past nine o'clock in the morning, a person in Oxford Street, after reading the report in the *Times* of the proceedings so far as they had gone, communicated to Sir F. Thesiger, by telegraph, that he could give some important information. Enquiries were made of him by the

same medium, and a message was returned, telling counsel to ask the plaintiff whether he had not gone, in January last, to a person at 161, Oxford Street, and desired him to engrave the Bandon crest upon the rings produced, and also to engrave the name "Gookin," on the brooch. Sir F. Thesiger put the question, reading it from the despatch. A sickly paleness overspread the plaintiff's face, and, amid the breathless expectation of the crowded court, who hung with intense interest on the coming answer, he replied—"I did!"

The sensation which followed the admission may well be imagined. Sir F. Thesiger proceeded to ask a few more questions, to which the plaintiff gave the following answers :

"During the eighteen months I said I was with Dr. Williams in Parliament Street, I was not in prison in Ilchester gaol for horse-stealing. I have nothing particular on my neck. (The scars behind his right ear were visible) I was not sentenced to die for horse-stealing. My sentence was not commuted to eighteen months' imprisonment. It was not for stealing a gelding of a person named Haddon. I was there. I knew a Colonel Haddon by sight."

Mr. Justice Coleridge here interposed an observation to Mr. Bovill, upon which that gentleman rose, and, addressing the Court, said, he could scarcely express the emotion which he felt at the turn the case had taken. He and his learned colleagues felt that they could not interfere during the cross-examination of the plaintiff, or until the learned judge should interpose. But, after that appalling exhibition—an exposure unparalleled in courts

of justice, which he (Mr. Bovill) need not say had come upon them all entirely by surprise—they felt it would be inconsistent with their duty as gentlemen of the bar to continue the contest any longer.

A verdict was accordingly given for the defendant, and Sir Richard Smith, (alias Doctor Smyth, lecturer on mnemonics,) stripped of his borrowed titles, was taken into custody and afterwards placed in the dock as plain "Tom Provis," to take his trial for perjury and forgery at the ensuing assizes.

At the criminal investigation some curious revelations were made of the way in which this expert schemer got up his case. The will of Sir Hugh Smyth did not reach him in the mysterious manner he represented. Its first appearance was in the hand of Tom Provis himself, who shewed it to Frederick Crane, and put it in the brown paper, while he dictated to Crane the letter which the latter addressed to the soi-disant Baronet, telling how it came from Coward, the deceased clerk of Mr. Merriman, the solicitor. This brown paper had also a special interest. Mr. Moring, the seal engraver of High Holborn, proved it was the same paper in which he enclosed a seal made to the prisoner's order, on the 7th of March, 1853. He engraved on this seal the arms of the Smyth family, and the motto. In copying the motto, "Qui Capit Capitur," the letter "U" became blotted, and was accidentally made to resemble an "O." The error was not detected by the engraver, and the seal, which was produced by the prisoner in Court, had on it the word "Capitor" instead of "Capitur." The deed was sealed with this fatal seal, the

“O” being visible. The will of 1823 was, it also appeared, written on parchment prepared in a certain way, which was unknown until within ten or fifteen years previous to the trial! A distinguished chemist was of opinion that the ink on it was recent, and that the faintness of colour was produced by artificial means. The Will was also shown, from internal evidence, the spelling with double consonants, and peculiar phraseology and style, to have been prepared by the prisoner himself. It also transpired that the lady who was described in it as the “*late Elizabeth Howell,*” was then living and married to Sir Hugh Smyth, and was received and known as “Lady Smyth,” and that she did not die until the year 1841. The letter from Sir Hugh Smyth to his “wife Jane,” previous to her confinement in 1797, referred to a person named “Lydia Reed,” whom he recommended as a nurse-tender to her, and the prisoner alleged it was by this person he had been taken care of on his mother’s death in childbirth, and through her he had afterwards obtained the picture of the late Sir Hugh, and other relics of his family. But Provis’s own sister, Mrs. Heath, and others, proved they had known the picture for thirty or forty years, as “the portrait of John Provis, the eldest son of the carpenter;” and a book, containing an inventory of old Provis’s effects, had an entry in it, in the prisoner’s handwriting, in reference to this picture, as “portrait of Son John.” Mrs. Heath, the prisoner’s sister, declared she had never known him as any other than her own brother “Thomas Provis,” until, indeed, he had become a public lecturer on “Mnemonics,” and travelled about under the assumed name of “Dr.

Smyth." A Bible was produced, shewing an entry of his marriage in 1814, as Thomas Provis, to Mary Anne Whittick ; and several witnesses also proved the marriage, though he had denied that marriage on his oath at the trial. The old Bible, produced as one that had formerly belonged to Sir Hugh Smyth, was proved to have been sold to him by Mr. Kempston, a second-hand bookseller of High Holborn, in 1853, for the sum of fifteen shillings, so that the entry of the marriage in it, and the clergyman and witnesses' names, which most respectable witnesses had proved at the former trial to be genuine signatures, turned out elaborate forgeries. The ancient rings and brooches, which the prisoner had produced as confirmatory of his claim, were bought of Mr. Cocks, a jeweller in Oxford Street, in 1853, and on one of the rings the prisoner had engraved "Jane, wife of Hugh Smyth, Esq., *m.* 1796," and on the opposite side "*d.* 1797." Although selected by the prisoner as being of ancient make, the ring was found to be of modern workmanship. On another ring he had caused to be engraven the words "Jane Gookin." It was in reference to the latter ring that the prisoner broke down in his testimony, when cross-examined from the telegram, which had arrived pending the action of ejectment. The book kept by Mr. Cocks, the engraver, was produced, containing entries of directions for these engravings, made by the prisoner himself. Provis cross-examined from the dock the witnesses throughout both days with great energy, if not with ability, interweaving his cross-examination with long, rambling speeches, which rendered it necessary for the learned judge several

times to call him to order. At the close, he addressed the jury in his defence, still protesting that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smyth, but admitting that, in the assertion of his legal claim, he had done some things which could only be justified by the circumstances. In the course of his speech, he produced, with an air of triumph, an enormous pigtail, two feet long, which up to that moment, both on this and on the former trial, had been kept concealed under his coat; and turning round, he displayed the curious appendage ostentatiously to the court and the jury, appealing to it as an irrefragable proof of his aristocratic birth, and declaring with solemn emphasis, that he was "born with it!" adding, that his son also was "born with one six inches long!" The verdict of the jury was, "guilty;" and the prisoner was sentenced to twenty years' transportation.

The forged Wills, the Bible, the jewels, the picture, and other fabricated instruments are now in the possession of the family at Ashton Court, as also the "pigtail" of the prisoner! These memorials represent a harassing episode in the history of Ashton Court, and the loss of between five and six thousand pounds, in defending it from the machinations of an unprincipled adventurer.

The Oglanders of Nunwell and of Normandy.

“Jussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
Sospite cursu.”—HORACE.

NORMANDY! The very name has something pleasing and noble in its sound. That fair province of France possesses a double charm. Beautiful as a country, it is for us more beautiful still in those historic and genealogical memories, which attach it to England for ever. “*Omnes boni nobilitati favemus,*” and certes, all within these realms who show such favour, must mingle with it a feeling of filial reverence for Normandy. The Norman spirit and energy, joined to Saxon industry and perseverance, made the whole British people what they are. No less truly, the Norman love of race grafting itself on the Saxon love of land, created that combined pride of birth and tenacity of estate, which formed our higher classes into a nobility that, whether titled or untitled, has not, for conduct, cogency, and cohesiveness, had its equal in the world. Yet Normandy, itself, after parting with the host of adventurers who crossed over to found such mighty names and mighty houses in England, has not, in very

many instances, preserved the original stems from which those adventurers came ; and this for the simple reason, that most of those stems were not at the time of the Conquest of much import in the mother country, though the offshoots from them grew into such goodly trees in the country to which they were transplanted. Even with regard to those Norman families who were of standing and power in Normandy, when their sons sought their fortunes in England under William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, few have survived the havoc that changes of dynasty and revolution have caused in France, and consequently few have brought their existence, much less their position and prosperity, through intervening centuries, down to the present day. Among the rare exceptions to this state of things, a very remarkable instance occurs in the very ancient family of Oglander or Orglandes, which was a goodly Norman race when William won England at Hastings, and which same race now flourishes in undiminished credit, both on Norman and on British soil.

In the Isle of Wight, about one mile from Brading, and about four miles from Ryde, stand on an eminence the beautiful house and grounds of Nunwell, whence the spectator has beneath him a glorious panorama of the whole island, and a fine view also into the mainland. Nunwell is the seat of Sir Henry Oglander, Bart., and has been the chief residence of the English Oglanders for close upon eight hundred years.

In the lovely department of the Orne, in Lower Normandy, nigh to Bellême, is the old Château of Lonné,

the seat of the present Count d'Orglandes, the representative of a house which has held its Norman lands from times beyond the memory of man.

I will, with the reader's permission, take a glance at the descent of either Oglander, French or English. To begin with that of the Baronet of the Isle of Wight.

Sir Henry Oglander's immediate ancestor came from Caen, a fit town to inaugurate so lengthy and so honourable a pedigree. Caen, indeed, has this in common with the Oglander race, that, among the cities of Europe, it is one of those which have, perhaps, had the most sustained duration. It has constantly borne, through ages to the present time, a combined reputation for profound learning, historic celebrity, and architectural splendour.

"Caen," says M. Trebutien, in his eloquent preface to his history of the place, "was the city of William the Conqueror's predilection, and he left upon it the mark of his strong hand—the eternal impression of his power and his greatness. No other town, probably, is so rich in noble memories, nor, as has been said, sums up better the national and Christian past of France. Architecture, science, arms,—a large share of this triple glory of our country has fallen to Caen."

From such a city, then, whose churches, schools, monuments, and very streets, preserve at this hour their pristine vigour and grace, it well became an Oglander to issue when about to found a line that eight hundred years have left unscathed and without a sign of dying out. This Oglander, the ancestor of the present Sir Henry, was Richard de Okelander, who left his native Caen to act in

England as a Marshal of the Conqueror. Richard de Oglander, intent on rendering essential services in promoting the conquest, went, by William's leave, with William Fitz-Osborne, in his rank of Marshal, on an expedition against the Isle of Wight. Having effected the reduction of that island, he settled there at Nunwell; and there his successors, in an uninterrupted male line to the present period, have had their principal abode. In proof of this, and particularly of their doings during the reigns of Kings Henry III., Edward I., and Edward II., several deeds, inquisitions, records, and documents can be adduced. From this Richard came Robert Oglander, who died in the 30th year of Henry III., having married Roberta, daughter of Sir Theobald Russell, of Yaverland, Knight, ancestor of the Duke of Bedford, and from Robert descended Sir John Oglander, Deputy-Governor of Portsmouth, in 1620; and in 1624, Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight. Sir John was a stanch cavalier, and during the disastrous Civil War, suffered much from his zealous attachment to the royal cause, both in person and fortune. He was confined for some years in London by the Committee of the Commons, and was obliged to pay a large sum to procure his discharge. He married Frances, daughter of Sir George More, of Losely, in the county of Surrey, Knight, Chancellor of the order of the Garter. Sir John's son and successor, Sir William Oglander, Knight, of Nunwell, was even a more distinguished cavalier than his father. He was knighted by the hand of King Charles I.; he sat as Member of Parliament for Newport in 1664; and he was also Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight. The good

service he did to royalty on the field and in the senate, was rewarded at the Restoration. In memory of his father's and his own fidelity, he was created a Baronet the 12th December, 1665. The wonted good fortune of Sir William's house was, however, for a time marred by the ill-luck of the only one of his daughters who married. This lady, Dorothy Oglander, took for husband Sir Hugh Middelton, of Hackney, who was created a Baronet in 1681, as an honour paid to the memory of his grandfather, of New River celebrity. He did not, however, inherit that grandsire's prudence, or love of water, for he was a spendthrift and a drunkard. After much misery, his wife fled from him with her only child, a daughter, and eventually obtained a divorce by Act of Parliament. Sir Hugh himself sunk to the very depths of degradation, and is believed to have died a pauper at Kemberton, in Shropshire, under the assumed name of William Raymond. With him ended the last titled descendant of that famous Sir Hugh Middelton, whose New River scheme commencing at Islington, benefitted all London, and whose statue, very properly situate above a fountain, now adorns the merrie town of Islington itself. But to return to the Oglanders. Sir William Oglander's grandson, Sir William Oglander, the third Baronet, added another estate to the family possessions, by marrying Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Sir John Strode, Knight, of Parnham, in Dorsetshire, (by his second wife, Anne, Lady Poulet, relict of John, Lord Poulet, of Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire, and daughter of Sir Thomas Browne, of Walcot, in Northamptonshire, Bart.) Through this alliance, the Oglanders

now hold the fine seat of Parnham, near Beaminster. Sir William, the third Baronet's, granddaughter, Susannah, was the wife of the well-known John Glynn, Serjeant-at-law, Recorder of London, and M.P. for Middlesex; Sir William's great-grandson, whose mother was a daughter of the ducal house of Grafton, is Sir Henry Oglander, the seventh Baronet, and the present worthy head and representative of the Oglanders of Nunwell.

A few words now upon the Norman Oglanders, or D'Orglandes, as they are called in France. They, of course, are the main stem of the family, and they boast of even more than a Norman descent; for they say that before their coming to Normandy they had lands and station in Norway. The word Oglander supports this; for "Og" is a well-known Norwegian proper name, and "lander," attached to it, infers the possession of a fief or domain. I need not here enter into the long details of the Norman pedigree. Suffice it to say that, in all ages, the Orglandes were of honourable, and frequently of historic note in France. Their arms are placed in the Crusaders' Hall in the palace of Versailles. Foulques d'Orglandes, in the time of the Crusades, was a brave and active soldier of the Cross. The Orglandes were Barons and Counts of Briouze, a hamlet in the department of the Orne, not far from the famous battle field of Tinchebrai, where Robert of Normandy forfeited his liberty and his dukedom to his brother, Henry I. Antony, first Count de Briouze, was a stanch and valiant supporter of the League; and he and his brothers, the Seigneurs of D'Anvers and Plain Marais, held the town of Avranches in a long and memorable

siege, in 1590, against the Duke of Montpensier. Nicolas, Count de Briouze, was a distinguished soldier in the beginning of the last century ; and his great-grandson was a person of such rare merit that he deserves even here a more than passing notice. This was the late Count D'Orglandes and De Briouze, Nicolas-Francis-Camille-Dominique, whose memory is held in high esteem in Normandy, and whose biography has been recently written with much grace and spirit by a brother Norman noble, the Count De Beau-repaire, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary from France at Madrid. Nicolas, Count D'Orglandes, it appears, attained a high public reputation during the stormy periods of the Revolution, Empire, and Restoration in France. Like the Oglanders of England, in the Civil War, he was a staunch royalist : he showed his courage by standing firm to the King, and never emigrating, even amid the horrors of the Reign of Terror. The Count was engaged in one remarkable plot, viz., that which was formed to rescue Louis XVI. on his way to the scaffold. The Count had his Château of Briouze burnt by the rabble. He, on the return of the Bourbons, represented the Department of the Orne, in the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1823 he was made a Peer of France. He was also a Gentleman of the chamber to Louis XVIII. and Charles X. M. D'Orglandes died at Paris, in his ninety-first year, on the 14th April, 1857. He left an only son, his successor, and three daughters, of whom the eldest, by her marriage with Louis, Count De Chateaubriand, has allied the Oglanders to the head of one of the most illustrious families in France—illustrious indeed by descent, but made

far more so by Count Louis's uncle, François-Réné, Viscount De Chateaubriand, that great and good statesman, and brilliant orator and writer—the Edmund Burke of France. Chateaubriand's career of honour, of loyalty, and of devotion to constitutional freedom, and his admirable works will no doubt be fully appreciated by posterity, not only in his native country, but everywhere where the purity and chivalry of Christianity have civilized the world.

Nicholas, Count D'Orglandes' only son, Armand Gustavus Camille, is the present Count D'Orglandes, and, seated at his Château de Lonné, near Bellême, represents this ancient family, which, as I have thus shown, has been so singularly preserved both in England and in France.

I should also remark, that the name Orglandes, though not on the roll of Battle Abbey, appears on the roll of the companions of the Conqueror, recently placed in the church of Dives, in Normandy; and perhaps I cannot better conclude this chapter than by giving the following account of the festal installation of that Dives roll as a fact probably unknown, but likely to prove interesting to many of my readers.

The fête I allude to occurred last August at Dives, a small town close to the sea coast, in the department of Calvados, in Normandy. This town of Dives, it should be observed, is of high note in French and English history, for it was nigh to it, at the mouth of the Dive, that William the Conqueror and his companions in arms met for the subjugation of England. "The Norman fleet and army," says Hume, "had been assembled early in the summer, at the mouth of the small river Dive; and all

the troops had been instantly embarked." Dives, in the eleventh century, was one of the chief ports of the Duchy of Normandy. M. de Caumont, a very eminent Norman sçavant and archæologist, erected in 1861, on the very spot of the mighty embarkation, a column, in commemoration. The recent fête at Dives was held under the auspices of the same learned gentleman, to inaugurate the affixing in the old church there of a new and carefully compiled list of the companions of William the Conqueror in his conquest of England in 1066. The fête was intended to be international, and an invitation was publicly given to all English interested in the locality (and who are not?), to come to the ceremony. Unfortunately, whether from the inclemency of the weather, or, more probably, from the notice not reaching English ears, no English person attended. This is the more to be regretted, as the famous descent upon England may be now looked on as a subject akin to the feelings of, and worthy of celebration by, both English and Normans.

We are quite sure had the English only known of such a fête, crowds of them would have attended; for what could more come home to the better and more educated classes of English people than the inauguration of a roll which contains the greatest names amongst us—a roll to which the proudest feel prouder still to belong, and which may be said to form the very household words of our glory—the roll, in fact, of what has since been the best and bravest aristocracy in the universe.

A damp was also cast upon the meeting by the unavoidable absence of M. Guizot, at this day one of Normandy's

most renowned inhabitants. The fête, notwithstanding, passed off with *éclat*. It commenced by a meeting in the market hall of Dives, decorated for the occasion with much taste, and displaying a large picture of the construction and embarkation of William's fleet, after the original in the Bayeux tapestry.

Among those present were M. de Caumont, President; the Chevalier Rossi, Librarian of the Vatican; the Duke d'Harcourt (present head of that illustrious house of Harcourt, sprung from the royal blood of Saxony, and famous in Normandy from the time of Rollo, a scion of which came with the Conqueror to England, and his descendant was the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Harcourt); M. Léopold Delisle, Member of the Institute; M. Bertrand, the enlightened and deservedly popular Mayor of Caen; Messieurs Charma and Travers; and many other celebrities, Norman, French, and foreign.

Some excellent and learned speeches were made. A religious ceremony, with splendid musical accompaniment, followed in the old church of Dives—a church well deserving of the veneration of antiquarians and historians; for part of this sacred edifice is as old as the time of the conquest, and within its very walls the Conqueror offered a prayer before he embarked on his momentous venture.

In the interior of this church, over the entry, is placed the new roll*—a companion-record to that of Battle Abbey.

After quitting the church, a promenade was formed around the column erected by M. de Caumont, and the

* The Roll of Dives will be found in an Appendix to this volume.

fête concluded brilliantly with a banquet of two hundred guests, ladies and gentlemen, in the market hall of Dives.

It should be observed that the roll at Dives differs from that of Battle Abbey, as the latter is the roll made of those who actually fought at Hastings; and the former is the roll of those who assembled for the expedition, and were otherwise engaged in furthering the conquest of England. The name of Orglande or Oglander, as we have said, is among the names enregistered, but it appears at the end of the roll in a kind of supplement to it, shewing, no doubt what was the fact, that Oglander, or Oke-lander came from Caen after the victory of Hastings, and furthered the Conqueror's interest by some subsequent act, such as subduing the Isle of Wight.

Suffolk Vicissitudes.

“ 'Tis here
That Might, Renown, and Wisdom rest.”

BLOOMFIELD.

SUFFOLK is remarkable for the decay of its old families—so old, some of them, that they seemed to have “had no beginning, and so honourable that they ought to have had no end.” Many of the Suffolk grandees of the bygone time have passed away, and have left scarcely a wreck behind: their very names are now unknown in the county, except among farmers, tradesmen, artisans and labourers.

The ASHFIELDS had their home at Stowlangtoft so far back as the time of Edward III.; and one of them, a gallant soldier, carried arms at Agincourt. They became Baronets not very long after the first institution of the order; but so great had been their fall, at the close of the seventeenth century, that all the genealogist can trace of them is, that, in 1692, Sir John Ashfield, Bart., and his son Charles were both alive, in needy circumstances, without a single acre left of all their inheritance; and that in 1727 the Baronetcy was certainly extinct, and the name gone.

The Stowlangtoft estate had been sold to PAUL D'EWES, one of the six Clerks in Chancery, whose son,

SIR SYMONDS D'EWES, Bart., made it the object of his life to illustrate his tolerably good Dutch pedigree. "This manor of Stowlangtoft, in the space of five hundred years," writes Sir Symonds, "was possessed, as I gather, by five several stems, of which the last being my own, I made this distich of it:—

'Quingentis annis Stowlangetoft quinque tenebant
Stirpes; postremæ det Deus usque frui.'

Sir Symonds was as successful in his matrimonial as in his genealogical pursuits. His first wife, a lady of exquisite beauty, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Clopton, of Kentwell, in Melford, brought him a goodly estate, and the second, Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir William Willoughby, Bart., of Risley, added still further to his possessions. Despite, however, of genealogical illustration, grand alliances, and extensive property, the name of D'Ewes no longer exists in Suffolk. From one branch of the D'Ewes family, it may be observed, descended John D'Ewes, Esq., of Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, who married Anne Granville, sister of the celebrated Mrs. Delany, the friend of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The TENDRINGS, of Tendring Hall (now Sir Charles Rowley's seat), were at one time a famous Suffolk race, but their existence was of short duration. Eventually, the only child of Sir William Tendring, Alice, a great heiress, married Sir John Howard; and the grandson of this union of the two knightly families of Howard and Tendring, succeeding to the estates of the Mowbrays, became Duke of Norfolk. Here, at Tendring Hall, Anne Boleyn and her cousin, Catherine Howard, both wives of

Henry VIII., and both eventually beheaded, spent much of their early youth; and here, according to existing traditions, the famous Lord Surrey passed a great portion of his childhood: it seems not unlikely that he wrote some of his sonnets under the old oaks of Tendring:

“Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age,
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.”

The MANNOCKS are said to have flourished in England in the time of the Danish kings, and were of Giffords Hall, from the 6th of Henry VI., until an upset of the Dover mail, in 1787, killed the last baronet, and ended the family in the male line.

The TIMPERLEYS of Hintlesham, with whom the Mannocks had intermarried, were settled in Suffolk from the fourteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, and yet not one of the name is now to be found.

The HEVENINGHAMS were lords of Heveningham when CANUTE was King, and continued in greatness until William Heveningham sat as Judge on Charles I. He did not sign the death warrant, yet he was tried as a regicide and attainted, but his life was spared, and he got back a part of the estate. He had an only son, who was knighted in 1674 by the son of the very Charles I. whom the elder Heveningham had condemned. He died without issue, and with him the chief line ended, though a younger branch remained until the last male, Henry Heveningham, nephew of the regicide, was buried with his ancestors at Heveningham in 1700.

The HOVELS, who were so ancient that they are said (with truth, I think) to have allowed the lordly Uffords license to use their arms, ended in the last century, or beginning of this, in a poor gentleman, who lived in or near Great Ashfield. Yet, one Hovel had been Esquire of the body to Henry V. Some of this Esquire's descendants chose, without royal license, to change their name, and, with more humility than some people of the present day, took upon themselves, not a proud cognomen, but the common one of SMITH. They were henceforward (as should be all who adopt surnames without the Crown's permission) designated very properly with an *alias*, and called HOVEL *alias* SMITH. An Elizabeth Hovel of this family was wife of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, and mother of the famous Lord Chancellor, the first Lord Thurlow of Ashfield.

The WINGFIELDS were a potent and very numerous family. They are said to have been at Wingfield before the Conquest, and at Letheringham for many generations; but the name is little known now in Suffolk.

The NAUNTONS succeeded the Wingfields at Letheringham, and were, for a time, county squires of high degree, but they too came to an end, leaving only some noble monuments to show what once they were. Time and neglect, however, brought at last even these stately memorials to ruin; and about the year 1789 the churchwardens made a clearance of them, selling "6 cwt. of alabaster effigies," beaten into powder, to line water cisterns!

THE HUNTINGFIELDS were settled in Suffolk, and were summoned to Parliament for several generations. William Huntingfield was one of the barons appointed to enforce

Magna Charta. They founded a priory at Mendham, but they did not last beyond the reign of Edward III.

THE ROKEWODES were very ancient and very historic. Ambrose Rokewode was implicated in the "Gunpowder Plot," and was executed at Tyburn, in 1605. His son, Sir Robert, was a Royalist, and lost two sons fighting under Charles's banner; Sir Robert's grandson was executed in 1696, having been an officer in the Guards of James II., and one of the Barclay conspiracy. The last heir male died in 1778; but the name was kept up by the Gage family, their representatives, until discontinued at the death of John Gage Rokewode, Esq., the late learned director of the Society of Antiquaries.

THE CORNWALLISES were settled at Brome, in Suffolk, upwards of 400 years; John Cornwallis, who was of ancient family, having represented Suffolk in parliament temp. Richard II. The name rendered illustrious by the conduct and character of Charles, 1st Marquess Cornwallis, one of the best Governor-Generals, India, and one of the best Lords-Lieutenant, Ireland, ever had, is now extinct, and ended in this county at the death of the 2nd Marquess in 1824. Charles, third Lord Cornwallis, married the widow of the unhappy aspirant to royalty, the Duke of Monmouth, Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch.

THE WENTWORTHS, who acquired Nettlestead about the year 1450, were summoned to parliament in 1629, and became eventually Earls of Cleveland, but nothing remains of them now in Suffolk, except two sculptured shields with twenty quarterings each on the old gateway of Nettlestead.

Their eventual heiress, Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth, had a sad and sorrowful history: to her romantic and devoted attachment to the Duke of Monmouth she sacrificed her maiden honour and the hope of a splendid alliance: she abandoned all for him, and was his one loved companion in exile and in misfortune up to the very hour of his death: that event she survived but a few brief months, and then sank broken-hearted to the grave. "Near the quiet village of Toddington, in Bedfordshire," I quote Macaulay, "stood an ancient and stately Hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial place. To that burial place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth, of Nettlestede. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum* over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated, with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park."

At this unfortunate lady's death, her Barony of Wentworth passed to her aunt, Lady Anne Wentworth, wife of John Lord Lovelace; and from the Lovelaces came to the Noels and Milbankes, and from them to Viscount Ockham, the heir of the Byrons. The recent death—in a lowly employment—of this young nobleman, the poet Byron's grandson, Viscount Ockham by courtesy, and Lord

* The fine monument in Toddington church, of Lady Wentworth, referred to by Macaulay, is now literally a heap of ruins, and can only be identified by pieces bearing the *leopards' faces* of the Wentworths.

Baron Wentworth in his own right, is one of the most romantic and the strangest of peerage episodes. The story has excited a lively interest among people of all classes, and has been commented on in almost all the newspapers, especially by one, the *London Daily Telegraph*, in an admirably written and most eloquent leading article. From that journal I borrow the following brief summary of the late Lord Wentworth's career :—

“The death of Byron Noel, Viscount Ockham, took place on Monday, (8th September, 1862), at Wimbledon Hill, by the rupture of a blood vessel, at the early age of six-and-twenty years. This young nobleman was the elder of the two sons of the Right Hon. William, eighth Lord King, who was raised to the Earldom of Lovelace at her Majesty's coronation in 1838, and is Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Surrey. His mother was Ada, late Countess of Lovelace, a lady of hereditary interest far beyond the narrow pale of the peerage roll, as the only child of the poet Byron, the very Ada whom Lord Byron so feelingly apostrophises in one of the most passionate of his poems. His grandmother was the amiable and ill-starred wife of the proud and haughty poet-lord, whose death we had occasion to chronicle in our columns little more than two years ago, a lady who devoted the summer and the autumn of her days to the steady and systematic practice of wholesale charity in the highest sense, and whom many a poor curate's family, and many a poor reformatory child, will have reason to bless to the end of their days. The heiress of the Noels was not happy in her union with George Gordon, Lord Byron, as

all the world is aware ; and perhaps the world at large, far beyond the borders of Surrey, knows that the inheritance to which the Lovelaces succeeded, has been less happy than most in respect of domestic concord. At all events, those who have sojourned in the neighbourhood of Ripley and Guildford, are aware that since the death of Ada, Countess of Lovelace, the proud towers of East Horseley have not held the heir-apparent to the titles of his father and of his grandmother ; but that the latter has been living a life from hand to mouth, well contented, if half the story that we have heard be true, to earn his daily bread as an artisan, by the sweat of his brow, in a dock-yard not a hundred miles from Blackwall, rather than run riot in his father's lordly halls. There seems to have been in the case of young Lord Ockham, a sort of hereditary Nemesis—as classical writers would call it—which pursued him, if not from the cradle, at least from his earliest manhood, to the grave. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy, but left it after a few months' service—we know not why, but it was conjectured at the time that the pride of his soul would not allow him to obey his superiors. Be this as it may, he seems to have learnt obedience in another school, and one to which but few lords or titled persons are sent to gain experience. The next that we hear of him is as a common sailor ; for it is a fact, that, though the eldest son of a peer of the realm, he went out to America in a merchant vessel, working his way before the mast. Tired of his newly adopted profession, the young lord assumes a new character, and next turns up as a common workman in the ship-yard of Mr. Scott Russell,

in the Isle of Dogs, where he took his wages week by week, along with his plebeian brethren."

Byron, with home desolate, left his native land never to revisit it; his grandson died not in his father's halls—

"The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt with
Strange and dusky aspects: he was not
Himself like what he had been. On the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer."

THE MOORES of Kentwell, Melford, were founded by Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor of London, a very opulent citizen, and a great favourite with Charles II. The King gave him an addition to his arms (*on a canton, the lion of England*), and also his portrait, a very fine large picture, which used to hang up at Kentwell Hall. The fate of this picture is curious. At the final break-up of the family, there was an auction at Kentwell, at which very many purchasers of all classes attended. Mr. Hart Logan, who had become possessor of the estate and mansion, heard the history of the portrait, and wished to keep it in its old place, but by mistake it was knocked down for ten pounds to a Jew, who required seventy pounds for his purchase: this Mr. Logan would not give, and the picture was carried off. I wonder who now has Charles's gift!

The Moores remained at Kentwell about one hundred and twenty years. The late Richard Moore, Esq., who succeeded to the estate during his minority, had a rent-roll of full ten thousand a-year, but he got involved, nobody could tell how, and after many sufferings and vicissi-

tudes, died the last "Moore of Kentwell." He was buried in the vault of Sir John Moore, in St. Dunstan's in the East, where, side by side, alone repose the founder and the dissipator of the family's fortune. If the careful old Alderman could have expostulated, no doubt small welcome would his descendant have received. The first great incumbrance on the Kentwell estate, was a debt to the next of kin of William Jennens, Esq., of Acton, who was his godfather, and who promised to forgive the debt, and to add a legacy also; and this was done, but by a will *not signed*, and Mr. Moore had to meet the demand. Col. Willoughby Moore, of the Enniskillen Dragoons, Mr. Moore's son, barred the entail, in the hope of saving his father from ruin. The father died not long after: the ruin had come, and the estate was gone! Colonel Moore had a sorrowful life, and was lost in the "Europa" when that ship was burnt. His widow went to the Crimea, and was only second to Florence Nightingale in her care of the sick and wounded. She too is now dead!

I could give many more instances of the decay and extinction of Suffolk families, such as the Argentines, Blakenhams, Geddyngs, Morieux, Crofts, Cranes, Feltons, Garneys, Jermyns, &c., &c.; and I could mention many a sad case of modern ruin, but for the fear and risk of hurting the feelings of existing persons. I will therefore close these cursory remarks on a county remarkable for the disappearance of its ancient houses, by a few lines on the three great historic names, UFFORD, DE LA POLE, and BRANDON, which held for a little more than two centuries the famous peerage title of SUFFOLK.

The DE UFFORDS, who are stated to have borrowed the Hovel arms, were at first Peytons, and assumed their subsequent surname from the village of Ufford, near Woodbridge. They became a great and an historic family. Robert De Ufford, made Earl of Suffolk by Edward III., and elected a Knight of the Garter, was a famous soldier under the Black Prince. He left, besides a daughter, an only son to survive him, William De Ufford, second Earl of Suffolk, Admiral of the King's fleet. At the breaking out of Jack Straw's insurrection, 4th Richard II., his lordship, understanding that the common people intended to force him into their ranks, and then to represent him as one of their leaders, hastily arose from supper, and pursuing an unfrequented route, reached the King at St. Alban's with a wallet over his shoulder, under the assumed character of servant to Sir Roger De Bois; but afterwards, being chosen by the Commons in Parliament assembled to represent to the Lords certain matters of importance to the public welfare, the Earl, while ascending the steps to their Lordships' house, suddenly fell down dead, to the amazement and sorrow of all persons, rich and poor, on the 15th February, 1382.

The Uffords were succeeded as Earls of Suffolk by the DE LA POLES. Michael De la Pole, the first Earl, was the son of the rich Hull merchant, William De la Pole. He married the only daughter and heiress of Sir John Wingfield, Knight, of Wingfield, in Suffolk, and acquired great possessions in that county, but he died an exile and outlaw; his eldest grandson was killed at Agincourt, and was succeeded as Earl of Suffolk by his brother, who be-

came Duke of Suffolk, and was the dear but ever honorably attached friend of Margaret of Anjou, her "gentle Suffolk." The Duke was beheaded, or rather murdered, by a crew of ruffians, in a boat at sea; and Shakespeare makes Margaret so grieve when she hears the news, that her husband, Henry VI., remarks, "Thou wouldst not have mourned so much for me;" to which the Queen replies with fondness and spirit, "No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee." Suffolk's son, who was restored to the title of Duke, married Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV.; and of their sons, John was slain at the battle of Stoke, Edmund was beheaded, and Richard was killed at the battle of Pavia. He was the last HEIR MALE of a short line of grandeur and misery, whose history I have endeavoured, in another chapter, more fully to narrate.

When Edmund De la Pole was attainted, Henry VIII. conferred the Dukedom of Suffolk on SIR CHARLES BRANDON, K.G., one of the most romantic characters of that epoch. He was the son of Sir William Brandon, that King's Standard-Bearer at Bosworth, (Shakespeare's Richmond cries, "Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard"). Sir William, who fell by the hand of King Richard on that memorable field, derived his descent from a family supposed to have taken its name from Brandon, in Suffolk. One of Charles Brandon's four wives was Mary, Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At his wedding with this royal lady, he had a magnificent tournament in her honour, at which he himself tilted. The livery and trappings of the Duke's horse on this occasion

were half cloth of gold and half cloth of frieze, with the following lines on them, allusive to his union with the royal bride:—

“Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze;
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou art matched with cloth of gold.”

Brandon was succeeded in his title as Duke of Suffolk by his two sons (by his fourth wife), Henry and Charles, who both died on the same day, 16th July, 1551; and so ended the name of Brandon.

D'Ufford, De la Pole, and Brandon, as families, had passed from Suffolk, but not their fame. Bright exhalations of their native county, these nobles, who chose that county for titles, impressed the very name of Suffolk on our general history; and so proud a distinction had Suffolk become, that it was gladly adopted for his earldom by a naval hero of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a scion of the house of Norfolk. From him, through a goodly line of nobles, the coronet of the Earldom of Suffolk has descended, and still preserves its brilliancy upon a Howard's brow.

APPENDIX.—(See ante, p. 425.)

THE ROLL, IN THE CHURCH OF DIVES, NORMANDY, OF
THE COMPANIONS OF WILLIAM, IN THE CONQUEST
OF ENGLAND, IN 1066.

BY M. LÉOPOLD DELISLE, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

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Achard.	Baudouin de Colombières	Eude Le Flamand.
— d'Ivri.	— Le Flamand.	— de Fourneaux.
Aioul.	— de Meules.	— Le Sénéchal.
Aitard de Vaux.	Bérenger Giffard.	Eustache, comte de Bou-
Alain Le Roux.	— de Toeni.	logne.
Amauri de Dreux.	Bernard d'Alençon.	Foucher de Paris.
Anquetil de Cherbourg.	— du Neufmarché.	Fouque de Lisors.
— de Grai.	— Pancevolt.	Gautier d'Apperville.
— de Ros.	— de Saint-Owen.	— Le Bourguignon
Anscoul de Picquigni.	Bertran de Verdun.	— de Caen.
Ansroi de Cormeilles.	Beuselin de Dive.	— de Claville.
— de Vaubadon.	Bigot de Loges.	— de Douai.
Ansgar de Montaigu.	Carbonnel.	— Giffard.
— de Senarpont.	David d'Argentan.	— de Grancourt.
Ansgot.	Dreu de la Beuvrière.	— Hachet.
— de Ros.	Dreu de Montaigu.	— Heusé.
Arnoul d'Ardre.	Durand Malet.	— d'Incourt.
— de Perci.	Ecoland.	— de Laci.
— de Hesdin.	Engenouf de L'Aigle.	— de Mucedent.
Aubert Greslet.	Enguerrand de Raim-	— d'Omontville.
Aubri de Couci.	— beaucourt.	— de Risbou.
— de Ver.	Erneis de Buron.	— de Saint-Valeri.
Auvrai Le Breton.	Etienne de Fontenai.	— Tirel.
— d'Espague.	Eude, comte de Cham-	— de Vernon.
— Merteberge.	— pagne.	Geoffroi Alselin.
— de Tanie.	Eude, évêque de Bayeux.	— Bainard.
Azor.	— Cul-de-Loup.	— du Bec.

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Geoffroi de Cambrai.	Guillaume Bonvalet.	Guillaume de Poillei.
— de la Guierche.	— du Bosc.	— Le Poitevin.
— Le Maréchal.	— du Bosc-Roard	— de Pont-de-
— de Mandeville.	— de Bourneville	— L'Arche.
— Martel.	— de Bral.	— Quesnel.
— Maurouard.	— de Briouse.	— de Reviers.
— de Montbrai.	— de Bursigni.	— de Sept-Meules
— comte du Perche	— de Cahaignes.	— Taillebois.
— de Pierrepont.	— de Cailli.	— de Toeni.
— de Ros.	— de Cairon.	— de Vatteville.
— de Runneville.	— Cardon.	— de Vauville.
— Talbot.	— de Carnet.	— de Ver.
— de Tournai.	— de Castillon.	— de Vesli.
— de Trelli.	— de Ceaucé.	— de Warenne.
Gerbourd Le Flamand.	— La Chèvre.	Guimond de Blangi.
Gilbert Le Blond.	— de Colleville.	— de Tessel.
— de Blossesville.	— Corbon.	Guineboud de Balon.
— de Bretteville.	— de Paumerai.	Guinemar Le Flamand.
— de Budi.	— Le Despensier.	Hamelin de Balon.
— de Colleville.	— de Durville.	Hamon Le Sénéchal.
— de Gand.	— d'Ecouis.	Hardouin d'Ecalles.
— Gibard.	— Espec.	Hascouf Musard.
— Malet.	— d'Éu.	Henri de Beaumont.
— Maminot.	— comted'Evreux	— de Ferrières.
— Tison.	— de Fa aise.	Herman de Dreux.
— de Venables.	— de Fécamp.	Hervé Le Berruier.
— de Wissant.	— Folet.	— d'Espagne.
Gonfroi de Cioches.	— de La Forêt.	— d'Hélion.
— Mauduit.	— de Fougères.	Honfroi d'Ansleville.
Goscelin de Cormeilles.	— Froissart.	— de Biville.
— de Douai.	— Goulaffre.	— de Bohon.
— de La Rivière.	— de Lètre.	— de Carteret.
Goubert d'Aufai.	— de Loucelles.	— de Culai.
— de Beauvais.	— Louvet.	— de L'Ile.
Guernon de Peis.	— Malet.	— du Tillieul.
Gui de Craon.	— de Malleville.	— Vis-de-Loup.
— de Raimbeaucourt.	— de La Mare.	Hnard de Vernon.
— de Rainecourt.	— Maubenc.	Hubert de Mont-Canisi.
Guillaume Alis.	— Mauduit.	— de Port.
— d'Ansleville.	— de Moion.	Hugue L'An.
— L'Archer.	— de Monceaux.	— d'Avanches.
— d'Arques.	— de Noyers.	— de Beauchamp.
— d'Audrieu.	— fils d'Osberne.	— de Bernières.
— de L'Aune.	— Pantoul.	— du Bois-Hébert.
— Basset.	— de Parthenai.	— de Bolbec.
— Belet.	— Péché.	— Bourdet.
— de Beaufou.	— de Perci.	— de Brébeuf.
— Bertran.	— Pevrel.	— de Corbon.
— de Biville.	— de Picquigni.	— de Dol.
— Le Blond.	— Poignant.	— le Flamand.

Hugue de Gournai.	Ours de Berchères.	Renaud de Torteval.
— de Grentemesnil.	Picot.	Renier de Brimon.
— de Guideville.	Pierre de Valognes.	Renouf de Colombelles.
— de Hodenc.	Rahier d'Avre.	— Flambard.
— de Hotot.	Raoul d'Aunou.	— Pevrel.
— d'Ivri.	— Baignard.	— de Saint-Waleri.
— de Laci.	— de Bans.	— de Vaubadon.
— de Maci.	— de Bapaumes.	Richard Basset.
— Maminot.	— Basset.	— de Beaumais.
— de Manneville.	— de Beaufou.	— de Bienfaite.
— de La Mare.	— de Bernai.	— de Bondeville.
— Mautravers.	— Blouet.	— de Courci.
— de Mobec.	— Botin.	— d'Engagne.
— de Montfort	— de La Bruière.	— L'Estourmi.
— de Montgommeri	— de Chartres.	— Fresle.
— Musard.	— de Colombières.	— de Meri.
— de Port.	— de Conteville.	— de Neuville.
— de Rennes.	— de Courbépine.	— Poignant.
— de Saint-Quentin	— L'Estourmi.	— de Réviers.
— Silvestre.	— de Fougères.	— de Sacquenville.
— de Vesli.	— Framan.	— de Saint-Clair.
— de Viville.	— de Gael.	— de Sourdeval.
Ilbert de Laci.	— de Hauville.	— Talbot.
— de Toeni.	— de L'Île.	— de Vatteville.
Ive Taillebois.	— de Languetot.	— de Vernon.
— de Vesci.	— de Limesi.	Richer d'Andeli.
Josce Le Flamand.	— de Marci.	Robert d'Armentières.
Juhel de Toeni.	— de Mortemer.	— d'Auberville.
Lanfranc.	— de Noron.	— d'Aumale.
Mathieu de Mortagne.	— d'Ouilli.	— de Barbes.
Mauger de Carteret.	— Painel.	— Le Bastard.
Maurin de Caen.	— Pinel.	— de Beaumont.
Mile Crespin.	— Pipin.	— Le Blond.
Murdac.	— de La Pommeraie	— Blouet.
Néel d'Aubigni.	— du Quesnai.	— Bourdet.
— de Berville.	— de Saint-Sanson.	— de Brix.
— Fossard.	— du Saussai.	— de Bucy.
— de Gournai.	— de Savigni.	— de Chandos.
— de Munneville.	— Taillebois.	— Corbet.
Normand d'Adreci.	— du Theil.	— de Courçon.
Osberne d'Arques.	— de Toeni.	— Cruel.
— du Breuil.	— de Tourlaville.	— Le Despensier.
— d'Eu.	— de Tourneville.	— comte d'Eu.
— Giffard.	— Tranchard.	— Fromentin.
— Pastforeire.	— fils d'Unspac.	— fils de Geroud.
— du Quesnai.	— Vis-de-loup.	— de Glanville.
— du Saussai.	Ravenot.	— Guernon.
— de Wanci.	Renaud de Bailleul.	— de Harcourt.
Osmond.	— Croc.	— de Lorz.
Osmont de Vaubadon.	— de Pierrepont.	— Malet.
Ours d'Abbetot.	— de Sainte-Hélène	— comte de Meulan.

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Robert de Montbrai.	Roger d'Ivri.	Vital.
— de Montfort.	— de Laci.	Wadard.
— comte de Mortain	— de Lisieux.	
— des Montiers	— de Menles.	
— Murdac	— de Montgommeri	D'Auvrecher d'Anger-
— d'Ouilli.	— de Moyaux.	ville.
— de Pierrepont.	— de Mussegros.	De Bailleul.
— de Pontchardon.	— de Oistreham.	De Briqueville.
— de Rhuddlan.	— d'Orbec.	Daniel.
— de Romenel.	— Picot.	Bavent.
— de Saint-Leger.	— de Pistres.	De Clinchamps.
— de Thaon.	— Le Poitevin.	De Courcy.
— de Toeni.	— de Rames.	De Vicomte.
— de Vatteville.	— de Saint-Germain	De Tournebut.
— des Vaux.	— de Sommeri.	De Tilly.
— de Veci.	Ruand l'Adoubé.	Danneville.
— de Vesli.	Seri d'Auberville.	D'Argouges.
— de Villon.	Serlon de Burci.	D'Auvay.
Roger d'Abernon.	— de Ros.	De Briqueville.
— Arundel.	Sigar de Cioches.	De Canouville.
— d'Auberville.	Simon de Senlis.	De Cussy.
— de Beaumont.	Thierry Pointel.	De Fribois.
— Bigot.	Tihel de Hérion.	D'Héricy.
— Boissel.	Toustain.	D'Houdetot.
— de Bosc-Normand	Turol.	De Mathan.
— de Bosc-Roard.	— de Grenteville.	De Montfiquet.
— de Breteuil.	— de Papelion.	D'Orglande.
— de Bulli.	Turstin de Gueron.	Du Merle.
— de Carteret.	— Mantel.	De Saint-Germain.
— de Chandos.	— de Sainte-Hélène,	De Sainte-Marie d'Aig-
— Corbet.	fils de Rou.	naux.
— de Courcelles.	— Tinel.	De Touchet.
— d'Evreux.	Vauquelin de Rosai.	De Venois.

THE END.



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